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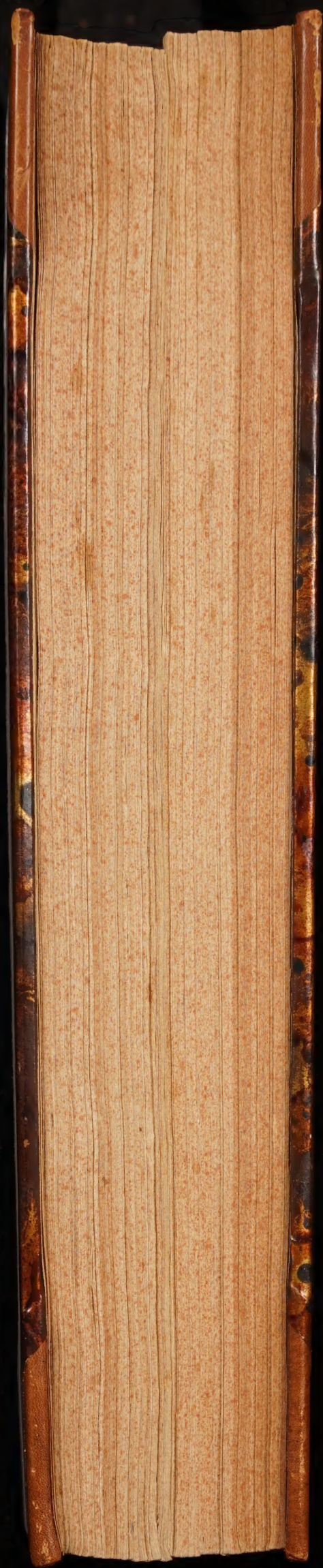
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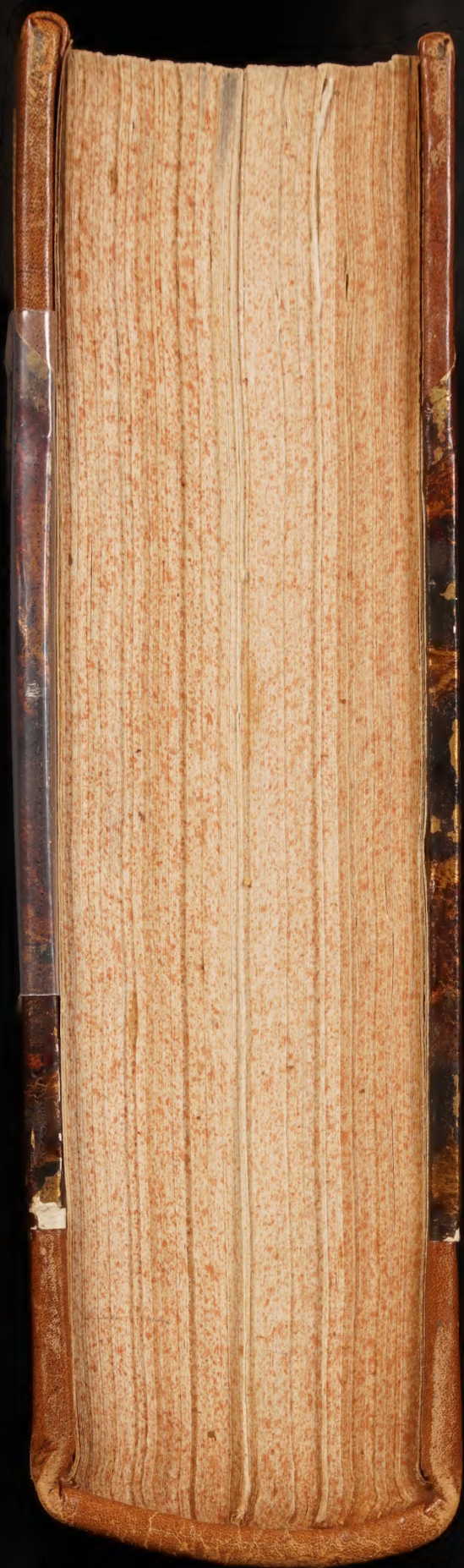
II

NEW SERIES

1825







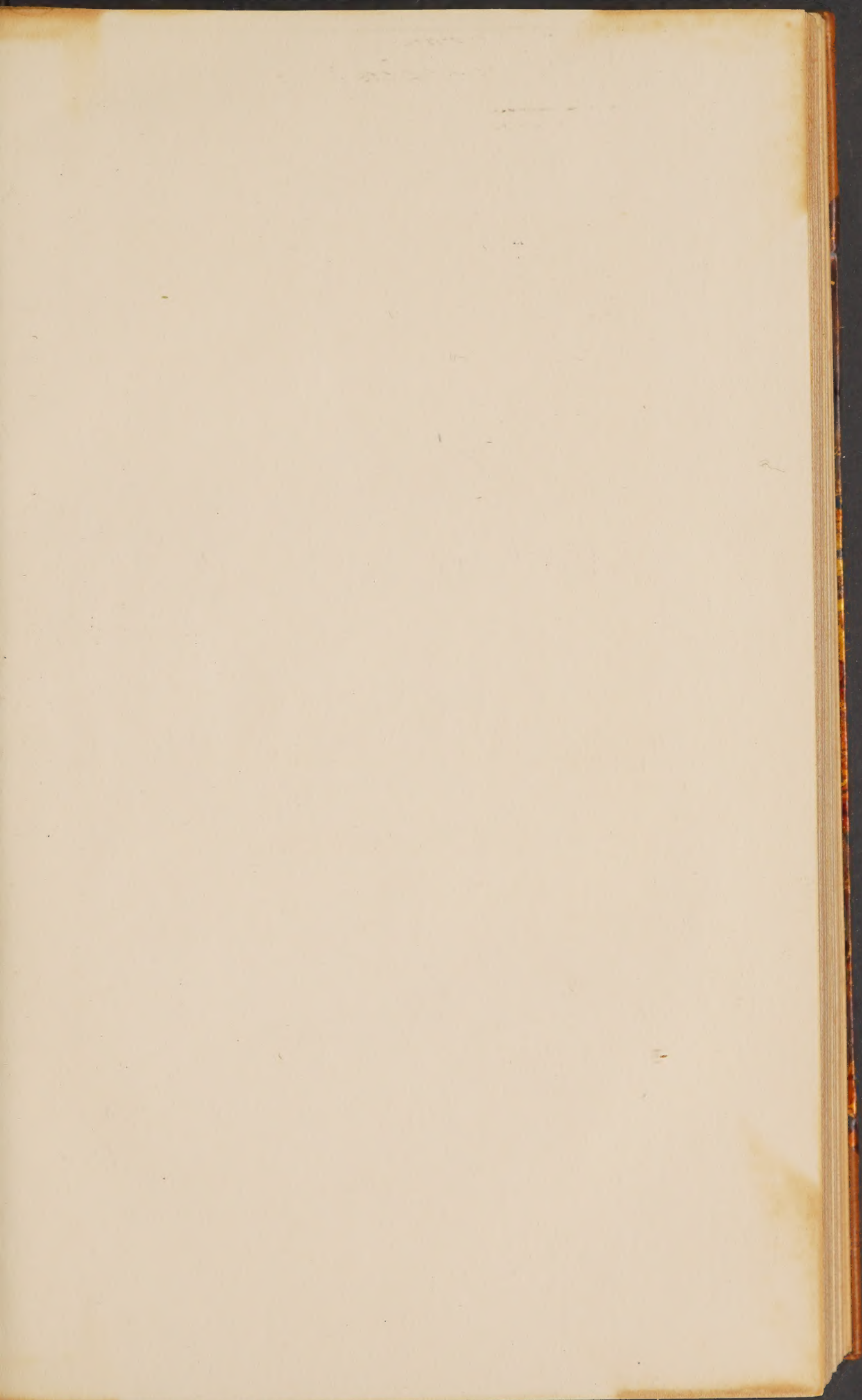
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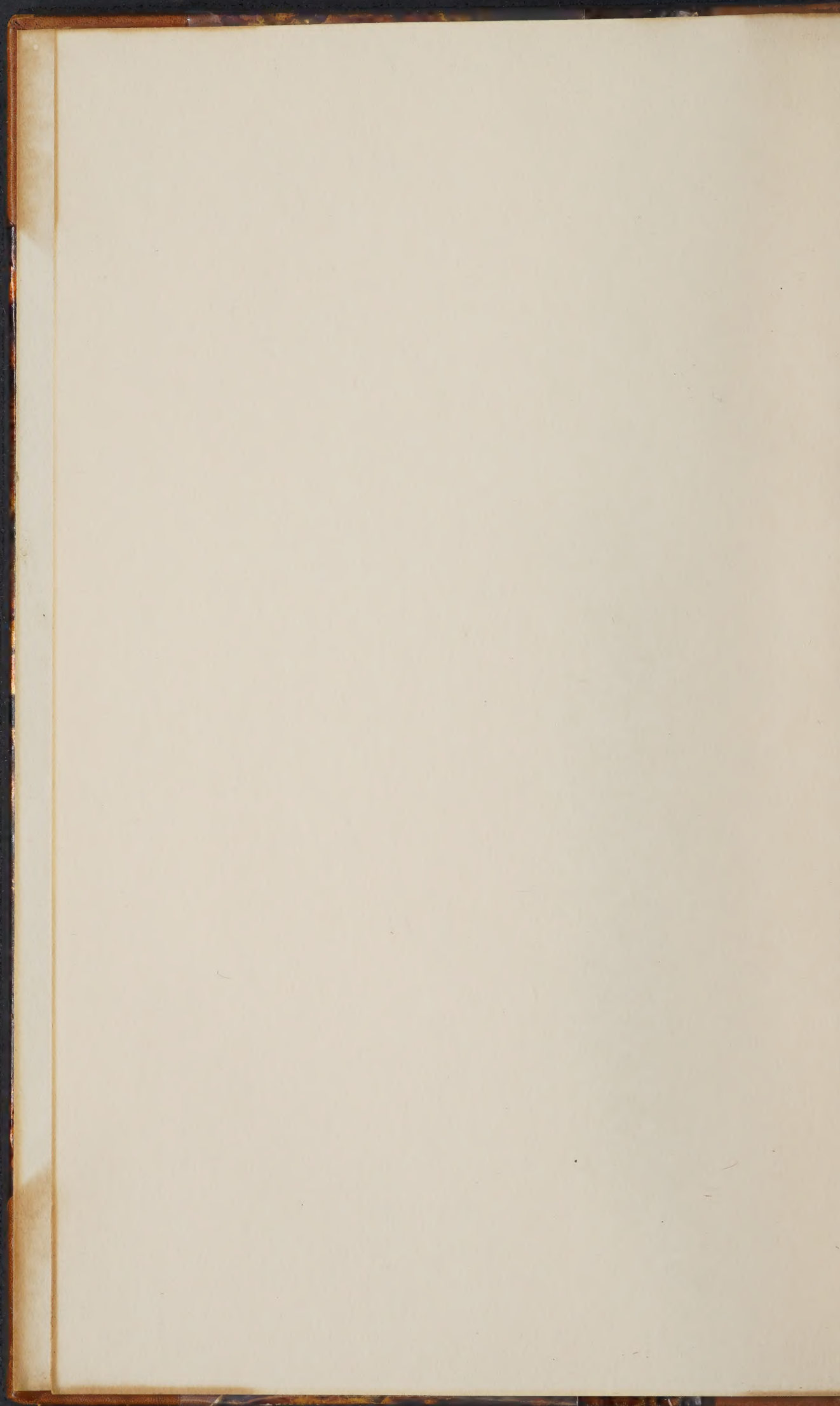


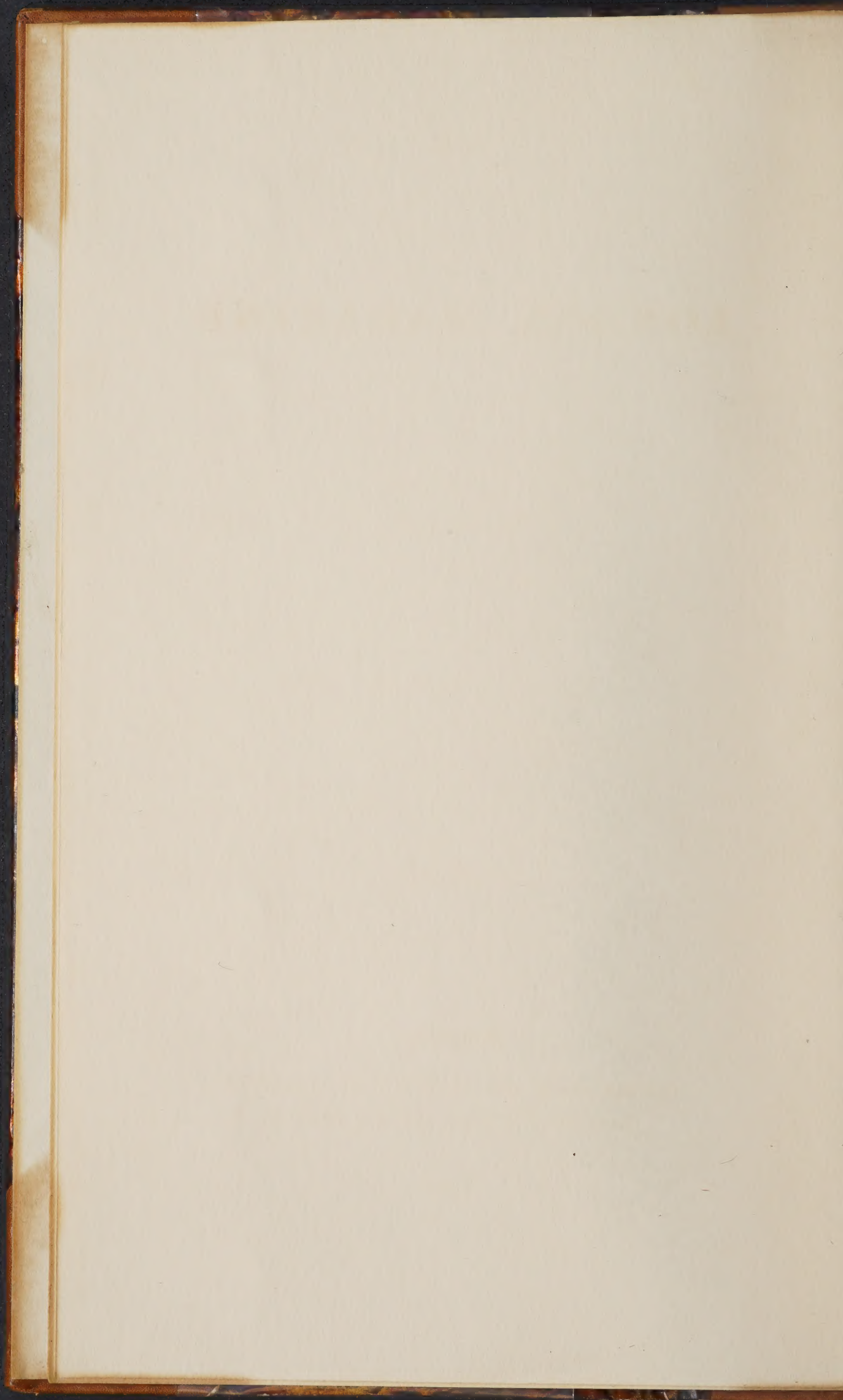
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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1825.

VOL. II.

London:
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1825.

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WILLIAM H. RICHARDS

NEW SERIES. No. V.

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LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

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ERRATA.

Page 12, l. 6. *for* people, do not know, think, *read*, people do not know how to think ;

37, l. 2. *for* belief, *read* believe.

117, l. 2. *for* Zeuxes, *read* Zeuxis.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

MAY 1, 1825.

MR. W. BANKES AND MR. BUCKINGHAM.

MR. BUCKINGHAM has lately published a volume of Travels among the Arab Tribes of the East of Syria and Palestine, to which he has appended a bulky collection of documents relating to a most extraordinary "literary quarrel" between himself and Mr. Bankes, the member for the University of Cambridge. The circumstances of this dispute are such as to involve the moral reputation of the parties in question in the gravest manner—either the one or the other is guilty of a series of wicked and complicated frauds—either the one or the other is a specimen of the meanest, if not the basest, of his species. The ample materials supplied by Mr. Buckingham's Appendix enable us to give a sketch of the charge and the defence. Mr. Buckingham's sad want of condensation and arrangement makes this the more necessary. He is afflicted with an abominable incapacity of retention, and seems to imagine that every thing that can be said should be said, and that every thing which has been written should be repeated. His account of the transaction is one eternal recitation of documents, and reiteration of charges and arguments. The real case lies in a nutshell. Mr. Buckingham's love of original instruments fortunately supplies all the necessary documents on each side.

In the year 1816, Mr. Buckingham, being at Alexandria, undertook a journey to India by land, partly to be the bearer of a treaty of commerce, drawn up between Mohammed Ali Pacha, the Viceroy of the country, Mr. Lee, the British Consul, and himself; and partly to be in Bombay at the time the first ships should come up the Red Sea, in order that he might navigate them through the difficult passages of the Arabian Gulf, with which he was well acquainted. Mr. Lee was a partner in the house of Briggs and Co. merchants, at Alexandria, and it was at his desire that this journey was undertaken, the house agreeing to pay his

MAY, 1825.

B

travelling expenses. Circumstances which he has detailed in his two publications, his *Travels in Palestine*, and in the recent one of his *Travels among the Arab Tribes*, prevented him from pursuing the route he intended; the deviation from which gave him an opportunity of observing a most interesting portion of the world which had hitherto been very insufficiently known. When Mr. Buckingham arrived at Bombay, and afterwards at Bengal, he read the notes he had taken on this journey to various individuals, who earnestly recommended the publication of them. He, accordingly, through his friends in England, made a very advantageous agreement with Mr. Murray, and a Prospectus and Advertisements of the forthcoming publication were inserted in the *Calcutta Journal*, a newspaper of which he had become the editor. In the course of Mr. Buckingham's journey in Palestine, he had met with Mr. Bankes, who was examining that country; and as their route coincided, a small part of the journey was performed in company; and after their separation they were again thrown together by the difficulties and uncertainties which invariably beset an expedition in so barbarous and so untravelled a region. When Mr. Bankes saw the advertisement, announcing the travels of his quondam companion, he wrote the following letter, addressed to Mr. Buckingham, dated Thebes (in Egypt), June 12, 1819, and sent it to India by the hands of Mr. Hobhouse, to whom he delivered it *open*, with instructions to make it as public as he chose on his way to that country.

Mr. Buckingham,—After some anecdotes respecting your conduct, which you cannot but suspect must have come, however late, to my knowledge before this time, you cannot expect that I should address you otherwise than I should the lowest of mankind. It is, indeed, with reluctance that I stoop to address you at all. It will require, however, no long preface to acquaint you with the object of this letter, since your own conscience will point it out to you from the moment that you shall recognise a hand-writing which must be familiar to you, *since you have copied it*, and are about to turn the transcripts to account. You have hoped that the distance of place would befriend you; you have hoped that I should shrink from proclaiming that I have been imposed upon. It would have been far more politic in you to have shrunk from being proclaimed the man who has imposed.

In that advertisement by which you announce as your own *the works of another*, you have at least spared me the humiliation of being named in the list of your friends (the motive of this is sufficiently obvious, and it furnishes in itself both a proof and an aggravation of your culpability). Yet some of those who are made to appear in that list would rather, I am persuaded, that you had invaded their property, as you have mine, than have subjected them to so unmerited a stigma. One amongst the number (whom you would not have dared even to allude to had he been alive) is unhappily unable to repel the imputation in his own person, I mean the late Mr. Burckhardt, whom you so imprudently cite as your bosom friend. The boast is rash and ill-timed.

Are you not aware that copies of a letter are extant in which he styles you a villain, in which he says that the rogue can be brought to a sense of duty only by a kick. Do you wish then to publish your own disgrace by letting the world know how well you were known to that excellent person, who, during the two last years of his life, lost no opportunity of testifying his contempt and aversion for your character. Do not imagine that these sentiments were confined to the pages of a single letter. Sheik Ibrahim was too open and too honourable to wish others to be deceived as he had been for a time himself;

had his letters to me reached me sooner than they did I should have had timely warning to beware how I trusted you, and you would never have had the opportunity which you have seized of abusing my kindness and confidence.

It is beneath me to expostulate with you, but I will state some facts to yourself which I have already stated to others, that the Journey beyond Jordan to Dgerash and Oomkais was arranged, and the Arabs under engagement to conduct me thither, before I ever saw you; that you introduced yourself to me by letter, stating that you were intimate with some of my best friends, and studiously concealed from me, both then and afterwards, that you were in any person's employ; that it was at *my invitation* (I being always under the supposition that you were a free agent) that you went with me, *having previously agreed to take down my notes and the journal, when I should wish it*; that the expenses of the journey were upon me; that the notes and journal were in great part *taken down from my mouth* (especially what relates to Dgerash), with the exception of that of the two or three last days, which were *written with my own hand and afterwards copied fair by you*; but above all, that the plan of the ruins of Dgerash was constructed and noted with my own hand, and that the assistance that I derived from you, even in collecting the materials for it, was in your ascertaining for me the relative bearings of some of the buildings with *my compass*; that, as to the plan of the theatre, you did not even know that I had made it till you saw it at Nazareth.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that you neither copied a single inscription, nor made a single sketch on the spot, since you are, I know, incapable of the one, and your ignorance of Latin and Greek must, I should suppose, unfit you for the other: add to which, you had not a single sheet of paper on which you could have done either, if I except a POCKET-BOOK about four inches square.

The great ground plan was traced at a window of the Convent of Nazareth (as both my *servants* can testify), and *you have* copies from my drawings of the tombs of Oomkais, taken at the same time; these last are probably to furnish the vignettes and appropriate engravings which are announced.

Surely you must laugh at the simplicity of your subscribers, when you are alone, with whom you are to pass for a draughtsman, being ignorant of the very first principles of design; for an accurate copier of inscriptions, being ignorant of all the ancient languages; and for an explainer of antiquities, being *incapable of even distinguishing between the architecture of the Turks and the Romans*. I have said enough; it is in vain to attempt to make a man sensible to ingratitude, who has been guilty of fraud. What I demand is, the immediate restitution of those copies from my papers without exception, and without your retaining any duplicate of them. Let them be put into the hands of Sir Evan Nepean, whom I have begged that he will do me the favour to take charge of them; and let all that portion of the work advertised, that treats of *a journey made at my expence, and compiled from my notes*, be suppressed. I leave you otherwise to take the consequences; should you persist, the matter shall be notified in a manner that shall make your character as notorious in England and in India, as it is already in Egypt and Syria. You will find that you have not duped an *obscure individual* who is obliged to bear it and hold his tongue.

WM. J. BANKES.

When this letter was written I did not know that the person to whom it is addressed was editor of the paper in which his long-winded advertisement appeared, but supposed him to be still at Bombay.

Mr. W. Bankes took the further precaution of writing home to his father to induce him to take steps to prevent the publication of the work in England. Mr. H. Bankes, the member for Corfe Castle, the father of Mr. W. J. Bankes, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, in consequence wrote the following letter to Mr. Murray.

SIR,—I have received a letter from my son, dated Thebes (in Egypt), 12th June, which is the occasion of my troubling you. He informed me that a person, named J.

S. Buckingham, introduced himself to him some time ago at Jerusalem, under the pretence of being an intimate friend of Colonel Missett, and also of the late celebrated traveller Mr. Burckhardt; that in consequence of this supposed friendship with two so respectable men, and so well known to my son, he permitted Mr. Buckingham, whose destination was to India, to accompany him for some time, and to *take a copy of that part of his journal which was kept during this portion of his travels.*

This ill-placed confidence has been requited in the way that such acts of kindness usually are by ungrateful and worthless people. Mr. Buckingham announces his intention of publishing his own travels, of which I have now before me an elaborate and pompous prospectus, in a Calcutta newspaper.

I know not whether you have ever heard of this projected work; but as it is intended to be printed and published in London in a splendid manner, it is very probable that application may be made to you before it sees the light; in which case I wish to put you upon your guard against having any transactions with such an author as Mr. Buckingham, and also against laying before the public parts of a very extensive and curious tour, in an imperfect state, which I hope and trust that my son will be induced to submit to them in the best and most complete form that he can put his valuable researches together, whenever he returns.

You will oblige me by making known what I communicate, with regard to the character of Mr. Buckingham and his intended work, in any way that you may deem proper, and I remain, your obedient servant,

Kingston Hall, Wimborne, 3d Oct. 1819.

H. BANKES.

Mr. Murray refused to abide by the agreement he had made with Mr. Buckingham's friends for the publication of the work. Another negotiation was entered into with Messrs. Longman and Co. and an arrangement was agreed upon. Mr. Babington, however, who conducted the matter for Mr. Buckingham, felt that he was bound in honour to show the elder Mr. Bankes's letter to Mr. Murray to the house of Longman and Co. previous to their proceeding with the work. As might have been expected, they immediately broke off the negotiation, and declined to have any thing to do with a book to which so flagrant a stigma was attached. When Mr. Buckingham, who all this time was in India, was informed of what had taken place, he sent home such documents and proofs of his innocence as to convince Messrs. Longman that he had been calumniated, and after a delay of two years they accordingly published the book, on the same terms that they had previously offered. Soon after the publication of the "*Travels in Palestine*," a very bitter and slanderous attack upon them appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, No. LII. in which the author is represented as an ignorant impostor and cheat. Mr. W. Bankes had by this time returned to England, and no secret is made in the *Review* of his having supplied materials for it. Such passages as the following occur.

The charge of 'low origin and ignorance' (with however odd a grace it may come from such a quarter) is not restricted to Nathaniel Pearce: two respectable Germans, who seem to have committed no other offence than that of having been assisted by Mr. Bankes, in the very same manner as the writer himself was almost immediately afterwards, are described as 'young men, who were evidently persons of *low origin and confined education, and their manners WERE DECIDEDLY VULGAR.*' 'Although travelling (he indignantly adds) without any professed object beyond their own pleasure, they were both so poor and destitute as to SUFFER Mr. Bankes to pay their expenses.'

It is to be hoped that Mr. Buckingham does not intend to upbraid them, in this place, with a degree of SUFFERANCE, which he soon found it convenient to imitate, more especially as we have the best assurances, that these young men neither violated the confidence of any employers to whom they were responsible, nor abused the indulgence of their benefactor, by procuring tracings from his papers, in order to turn them afterwards to account.

To the foregoing extract this note is appended.

Mr. Buckingham had undertaken to carry letters for a mercantile house to India, over land, by the most direct and expeditious route, and with all attention to economy, the firm agreeing, on their part, to bear his expenses. From the first moment, however, of his setting foot in Asia, we find him acting as if both his time and funds were his own. How he may have since arranged matters with his *tried and well loved friends* at Alexandria, we know not; but this we *do know*, that so soon as his conduct reached their ears, Mr. Barker, the British consul at Aleppo, was authorized to take from him the dispatches, and to dismiss him; and that he being now already on his way to Bagdat, a Tartar was sent expressly after him for his recall, but died accidentally upon the road! So that it is to the timely death of this Tartar 'that the Asiatic Societies at Calcutta, and Literary Societies at Madras and Bombay,' are indebted for their distinguished member.

His transactions with Mr. Bankes seem to have been an episode in his plan; we have not only the *statement of that gentleman* with respect to them, but have seen also the *deposition upon oath of his servants* (the same who are spoken of in this work), that Mr. Buckingham bore no part whatever either in the dispositions or the expences of the journey beyond Jordan, &c.; that he never made a single sketch during this time, nor had materials for doing so, and has, moreover, been heard to lament his inability; that the plan, which is the ground-work of that here given of Djerash, was made by Mr. Bankes, and traced, by his permission, at a window of the convent of Nazareth by Mr. Buckingham, upon a direct promise that it should not be published!

The accusations contained in these extracts are of the most serious nature. If they are true, Mr. Buckingham must be degraded from the respectable rank he fills. If they are false, the originator of them is not merely guilty of falsehood and fraud of the basest kind, but is distinguished by a persevering, unrelenting, and wanton malignity, which we shall scarcely find any higher example of, unless it be found in the father of evil himself. It is worth while to examine into the nature of the charges, and into the character of the testimony by which they are supported.

Amidst much gratuitous abuse, and much confusion and indistinctness of ideas, Mr. W. Bankes alleges in his letter, that having determined on a certain expedition, he *invited* Mr. Buckingham to accompany him; that the expences of the journey were to be defrayed by Mr. W. Bankes; and that, in return, Mr. Buckingham was to employ himself in taking down the notes of Mr. Bankes and the journal, or, as the case might be, in making fair copies of what Mr. W. Bankes himself might write; the charge is, that Mr. Buckingham is now printing these notes and the journal, for his own benefit. There is no other testimony than that of Mr. W. Bankes himself; but he endeavours to support his own evidence by referring to anecdotes which he has heard of Mr. Buckingham, and by referring to the ill opinion which Mr. Burckhardt entertained of him; and likewise he confirms the probability of Mr. Buckingham having become fraudulently possessed of what

he is about to publish, by asserting his ignorance of Greek and Latin, and his incapacity to distinguish even between the architecture of the Turks and the Romans.

Mr. Bankes likewise asserts that his *servants* (an Albanian interpreter and a Portuguese groom) can prove that the great ground plan of the city of Djerash was traced at a window in Nazareth, by Mr. Buckingham, from Mr. Bankes's original.

Mr. Bankes likewise asserts, as a proof that Mr. Buckingham could not have carried away any inscriptions or have made any drawings; that Mr. Buckingham had not a single sheet of paper, except a *POCKET BOOK*, about four inches square.

The whole of this letter, as we have already observed, rests upon the testimony of Mr. Bankes himself; and before we inquire what evidence there may exist which will rebut such testimony, it may be as well to observe how it adheres together and is consistent with itself.

If Mr. Bankes paid the expenses of the journey, and had agreed that Mr. Buckingham should act in the capacity of his secretary, how came it that Mr. Bankes permitted Mr. Buckingham to leave him in possession of the whole fruits of their labours. They parted, it appears abundantly from many sources, on the most friendly terms; how was it that Mr. Bankes did not say, Give up to me the papers which you have written for me, and taken down by agreement from my mouth, or copied fairly from my notes. He makes no such claim until *three* years after their separation, in the foregoing letter. Again, if Mr. Buckingham was travelling at Mr. Bankes's expense, and by agreement to write for him, under what pretext could Mr. Buckingham ask of him copies of inscriptions, drawings of tombs, and plans of cities, which it appears Mr. Bankes, according to his own account, gave him. This looks much more like a friendly accommodation to an independent companion with similar views, than to a person engaged for the purpose of performing the duties of an amanuensis. The latter could scarcely have any but a suspicious motive for making the request. Again, the argument of the *pocket book* is rather unfortunate; for if Mr. Buckingham had nothing about him but a pocket book, which Mr. Bankes thinks of such a very inadequate size for travelling purposes, it was as equally incapable of carrying away Mr. Bankes's stores as of containing the materials of Mr. Buckingham. If it should be said that Mr. Buckingham carried away the MSS. of Mr. Bankes, or transcripts of such made upon Mr. Bankes's paper, where it should be remembered paper was scarcer than gold, in a barbarous country, where to be seen to have paper was highly dangerous, and to be seen to write almost fatal, the question again recurs, how came Mr. Bankes, knowingly, to permit Mr. Buckingham to take away the fruits of the expedition? For be it observed, that Mr. Bankes in his letter proceeds upon the knowledge of Mr. Buckingham having made transcripts, and being in possession of drawings of tombs, &c.

The letter of Mr. Bankes, senior, is inconsistent with the letter of his

son, though he quotes for his authority a letter from his son, dated on the same day that he wrote the letter to Mr. Buckingham on which we have just been commenting. Mr. Bankes, senior, alleges that Mr. Buckingham introduced himself under a pretence, (which, if any had been necessary, would have been no pretence, for Mr. Buckingham was really the intimate friend of these gentlemen, it appears) and that in consequence of this pretence, Mr. W. Bankes permitted him to accompany him. Mr. W. Bankes says himself, that he *invited* him. Again, Mr. Bankes says that as a favour his son permitted Mr. Buckingham to copy part of his journal. Nothing is said here of the agreement; and the charge is one of ingratitude and abuse of favour, instead of breach of contract. In the extract from the Quarterly Review, insinuations of the most pointed, and at the same time the most cutting and sarcastic kind, are levelled against Mr. Buckingham, avowedly on the authority Mr. W. Bankes. It is insinuated that he has violated the confidence of his employers, and abused the indulgence of his benefactor, Mr. W. Bankes. But the direct charge is limited, as far as Mr. W. Bankes is concerned, to his procuring tracings of his drawings, afterwards to turn them to account. He is indeed acquitted of the main charge, of having copied the notes and the journal, in the following passage, apparently however for no other reason than that it was thought more effectual to abuse the contents of the book, than to accuse the author of having stolen them.

On entering upon the journey beyond Jordan, to which we have more than once referred, it may not be amiss to premise, that the term *we*, which, up to this place, must be shared between the writer, his muleteer, and an old man from Tocat, henceforward signifies himself and Mr. Bankes, he having *generously* allowed that gentleman to become the *associate* of his labours. We acquit him, however, of deriving any material benefit from such assistance; since, whatever he may have drawn from that source, he has made his own by such a felicity of misapprehension, and overlaid with such a cumbrous drapery of fustian and common place citation, that we believe it would be very hard for his companion to recognise much of his own, excepting the ground-works of what he has given as his plans, which have also undergone their full share of embellishment for effect.

Let us now see what Mr. Buckingham has to say for himself. A very remarkable part of the counter-evidence in his possession is an original letter of Mr. Bankes's, which he, Mr. Buckingham, had retained by the merest accident. It is to be observed that when these gentlemen parted at Damascus, Mr. Bankes requested that Mr. Buckingham would return to him the various notes that he had had occasion to write to him on their journey during intervals of separation, alleging as a reason, according to Mr. Buckingham, his indolence, which prevented him from keeping a journal, and that these notes and letters would serve as memoranda at some future time. The notes and letters were accordingly given up: one was found missing, and Mr. Buckingham's baggage was searched for that one with the greatest assiduity, but in vain. The letter was given up as lost. In India, however, Mr. Buckingham gave his old portmanteau to his servant, who, on examining the upper part

of the case, into which dirty linen is usually thrust, observed the letter, with another enclosed in it, sticking to the top by the sealing wax, which, being red English sealing wax, had melted in the hot climate of Syria. The following is a copy of this letter, and Mr. Buckingham has abundant reason to be grateful for its preservation.

Letter addressed thus, 'J. Buckingham, Esq. to be sent forward should he be on his way to Baalbec,' dated Damascus, April 12, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I knew nothing of your illness until now, when I hope it is quite at an end, I can only rejoice in your recovery. At the same time, I am afraid that the same wintry weather which has distressed me very much in the Hauran, must have made your passage across the mountains very disagreeable, if not dangerous. I have to regret that my letter from Sunnymene never reached you, as I there detailed to you my plans, and mentioned that I WISHED OUR MEETING to take place a few days later than that which we had fixed on together. None can be better than about the 19th or 20th.

* * * * *

At ——— (1) is a temple of the Antonines, there is another excellent specimen in a ruined village called ——— (2), near the road from Shibley's village ——— (3) to Bostra. But even this difficulty was removed by the sight of those at (Nedjeran) Madgdal (4), which have set the matter past a doubt.

* * * * *

I do not know whether in the hasty view you took of Salkhud you examined the town; you would, I think, have observed that the houses there are apparently of a less remote antiquity, and of a worse construction than usual, and the mosque entirely of Saracen work, with small niches in the minaret. By the bye, FROM THE DESCRIPTION IN YOUR NOTES of the fortress of Adjeloon, I am *almost persuaded*, that that also is Saracen work. Bostra, you will remember, has the rustic masonry all over it, and instances of the fan or shell niches are without number; though I know you are of a different opinion, AND I WILL NOT VENTURE TO SET MINE AGAINST IT.

* * * * *

I have been very careful and exact in my drawings, which are in great number, and I DO NOT THINK YOU WILL BE ASHAMED OF HAVING YOUR NAME ASSOCIATED TO WHAT I MAY ONE DAY OR ANOTHER THROW TOGETHER INTO FORM. Do me the favour to keep this letter, not for your use, but my own; YOU KNOW HOW INDOLENT I AM ABOUT WRITING, and I have thrown here many things upon paper, which I may perhaps NEVER do again. I shall set off the day after to-morrow for Bania, and so make my way to Baalbec, WHERE I HOPE TO JOIN YOU about the 19th or 20th.

Faithfully your's,

WM. JOHN BANKES.

(1) (2) (3) (4) These three instances of names being forgotten altogether, and one first written *wrongly*, and subsequently corrected by *another* being written over it, are selected as proofs that the writer of the letter, Mr. Bankes, did not take notes on the spot, in his tour; because, if he had done so, such omissions and mistakes in such important points as *names of towns*, could not have occurred.—Note by MR. BUCKINGHAM.

The accusations depend upon the testimony of Mr. W. Bankes, and it is odd enough that great part of the defence should rest upon the same foundation. In this letter we find Mr. Bankes addressing Mr. Buckingham as one perfectly independent of him, deferring to his judgment in a matter of architecture, alluding to *his notes*, and talking in language of humility concerning the mention he proposed to make of his companion in some future publication of his travels. Here is a

decided confession that he was indolent in writing; and in order to supply the deficiency, he does not demand the notes which Mr. Buckingham *had taken by agreement from his mouth* in a journey, the expenses of which were defrayed by him, but on the contrary, requests the favour that his letter may be preserved, lest he should *never* have industry to rewrite its contents. The letter which was found in the interior of the letter already quoted, likewise goes to confirm the impression made by the other, though it does not contain any expression so much to the point.

Letter addressed thus, "Al Senor Buckingham, Caballero Yngles, en el Convento de la Terra Santa, Damasco," dated Acra, Feb. 28, 1816.

My dear Sir,—There is some fatality about my travelling engagements, I never made one in my life but circumstances turned out so as to prevent my fulfilling it. Another letter from Seyde, and above all the radical change in the weather, determined me upon deferring my scrambling expedition to the Hauran, and turning at once upon the coast. I did not, however, give up the idea of JOINING YOU at once, but made an *attempt* from St. Hoor (where that excellent man Hadjee Hamet entertained me with the same hospitality, and almost affection, which you had described to me). Beisan, which is the ancient Scythopolis, is within a day's journey, and in the same jurisdiction; it lies in the plain of the Jordan; and is within a long day of Salt. I resolved to go to Beisan, and so MAKE MY WAY TO YOU, if I could find any body to *carry me*. When I came, I found that nobody would undertake it; for but the day before (my good fortune always brings me a day before or a day after such adventures) the Bedouins had completely pillaged and stripped a party of merchants from Damascus, within two hours of the village, so there was an end of that scheme.

* * * * *

I am at a great loss to know what I ought to do with the baggage which you left in Antonio's charge, I cannot trust it alone to Damascus, and yet am afraid that you will feel embarrassed without it on your arrival there. As I reckon that you will pass from thence across to Seyde, I shall take it with me so far, and leave it in Lady Hester Stanhope's charge. As you have no visits of ceremony to make at Damascus, perhaps you may continue your Bedouin habit, during your short stay there, without inconvenience (and I am disposed to hope that your stay will be *as short* as possible). I shall remain with Lady Hester Stanhope about five days, and if I do not turn round for Damascus, which will depend a good deal upon her advice and upon circumstances, I shall make my way pretty direct for Aleppo, lengthening out my road by excursions, however, here and there, to give you time to come up to me, so that I trust that at the latest we may meet in Aleppo, and *make our journey to Palmyra together*.

Believe me, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

WM. JOHN BANKES.

Besides these letters, there are a multitude of other arguments in Mr. Buckingham's favour. As soon as he received Mr. Bankes's abusive letter in India, he sent over to his friend and former fellow traveller in a journey from Bombay to Suez, Mr. Babington, a letter, and a great number of documents which most men will consider to form together a triumphant defence. He reminds his friend of his former diligence and activity in taking notes, under circumstances at which his friend used to express his surprise. He appeals to him respecting the punctuality and accuracy with which he kept their joint accounts in their former journey together; and refers to his Syrian note-book, authenticated by a notary,

and sent with the letter, in which a memorandum is entered of his having paid his half of the whole expenses of the journey, which amounted only to one hundred and eight piastres altogether, which *at that time* was equivalent only to two guineas and a half. For it must be observed, *that this journey, in company with Mr. Bankes, from Jerusalem to Nazareth, by the ruins of Djerash, about which all this uproar is made by Mr. Bankes, took less than SEVEN DAYS*, and that these expenses which Mr. Bankes claims to have paid, and which he pretends entitle him to the fruit of Mr. Buckingham's labours, amounted only to TWO GUINEAS AND a HALF—*half* of which, according to Mr. Buckingham's note-book, certified by a notary and eight of the principal gentlemen and merchants in Calcutta, on the receipt of the accusation in the Quarterly Review, to bear every appearance of an original note-book, was paid by that gentleman, and not *one-fifth*, as ought to have been the case. For Mr. Bankes stood in need of an interpreter, and two Bedouin Arabs, who made four; whereas Mr. Buckingham was alone. Mr. Buckingham acknowledges that he did trace the ground plan of the city of Djerash, in the window of the convent of Nazareth, and alleges that he was well entitled so to do, because he collected all the materials for making it; by measuring the buildings, and taking the bearings of the principal points of it under circumstances of great haste, and necessity for caution, in the midst of a storm of rain, while Mr. Bankes was snugly seated under shelter, and out of sight among the ruins, making a drawing of the place—a copy of which drawing Mr. Buckingham says he was likewise promised as his due share by Mr. Bankes, but never received. These measurements were not made with *Mr. Bankes's* compass (with *my* compass as he says, as if that were any thing), but with *his own*; and as a proof Mr. Buckingham forwards the compass to his friend Mr. Babington, that he may recognise it as the compass he had with him in their former travels together, and which he had preserved through all difficulties to that hour. This ground plan, which Mr. Buckingham traced at Nazareth, turns out, however, not to be the one he used for the travels which Mr. Bankes claims as his, but from another much superior one made by Mr. Buckingham, in a *subsequent visit* to Djerash, under more favourable circumstances, when he had leisure and opportunity to take fresh and more accurate measurements. Of this subsequent visit Mr. Bankes must have known, but it appears to have been convenient to pretend ignorance of it. It does not indeed appear that this gentleman knew very well what he was claiming. He no sooner saw the travels of his companion announced, than he immediately declares that it is all his, whatever it may be; either he has bought it and paid for it, or it was originally his, and the other was paid for taking it down from his mouth; or else he had given it to him, and now wants it back; or, lastly, that his companion had stolen it from him without his knowledge. For his accusations are susceptible of every form, and possessing all the advantages of latitude and vagueness.

We have been induced to pay some little attention to this affair, from finding that it was one much canvassed among those who have a personal interest in it, the Electors of the University of Cambridge, and because we found it pretty generally the subject of conversation in the literary circles of the metropolis, where we heard expressions of indignation and contempt lavished upon one of the parties in so bountiful a manner, that we were induced to look into their foundation. We accordingly examined the evidence in the most impartial manner; and, if we have not stated it thoroughly so, it is because we yielded to the influence of a conviction it is scarcely possible to resist. Let Mr. Banks, however, be heard. We confess, however, we do not see how any thing he or any man can say will be able to rebut the force of his own letter.

About one part of the business there can be no doubt; the culpable—nay, we may use a harsher expression, and say, the atrocious conduct of the Quarterly. This is one of the numerous instances of bitter and cruel injustice which are upon the head of that review. Assuming the character of a judge, it has frequently played the part of a malignant witness; and it is extraordinary enough, that much of the credit which it has gained with the public is owing to this shameful dereliction of its duty. For, listening to the interested communications of concealed enemies, it gives itself the air of having access to superior information. The statements of an author are pronounced false, because *they* (the Reviewers) are oracular; his conduct and character are arraigned, because they *happen to know* his practices; his literary acquirements are depreciated and run down, because they have reason to expect that a much abler work is forthcoming from much purer hands. The public are deceived, and look up to the journal which appears to enjoy such opportunities of observation, and which on every topic of the kind makes such an extensive display of private information. They are not sharp-sighted enough to detect the hand of the assassin under the robe of the judge. The point of his language is taken for the keenness of his wit, instead of the bitterness of his hatred. The rancour of his expression is conceived to arise from virtuous indignation against imposture and pretension, instead of being, as it generally is, the abuse of an angry rival.

THE OPERA.

THE repairs of the King's Theatre having been completed, it opened on the 12th with Don Giovanni, and the persons interested in the concern take infinite pains to persuade us that this is to be considered as the true commencement of the opera season; whence we infer that they are not particularly proud of the performances at the Little Theatre—the public, on the other hand, are as little pleased with those at the great house. In fact, after almost every opera, we have heard nothing but murmurs of disapprobation from all sides (the regular *claqueurs* excepted, who applaud every thing, manibus pedibusque, so long as they can keep

their eyes open); even the loungers in Fop's Alley have been heard to express their discontent, and it must be a strong provocation indeed which can rouse these listless gentlemen from their fashionable apathy. "What does Madame Vestris do here?" is the question of every one; Garcia, it is discovered, has lost much of his voice. Porto is regarded as an absolute horror; of Remorini, people, do not know how, think he has lost reputation by his Barbiere; in Madame Ronzi de Begnis, indeed, it is universally acknowledged that we have a charming artiste, who always delights, and her husband is an excellent buffo; but what are two good performers amongst so many non-effectives? But we have omitted to notice an addition that has lately been made to the strength of the company in the person of Madame Castelli, a lady well known, and deservedly esteemed as a private concert singer, but who possesses no one qualification for the opera stage. The necessities of the King's Theatre have made her an actress, and charity forbids us to examine her fitness for the service into which she has been pressed, as we believe, merely for the occasion. The truth is, that, as the proposer of a new Italian Opera establishment remarks, the present company has been *collected* not *selected*; it is a hasty levy, en masse, of such performers as happened to be disengaged. Very sufficient excuses may be offered for this circumstance, but we merely state the fact; and if the affairs of the King's Theatre will not allow of its conductors making the necessary arrangements for the amusement of the public, surely there are fair grounds for requiring the formation of another establishment. The house opened, as we have said, with Don Giovanni. Beautiful as the music of this opera is, it has been of late so hacknied, that at present it palls on the ear; and certainly there was nothing in the performance of it on this occasion by any means calculated to give fresh spirit or interest to its too familiar charms. Madame Vestris played Zerlina; in singing she was unequal to the part, but in smiling she far exceeded it. No men like to see fine teeth more than we do, but a lady should not show her teeth to the public as she would show them to a dentist—a *discovery* every now and then of these beauties is very delightful, but an incessant exhibition of them destroys the effect.

Garcia's Giovanni went off very languidly, though, whenever an opportunity offered, he endeavoured to inspirit it by a boisterous rant, which was always unspeakably acceptable to the gallery, and never failed to elicit the vehement approbation of those persons who clap for their orders. He gave little effect to his songs, and does not play the part so well as Ambroghetti did, whom it has been the fashion to abuse in this character as vulgar; were we called upon to decide between the two, we should say that Garcia's personation of the Don was the more vulgar, and it is decidedly the less spirited performance. Madame Castelli appeared for the first time as Donna Elvira, the wife, and certainly she presented Giovanni's apology—we could not marvel at his infidelities. Porto was the Mazetto. Reader, figure to thy mind's eye this tun of a man capering about with Zerlina, and singing a song of joy

with a voice which the Examiner has aptly likened to the rumbling of iron rods in a cart. Of Ronzi de Begnis' Donna Anna it is unnecessary to speak; her name gives assurance of excellence. Altogether, the Opera went off very heavily, though the packed parts of the house did their best to enliven it for some time, by the most boisterous applause; but towards the end many of them dropped asleep, worn out possibly by their exertions, and soothed by the dulness of the scene; a loud roar from Garcia in '*viva la libertà*,' however, suddenly awakened them; and thus roused to the recollection of their business, between sleeping and waking, they began clapping and shouting bra—vo, with all their might and with all their main, with all their hearts, and with all their strength, which seasonable exertion caused an *encore*, we rather apprehend in the wrong place. To avoid accidents of this kind, which may sometimes prove extremely ridiculous, it would be well to require the clappers to attend rehearsal, when they may practise applauding in the right, or to speak it more properly in the *desired* place, and may thus undergo a sort of drill which will perfect them in their manual exercise. They ought also to be well primed with anti-soporifics, coffee and strong tea, before they take their places in the house; for, on the occasion to which we allude, some of these gentlemen towards the conclusion, snored very disagreeably, so much so indeed, as to keep a number of people in the neighbouring boxes awake.

On the 23d *Pietro L'Eremita** was performed with charming effect. It furnishes indeed a single, but a brilliant exception to the miscarriages of the month. We have not for some time seen an Opera so well cast as Pietro. Ronzi de Begnis, in the part of Agia, gave exquisite effect to the beautiful music allotted to her. Though betraying traces of indisposition on the first night, she sang the duet with Orosmane (Curioni) '*Ah se puoi così lasciarmi*' so delightfully as to provoke an *encore*, which was evidently extremely unwelcome and trying to her. Caradori as Fatima, sang with great taste and delicacy of execution; we have seldom seen this lady to greater advantage. Remorini made an excellent Noraddino, and Porto, in Pietro, was highly respectable; the part is peculiarly suited to him, and he filled it well in every respect. Curioni made his first appearance for the season in Orosmane; we are glad to see him on the boards again, for he is a pleasing and an useful singer. The various leading characters thus ably supported, an Opera so full of beauties as *Pietro l'Eremita* could not fail to succeed; and the expres-

* It is sufficiently well known that the music of *Pietro l'Eremita* is the music of Rossini's *Mosè*, but it is not sufficiently well known why it was necessary to turn the *Mosè* into Pietro. We have heard it said, that a Right Reverend personage who takes cognizance of the business of Operas, did not approve of the idea of bringing Moses on the stage, and would not allow of the performance of the Scriptural piece. Whether this be the truth or not, we cannot pretend to say, and it is not very important. One has, however, a prejudice in favour of originals of all kinds, and people are inclined to prefer the particular drama, whatever it might be, for which Rossini composed his music to any substitute for it.

sion of satisfaction on the part of the audience, though not shown after the manner of Messieurs the claqueurs, was sufficiently unequivocal and flattering. By the by, now that an Opera has been well cast, we hope that the presence of these noisy gentlemen may be dispensed with, and that they will give place to the visitors of the Theatre. Before we conclude our notice of Pietro, we must remark, that it owes none of its success to the pomp and circumstance of dresses and decoration. Indeed, all the proprieties of costume are most daringly violated, and we observed the very newest modes in millinery prevalent in the time of Peter the Hermit. Madame Castelli as a Crusader's lady, appeared dressed for a drawing-room, while poor Begrez, her lord, had his stomach fortified (certainly not with a *breast plate*) against the Saracens. Why should ages be thus interposed between husband and wife? If Constance may exhibit herself in the spring fashions, why should not Lusignan, the Crusader, display a contemporaneous costume; a coat, white waistcoat, trowsers, shoes and stockings? He would surely prefer this style of dress, to wearing pasteboard at the pit of his stomach in the manner of a warm plaister. As for the Crusaders, never was there such a ragged regiment, and we are surprised that any Christian manager could suffer these doughty champions of the Faith to appear in such shabby guise; they certainly bear all the marks of having been in the hands of the infidels. The badges which they wear are so fashioned as to resemble pin-be-fores or bibs under their chins much more strongly than any article of knightly accoutrement; nor is the demeanour of these warriors by any means chivalrous, or calculated to exalt them above the meanness of their equipment. We do not require show or finery, but some little attention to the decencies of the properties at this theatre would not be amiss.

A new ballet, by M. Aumer, has been produced, called *Cleopatra, Reine d'Egypte*. It is a mere gaudy spectacle, with very little dancing in it; and what little dancing there is is by no means effective. The story, as may be supposed, is not very interesting. Cleopatra makes her appearance in a machine, not the least like a galley, and commences a brisk attack on the heart of Antony, who of course falls in love, and into every sort of folly, incontinently. While the Queen, Antony, and the whole court, are making merry and capering about, Octavia inopportunely arrives, dragging two small children about with her, and throws herself into a variety of affecting attitudes, which manifestly make her false husband justly ashamed of himself. Cleopatra, however, successfully exerts her blandishments in opposition to the honest woman, and Antony is at last caught in bands of roses by two able-bodied graces, and fairly hauled off the stage in the Queen's train. In due time he is beaten in battle; Cleopatra puts her best foot foremost to captivate the conqueror, without effect; has recourse to the asp, and sets her palace on fire. In the last scene the people of the Opera have made an extraordinary effort to produce a fine conflagration. As they are not much in the habit of doing these things, we only hope that they will not

consummate the calamities of this unlucky house by burning it down one of these nights. Altogether, this is the dullest and most tasteless ballet that we have seen for a long time, and certainly it is the worst that M. Aumer has produced; for, generally speaking, we think that he has been eminently successful. People who have a taste for gaudy shows should go to Covent Garden, where they will see them in perfection. The Opera possesses neither the materiel nor the machinery for them. As Cleopatra has been got up at some expense, it is to have a run it seems; that is to say, we are to have nothing else for some months to come. This is a judicious imitation of the bad policy of our national theatres,—a timely stroke, truly worthy of a house addicted to chancery. Mademoiselle Le Gros made her first appearance for the season, in Cleopatra, and was, we regret to say, coldly received. The truth is, that the *claqueurs* have put an end to all fair applause; and people now applaud nothing, because they know that there are persons in the theatre who applaud every thing. It was probably thought that Le Gros would be secure of a cordial greeting, without this sort of aid, and the *claqueurs* did not make their customary share of noise; but the public were silent, because they expected a prodigious uproar from the professional clappers. It is plain, therefore, that this quackery must either be abandoned altogether, or never omitted on any occasion. Madame Ronzi Vestris gives all possible effect to the part of Octavia; but, expressive as her action undoubtedly is, we prefer her dancing to her pantomime; for pantomime at best is but a dull exhibition. A critic of the Morning Chronicle, who seems to think, with a French author, that "*un petit mot Grec ne fait jamais de mal*," compliments this accomplished dancer on her excellence in "the choregraphic art." We would earnestly recommend this learned Theban to consult some fourth form boy on his compounds, before he ventures to publish them; or at all events, if such aid cannot be procured, it would be well for him to look for the words in the Lexicon, in order to ascertain their meaning, and consequently the justness of their application; graphic, we entreat him to believe, does not mean *tol-de-rol-lol*, or *la, la, la*; it is not a word of all work, to fill up the tail of a compound, but has a certain signification, which any little school-boy will explain. We know but of one instance in which graphic could be predicated of any art that lay in the toes, and that was in the case of a poor man who used to write with his feet on the pavement of Piccadilly. But then, "choregraphic!" oh! the offence is compound, and cries for birch.

The Opera, as yet, has not been very fashionably attended, and the appearance of the company has for the most part been any thing but elegant. We think that it would be wise to annul the regulations (such as they are) about dress altogether, for they have only the effect of taking off the bonnets of women who go to the pit, and of obliging honest men to wear shoes instead of boots. Black stocks are permitted in the pit, and also shirts nearly as black as the stocks are too frequently observable, which we regard as a much more serious solecism. An order that no gentleman

should be admitted in dirty linen would be much more to the purpose than the present canon against boots. We would just hint, too, that it would be well to have a barber in attendance, to trim the hair of certain foreigners, who carry heads about that fill one with the most frightful apprehensions. Were a little more discretion used in the issuing of orders, regulations about dress (which are at present violated on principle by the young men of fashion) would be unnecessary in this theatre; and while orders are issued as they now are, no regulations can compel a genteel appearance on the part of the folks who chiefly fill the pit. In order to see how and by what description of persons the house is filled, let any one stop for five minutes in the lobby, at an early hour, and observe the mob about the free side. Attractive performances render this miserable packing system unnecessary.

QUATRAINS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY DAY-BOOK.

I LIKE you, and your book, ingenuous Hone!
 In whose capacious, all-embracing leaves
 The very marrow of tradition's shown;
 And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.
 Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,
 With good old story quaintly interlaced—
 The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—
 Yet kindly—that the half-turn'd Catholic
 Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,
 And cannot curse the candid Heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;
 Our fathers' mummeries we well-pleased behold;
 And, proudly conscious of a purer age,
 Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honouring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,
 Must needs bestow on you both good and many,
 Who, building trophies to his children's praise,
 Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
 The title only errs, he bids me say:
 For while such art—wit—reading—there are shown,
 He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.

C. LAMB.

PROVERBES DRAMATIQUES,

PAR M. THEODORE LECLERCQ, 3 VOLS. PARIS, 1825.

AN immense quantity of leisure was thrown into French society about the year 1770, when a great portion of the higher classes began to look upon the court and its intrigues with an eye sufficiently philosophic to prevent them from devoting their time exclusively to watching the chances of this species of gambling, where honour and character were staked against places, pensions, and ribbons. At this period also the great internal political questions that have since agitated society to its deepest foundations, had not yet made their *debut*. Up to 1770, the theatre had been a source of agreeable recreation, but the persons belonging to good society had confined themselves to the part of spectators, and it was not until that period that they conceived the idea of stepping from the house upon the stage. It is a fact familiar to every one's experience that a person may play upon the violin, or any other instrument, for three or four hours continuously, without being wearied, whilst it is impossible to feel pleasure in the performance of others after an hour's attention. Those who may be inclined to doubt this fact, we refer to the first concert they may happen to see advertised. A somewhat similar feeling exists with regard to seeing plays acted, and acting them ourselves.

This will account for the ardour with which the higher classes engaged in private theatricals about the period in question. However, it was not long before certain disadvantages inseparable from private theatricals became visible to every one. As the best comedies of the time were chosen upon these occasions, they were consequently those in which the first professional actors had most frequently appeared. Hence a most formidable rivalry. The higher class of society, in this case judge and party, declared unanimously that the actors emanating from that class had a *meilleur ton* than Molé, Mouvel, and Buzard, the most celebrated actors of the day; but that with regard to talent, animation, and the dramatic effect produced, there was no possibility of their flattering themselves into an idea even of equality. Private actors in general play well only as far as the *voice* is concerned. The play of the features, the attitude of the body, the manner of treading the boards, contradict every moment, what the lips pronounce; or if a private actor pays the necessary attention to the management of his person, he that instant falls into his usual way of speaking, and consequently is no longer an actor.

As the getting up of private theatricals is a powerful auxiliary against the tedium and monotony that haunt the country *chateaux* during the fine season, care should be taken *not* to choose for representation those comedies which have been played during the winter at the principal theatres of the capital; as otherwise the spectators will

MAY, 1825.

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be struck by a conviction of the great inferiority of delineation by private actors of those characters upon which the principal comedians of the capital have set the seal of their talents. Besides, as the dramatic pieces played in drawing-rooms are only intended, like other games of society, to fill up the pauses of conversation, a piece in five acts is vastly too long. Three pieces of one act each should be always preferred; as in the interval between the pieces conversation is resumed, and rendered more lively and interesting by remarks upon what has been played. Leisure then, and a comparative indifference to the intrigues of the court, gave rise to private theatricals; soon after, the incommensurable length of five-act comedies, and the disadvantageous comparisons they suggested between the private actors and Molé, and other great comedians who flourished towards the end of the reign of Louis XV. and the beginning of that of Louis XVI. brought into vogue little pieces in one act. Collé was the great master spirit in this species of composition, but as the opinion entertained of decency towards the close of the reign of Louis XV. is different from that which prevails at present, *La Vérité dans le Vin*, *Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé*, and other *chefs d'œuvre* of this lively writer, would now be considered too licentious for representation.

These pieces are called *proverbs*, because that the audience may be made to take as much as possible an *active* part in what is played, they are called upon to divine the *proverb* meant to be developed by the little piece. Thus after witnessing the *chef d'œuvre* of Collé, the spectators exclaim *in vino veritas*, for in this little comedy a tipsy lover takes the husband of his mistress for the confidant of his passion. As the votaries of Bacchus are generally very tender and soft-hearted, under his influence, the lover, who is also the friend of the husband, feels remorse at having dishonoured him, and with tears in his eyes makes him the most moving excuses. Fortunately the husband is also somewhat more than half seas over; so that when they both become sobered, it is not a difficult matter to persuade him the pretended confidence was nothing more than a jest. Most of the *Proverbes* written by Collé were played by noblemen of the court, at the palace of the Duke of Orleans, the father of *Egalité*, and the same who is so calumniated by Madame de Genlis in her Memoirs, though he married her aunt, Madame de Montesson. This lady took from obscurity and misery this same Madame de Genlis (then Mademoiselle Ducret), who was at that time in the habit of hiring herself out to play the harp, at four *louis* an evening. Being now a countess and a devotee, she forgets this act of kindness, and holds up to public ridicule the author of it. Several interesting details upon these *Proverbes* may be found in the curious memoirs of his own life, written by Collé. With the exception of an ill-placed jealousy of Voltaire pervading them, these memoirs are very amusing, and may rank amongst some of the pleasantest books for light summer-reading. The successor of Collé as a writer of proverbs was Carmontelle, who

was possessed of less wit and gaiety, but had more truth of colouring, and a finer *tact* in the observation of manners. Carmontelle published six volumes of *Proverbes*, and since his death, two more volumes appeared in 1810. Each of these little pieces has been played an infinite number of times. It would be doing injustice to the merit of Carmontelle were his works to be read, like an ordinary book, regularly through. No more than one, at the most two, of these proverbs should be read continuously. The plots of these little comedies are extremely slender—truth of detail, and light, but graceful comic touches, form their chief merit; they call to mind the elegant and decent comic humour of Terence. The broad *vis comica* would be misplaced in this species of composition. Strong comic situations require in their representation a degree of energy in the actors rarely to be met with in private players. The greater number of Carmontelle's proverbs would be unintelligible in England. But those which are founded upon the passions which, with slight modifications, are every where the same, must please even foreigners. *Le Voyage de Rome*, and *Les Amans Chiens*, for instance, must excite laughter in any corner of the civilized world. *La Maison du Boulevard* offers an excellent sketch of the character of a young giddy widow, who takes advantage of the foolish indulgence which an old and immensely rich uncle has for her. Another merit of these compositions is, that they exhibit a perfectly accurate picture of French society, such as it was towards the year 1778. As an extreme frivolity was the chief characteristic of that period, the principal productions of French literature at that time could have been but little relished out of France. The revolution suspended, but not put an end to, by the despotism of Napoleon, and the theocracy of the Bourbons, has rendered the French character more serious, and brought it nearer to that of the English, the Germans, and other civilized people. I have, therefore, no doubt but that the proverbs of M. Theodore Leclercq, will be better understood, and consequently better liked than those of Carmontelle, or even than the *chefs d'œuvre* of Collé.

M. Theodore Leclercq has published only three volumes of *Proverbes*; and, differing from the practice of most authors, he has only given those with which he was least satisfied—who would believe that there was any thing in common between Shakspeare and M. Theodore Leclercq, between the cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop? and yet such is the case. For, like Shakspeare, M. Leclercq, in publishing his *Proverbes*, loses in some measure his property in them. Being once printed, all the world are free to play them. M. Leclercq is himself an excellent actor in his own Proverbs. As private persons often refuse to play some of the ridiculous characters, lest a little of the rust may stick to them after they have put off their parts, M. Leclercq is generally the representative of this species of character; I have seen him play in the most irresistibly coarse manner the part of Germans speaking broken French, and of mystified lovers. M. Fievée, formerly in the pay of ministers, but who at present makes war upon M. de Villele

and the Jesuits, a bold proceeding undoubtedly, is the author of two excellent novels, the *Dot de Suzette*, and *Frederic*. It is thought by many that M. Fievée corrects and retouches the *Proverbes* of his intimate friend, M. Theodore Leclercq. However this may be, as the censorship mercilessly cuts out of all the comedies allowed to be played in Paris whatever may convey a true idea of the present state of French manners, the *Proverbes* of M. Leclercq will consequently have an historical importance. Foreigners, who wish to acquire an accurate knowledge of the present social habits of the Parisians, can take no surer or readier way than to read M. Leclercq's three volumes. But I must again repeat, those who wish to find out the merit of this species of composition must not read more than a hundred pages a day. The Proverb, which best paints that mixture of ambition and heedlessness which is perfectly French, is called *Le Duel*. A Frenchman, whose opinion has been purchased by the treasury, will not tolerate in his presence any piquant sarcasms upon the minister to whom he has sold himself. To do justice, *en passant*, to M. de Villele, it must be said that it is he who for the last four years has been endeavouring to spread this corruption through all classes of society, from the poor clerk at twelve hundred francs a year to the peer of France, for whose vote on the law for punishing sacrilege he has paid thirty thousand francs. A Frenchman thus bought is under the continual dread of contempt, and, as he is brave, the first stinging pleasantry addressed to him he answers by a challenge. Upon this *trait* turns the proverb of the *Duel*. There is also in this same piece the character of a mild honey-mouthed hypocrite, who takes the shortest road to fortune by passing through the village of *Mont Rouge* (the head quarters of the Jesuits). This personage completes the picture of the existing manners of French society. For the purpose of giving a favourable idea of this species of composition, I was long in doubt whether to translate *Le Duel* or *Le Plus beau Jour de la Vie*. However, I have fixed upon the latter. The *Duel*, it was to be feared, besides being not so comic, would not be well understood by foreigners. The hero of the *Plus beau Jour de la Vie* (ironically so called) is a young man on his wedding day, whom every one is felicitating, by telling him that it is the happiest day of his life, while at the same time he is exposed to innumerable vexations and contrarieties. Nothing is more ridiculous in French manners than the absurd etiquette observed on these occasions. There are, at least, one hundred little points of punctilio, the neglecting of which subjects the guilty person to reproach, or, what is still worse, to ridicule; as there are manuals for physicians, apothecaries, travellers, &c. it is surprising that there has not been also published a *Bridegroom's Manual*.

These Proverbs are got up for representation with very little trouble. Two skreens form the side scenes—some vases filled with flowers, and interspersed with tapers serve for foot lights, and to separate the audience from the stage. The fashion is to act the parts without any exaggeration of gesture—it is thus M. Leclercq himself plays them. The *bon*

ton is to have an air of doing nothing extraordinary—in a word, to be perfectly natural. N.

LE PLUS BEAU JOUR DE LA VIE ; OU IL N'EST PAS D'ETERNELLES AMOURS.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF LIFE.

Persons represented.

MR. VIETOFF.

MRS. VIETOFF.

AGLAÉ, their daughter.

ERNEST, the intended husband of Aglaé.

JUSTIN, cousin to Aglaé.

FRANCOISE, waiting maid to Aglaé.

MOTHER TOPIE, a flower woman.

Scene—PARIS.

An Apartment, in which is a full-length dressing glass.

Enter ERNEST and JUSTIN.

Ernest. Certainly I shall not forget that this is the happiest day of my life—amongst the twenty persons already assembled in the drawing-room, there was not one who could find any thing else to say to me on my marriage.

Justin. Well, and are you not of their opinion?

Ernest. Oh! certainly; but can they not find something better to say than this commonplace on such an occasion?

Justin. They consider themselves very fortunate in finding phrases ready-made.

Ernest [*looking at his watch*]. Ten o'clock! It is only yet ten o'clock. Heavens! how long this morning has appeared to me. I have already done so many things! I am quite exhausted.

Justin. How! already.

Ernest. I have been on foot since sun-rise.

Justin [*laughing*]. What impatience!

Ernest. Do not laugh without knowing at what.

Justin. What the devil is the matter with you?

Ernest. I tell you that I am harassed!

Justin. By what?

Ernest. By having run all over Paris.

Justin. For what purpose?

Ernest. In search of notaries. Amongst the bills given me by Aglaé's father as a part of her fortune, there are three I have been obliged to have protested; I do not wish to say any thing about it to-day; but it is disagreeable.

Justin. That surprises me—my uncle generally does business only with sure people.

Ernest. Who is sure now-a-days?

Justin. There is some mistake in this. But is that all that troubles you?

Ernest. Oh! No, indeed. After quitting the notary, I was obliged to call upon one of your relations, Madame Duriffey. Yesterday evening I promised your aunt to humble myself properly before Madame Duriffey. She had refused to come to the wedding under pretence of I know not what formalities not having been observed towards her; I had to struggle hard to overcome her objections, without understanding them; and the task had been rendered more difficult by the husband of the lady having just obtained a place, which has increased her consequence amazingly; so that it was scarcely possible for me to descend to a satisfactory pitch of submission. She has against you all a list of grievances that date from the deluge, and the enumeration of which tired me to death. I listened to and approved of every thing she said, so that at length she deigned to offer me her protection, which I very quickly accepted, in order to have done with the matter. We may now hope, that out of consideration for me, she will condescend to show herself for a moment in the ball-room this evening.

Enter MR. VIETOFF.

Mr. Vietoff. Here, my son-in-law, is a letter that concerns you—it is from Grignon, and it appears that the ball-room he was to have given you is engaged for a public dinner.

Ernest [*reading*]. It is not possible.

Mr. Vietoff. You see it is so, however.

Ernest. If I knew that Aglaé was not yet ready——

Mr. Vietoff. Oh! even when a woman is ready, there are still so many things to be done to her dress, that you will have full time to go and see about your ball. For, in fact, I do not see how you can dispose of all the company unless you make them dance. My wife's family and mine are like two rivers that have never yet been able to flow in conjunction; your family is altogether unknown to them—so that it is the violins alone that can give any appearance of harmony to all that.

Ernest. I cannot understand this change, the thing was perfectly agreed on. I shall acquaint Aglaé. [*He goes to the door of her room*]. Aglaé.

[*A voice from within*]. Who's there?

Ernest. It is I.

Voice. Wait a moment.

Ernest [*still at the door*]. I wished to tell you that I am obliged to go out and to ask you——

Voice. Very well.

Ernest [*coming from the door a little out of temper*]. It is, however, disagreeable that she will not listen to me.

Mr. Vietoff. Hush—do not play the husband yet.

Justin. Let me try [*he goes to the door*]. Cousin

Voice. Is it you, Justin? Be quiet—we were just thinking of you.

Ernest [*with more marked ill humour*]. You must acknowledge that she might have answered me so; what I wished to ask her is of some importance.

Mr. Vietoff. Well, ask her, but mildly and cautiously.

Ernest [*returning to the door*]. My dear Aglaé, do you think that I may be absent for a quarter of an hour?—She does not answer—I want to go only as far as Grignon's—the most profound silence. [*He shows signs of the most marked impatience, and going nearer to the door, says in an agitated voice, but the agitation of which he endeavours to conceal*]. My dear love, I only require one word from you—can I go out for a quarter of an hour?

Mr. Vietoff. Faith, I advise you to go; she must, of course, wait for you.

Ernest. I know not what to think of this obstinacy.

Mr. Vietoff. It is not obstinacy. She is so occupied that it is very possible she is not thinking of you at all.

Enter FRANÇOISE.

Françoise. Mr. Justin, Mademoiselle wishes to speak to you.

Ernest. To me, you mean to say—

Françoise. No, no; it is to Mr. Justin.

Mr. Vietoff. Since you are admitted into the sanctuary, endeavour to persuade them to make haste [*Justin and Françoise go into Aglaé's room*].

Mr. Vietoff [*laughing*]. How giddy this little Aglaé is, I would lay a bet that my wife and she wish to consult him upon their ribbons or gewgaws. They have the most implicit confidence in him. It is true that he is clever at every thing.

Ernest [*with vexation*]. He is in very good luck.

Mr. Vietoff. If he should find fault with his cousin's dress, she would think little of changing it altogether, and recommencing her toilette.

Ernest [*still vexed*]. It is, as you say, a proof of great confidence.

Mr. Vietoff. Ah! my dear Ernest, you are now about to learn what sort of beings women are. We should have something to make us sensible of our existence; if we were not from time to time a little tormented, we should die of *ennui*. Speaking of torment, have you been to see Madame Duriffey? She, for instance, is a complete specimen. When I think that at one time they wished to make me marry her! Truly I still should prefer even my own wife [*Ernest looks towards Aglaé's door*]. You still hope to see her appear. I have had my experience of those things. Go look after your ball-room—remain away an hour if it be necessary, and I engage that on your return you will find every thing just the same.

Ernest. But, Sir, I do not see why I should not go into Aglaé's room.

Mr. Vietoff. Ah! if you wish to have the chairs thrown at your head. Recollect that it is you that they wish to surprise. Go and see about your ball.

Ernest. Certainly, I shall not quit you till Justin returns.

Mr. Vietoff. On my account? to keep me company? I am not going to remain here. I must return to the drawing-room, and endeavour to entertain the company there? On your return we shall both make a descent into this mysterious chamber, and, in fine, bring these fooleries to a close.

Ernest. I am not thinking about the ball.

Mr. Vietoff. And yet that is your affair—for on your head will be the consequence of disappointment. The moment that a father, who has brought up a great girl, finds a husband for her, and pays her portion, no one has a right to demand any more from him [*Ernest goes towards the door of Aglaé's room, Monsieur Vietoff holds him back by the arm*]. I forgot to tell you something of importance—watch your wife closely during the remainder of the day.

Ernest [*astonished*]. What do you mean to say?

Mr. Vietoff. Take care that she speak but as little as possible to her cousins, Herisson and Sophia; they have declared that your apartment smells of paint, and that your wife ought not to sleep in it for a month. See what a text they would furnish Aglaé with to torment us all the evening. You must also keep an eye upon her mother, to prevent a similar annoyance—do you hear what I say to you?

Ernest [*speaking to himself*]. This is really too ridiculous. I must go into her room [*as he goes towards the door, Justin comes out, and walks quickly across the stage*].

Ernest. Justin, a moment.

Justin. Impossible.

Ernest. Can you call at Grignon's?

Justin [*in the side scenes*]. I have a very different business on hand.

Mr. Vietoff [*bursting into loud laughter*]. Why do you not laugh like me, instead of making such wry faces. Upon my honour, I think these women have lost their wits, unless it be that they are occupied with the anonymous letter that came yesterday.

Ernest. An anonymous letter about me?

Mr. Vietoff. Yes, but so silly, that we resolved not to speak to you of it.

Ernest. What were the contents?

Mr. Vietoff. A most idle and absurd story, written in a wretched style.

Ernest. I wish to see it.

Mr. Vietoff. It has been burned.

Ernest. You did wrong.

Mr. Vietoff. Yes, in speaking of it to you. You may be perfectly assured that when my wife made no noise about it, it must have been very insignificant indeed.

Ernest. But you have read it.

Mr. Vietoff. Ah! we shall never hear the end of this. Yes, I have;

and I tell you again that it was the silliest thing in the world. Do not say any thing about it, or you will destroy all the festivity of the day. Promise me this, Ernest.

Ernest. It is, however, cruel.

Mr. Vietoff [*interrupting him*]. How much I repent not having held my tongue. Ernest, beware; if you commit any indiscretion upon this subject, I shall absent myself for the rest of the day; Madame Vietoff is terrible. You see all these things still *en beau*, but one day or other you will know how necessary it is for a husband to be upon the *qui vive*.

Ernest. Fear nothing.

Mr. Vietoff. We are a happy couple; no one can say that we are not a happy couple—but you give me your word that you will think no more of this anonymous letter.

Ernest. I promise you.

Mr. Vietoff. You are a man of honour, and I am satisfied [*aside*]; nevertheless I should have done better to have said nothing about it.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. The mayor, Sir, has sent to say that he is waiting.

Mr. Vietoff [*to the servant*]. Very well [*the servant retires*]. Here's a fine piece of business. What can the women be about? I cannot imagine—but I leave you, and shall return to the drawing-room. I am not possessed of your calmness—I should fear to lose all patience, and turn my blood with fretting. [*Exit.*]

Ernest [*alone*]. Ah! the happiest day of my life! [*he sinks into an arm chair*] What am I to do? to go, or to stay? I am at a loss to decide—and this anonymous letter!—Oh that to-morrow were here!

Enter AGLAÉ and FRANÇOISE.

Aglaé. This way, Françoise, there is a large dressing glass here [*seeing Ernest*]. Oh! you are here yet, Sir? You told me you were going out.

Françoise. See how handsome Miss Aglaé is.

Aglaé. I believe he cares little about that.

Ernest. Why do you say so?

Aglaé. You have told me so often that you found me handsome only in dishabille.

Ernest. I do not recollect having said so.

Aglaé. If there should be no ball, this dress will be quite ridiculous—you have done nothing yet about the disappointment of the ball-room of which my cousin told us.

Ernest. Good God! no—you would not answer me.

Aglaé [*to Françoise*]. Look here, this does not sit well.

Françoise [*arranging a fold in Aglaé's gown*]. It is of no consequence, Miss.

Aglaé [*looking at herself in the glass with a satisfied air*]. I never had a gown better made [*to Ernest, with mildness*]. What was it you were saying to me, Ernest?

Ernest. If you had told me how much longer you would have been—
Aglaé [*still before the glass*]. I ask your pardon, Ernest—but Françoise can tell how busily we were occupied when you spoke to us from the other side of the door.

Françoise. The men have no idea of that; they have no more to do on a wedding day than on any other. Their dress is always the same. But a young lady like Miss Aglaé——

Aglaé. You can now go to Grignon's.

Ernest. There is no time—the mayor has sent to say that he is waiting for us.

Enter MRS. VIETOFF.

Mrs. Vietoff. What is to be said; let him wait. The mayor is in an amazing hurry. It is not eleven o'clock yet.

Aglaé. Since my father insisted upon my not making two toilettes to-day, it is impossible for me, dressed as I now am, to be married at so early an hour. Such a thing would be quite unexampled.

Mrs. Vietoff. You are right. Besides, it is not often that the mayor has such marriages as yours to celebrate—he might, therefore, show a little complaisance [*to Ernest*]. What do you think of Aglaé to-day?

Ernest. She is charming.

Mrs. Vietoff. Is it not so? [*to Aglaé*] sit down my heart; you must be too fatigued to remain any longer on your legs.

Ernest. The carriages have been waiting a long time at the door.

Mrs. Vietoff [*sitting down*]. Ah! ah! [*Aglaé sits down also.*]

Ernest. If Aglaé would consent, we might get over at once the annoyance of the municipality, and afterwards we should go to the church only when she pleased.

Mrs. Vietoff. Yes, that might be done, if Mr. Vietoff would listen to reason, but should he once get us out, he will not allow us again to return. We must have some time to look about us. This is the first moment this morning we have been able to take the least repose. Have you not still to go somewhere? Go, Mr. Ernest, you will not detain us.

Ernest. The drawing-room is full of company.

Mrs. Vietoff. I have no doubt of that; Mr. Vietoff has sent out so many invitations.

Ernest. We must go to them.

Mrs. Vietoff. Oh! never mind them, they will amuse themselves—do not be alarmed—

Ernest. But, since we are ready—

Mrs. Vietoff. You think so—but you deceive yourself. If by chance there should be no dance this evening, Aglaé must change the whole of her dress; so that you see the first thing necessary is to know something certain upon this point. I know what the usages of good society are, and as I am still responsible for my daughter, I shall not suffer her to be found wanting in them.

Ernest [with a slight indication of vexation]. I must obey them
[he goes out, and *Françoise* goes into *Aglaé's* room.]

Mrs. Vietoff [aside]. I fear that he is somewhat of a tyrant.

Aglaé. To dress only once such a day as this ! it would have been so easy to have made two toilettes.

Mrs. Vietoff. What can be done, my love ? it is your father's will.

Aglaé. But you will not prevent me, mamma, from thinking at least that fathers have sometimes very strange wills.

Mrs. Vietoff. All men have such.

Aglaé. Alas ! I am going to swear to love Mr. Ernest all my life ;
[sighing] Ah, if my father would have consented, I should have sworn that to another.

Mrs. Vietoff. Come, come, my child, you will have time enough to think of that.

Aglaé. You are right, mamma.

Mrs. Vietoff. You must not be dreaming of anybody else ; time will settle all that. Shall we go to the drawing-room ?

Aglaé. Now ?

Mrs. Vietoff. Why yes. It appears you have nothing further to delay you.

Aglaé. You cannot imagine how much it annoys me to be obliged to listen to so many salutations all at once.

Mrs. Vietoff. You must arm yourself with courage. Recollect that you are now a woman. *Apropos*, my child, I recommend to you to have a mild and modest tone with our relations ; but, above all, to join to it an air of timid satisfaction when speaking to those of your husband ; that is good taste, and every one remarks it. After that I give you *carte blanche* to triumph boldly over the young girls whom the sight of a bride throws into despair. And if, amongst the crowd of compliments addressed to you, there should be any misplaced or free ones, instead of blushing and casting down your eyes, as is practised upon like occasions, stare full in the face of those who thus address such to you, with a look as if you did not understand them. This method is infallible—it suddenly checks the *quizzers*, by forcing them to respect your innocence ; at your age I found this to answer admirably well.

Aglaé. That is the way I have always done.

Enter ERNEST.

Ernest. I have not been obliged to go very far, for they have sent hither to say that every thing is satisfactorily settled. Nothing now stops us, we may set out. [They are going out when Mr. Vietoff enters.]

Mr. Vietoff. Whither are you going ? Your brother is not with you, Mrs. Vietoff ? He is one of the witnesses, and God knows how long he will now make us wait.

Mrs. Vietoff. It is your fault. Why did you engage him to be a witness ?

Mr. Vietoff. Because you would have been furious had I not done so.

Mrs. Vietoff. Not at all. I know that my brother is too absent, and should not be chosen for such a purpose. I should not have been furious, Mr. Vietoff; we must take some other person.

Mr. Vietoff. You know very well that the contract is already written, and that your brother's name is in it.

Mrs. Vietoff. And what necessity was there for having it written before hand?

Mr. Vietoff. It was at your request that the Mayor did it.

Mrs. Vietoff. I am always in the wrong. However, I am now used to it.

Mr. Vietoff. Let our son-in-law judge.

Mrs. Vietoff. Do not bring these children into our quarrels, I beg of you, Mr. Vietoff. They ought to believe that married persons are always of the same opinion. It is a bad example you give them.

Mr. Vietoff. I am sure that Ernest does not believe that.

Aglaé. Nor I neither.

Mrs. Vietoff. Send a servant.

Mr. Vietoff. Of what avail would that be?

Mrs. Vietoff. Well then, Ernest, go there yourself; it is but a step from here, and you will find a carriage at the door.

Mr. Vietoff. Let the poor fellow breathe a little; you really have not the least compassion for him.

Mrs. Vietoff. It is all your fault.

Ernest. What is it you wish me to do?

Mrs. Vietoff. Go to my brother's, my dear Ernest.

Mr. Vietoff. Stop, son-in-law; my brother-in-law is too eccentric a sort of person, and I do not wish to subject you to his whims.

Mrs. Vietoff. In that case we shall have to wait.

Mr. Vietoff [*as he goes out*]. We must wait.

Ernest. But the morning will be lost in this manner.

Mrs. Vietoff. So much the worse for Mr. Vietoff. I made a reasonable proposition, which he rejected, and let him now suffer the consequences of his obstinacy. I should now be seriously grieved if you were to take the least step to remedy this. [*Singing is heard from behind the scenes.*]

Aglaé. Ah, mamma, what is this I hear?

Enter MOTHER TOPIE, with a parcel of bouquets. She sings.

AIR :—Tous les bourgeois de Chartres.

Dans ce beau jour de fête,

Monsieur le marié,

Je viens d'un air honnête

Pour vous complimenter.

Ernest [*interrupting her*]. What is it you want? Leave us.

Mother Topie. Oh, my good Sir, permit me to give those ladies some flowers.

Ernest. These ladies do not want your flowers; get away with you.

Mother Topie. My bouquets bring good luck, by the faith of a woman. It is not yet eight months ago since I took some to an old gentleman of seventy, on his wedding-day. He married a young girl of eighteen, and no later than yesterday he sent to me for oranges for the dinner given on the baptism of their child. [*Aglaé smiles*].

Ernest. Are you going to overwhelm us with your ridiculous jests?

Mrs. Vietoff. Do not torment this poor woman; she has made Aglaé laugh.

Ernest. If we had nothing else to do—

Mother Topie. The gentleman is probably not the bridegroom?

Mrs. Vietoff. Indeed he is.

Mother Topie. Well, ought he not to be delighted that there is any one that can make the bride laugh upon a day like this? It is so serious a day.

Aglaé [*aside to her mother*]. She is right.

Mother Topie. For the women, be it understood; for as to the gentlemen, it is truly for them the happiest day of their lives. They get a handsome woman, plenty of money, every thing in fine, and what do they give in return? [*she laughs*] ah! ah! ah! what a fine arrangement—ah! ah! ah! But so it is, ah! ah! ah!

Mrs. Vietoff and Aglaé [*laughing*]. Ah! ah! ah!

Ernest [*aside*]. She has made her way; her success is complete [*To Mother Topie*]. Endeavour, my good woman, not to make so free.

Mother Topie. My dear Sir, you have nothing to fear. We know what politeness and *bon ton* are, God be thanked! You must not confound us with the herring women of other times. We are of a different order—at present we are respectful to every one, for fear of making a mistake. The devil, nevertheless, loses nothing by this; but this is the manner of doing business at present.

Aglaé. How funny she is!

Mother Topie. I bring bouquets to weddings because my mother did it before me, and because I have always liked to look upon young brides; but I do not speak to them as my mother used; that would be like nothing that we know at present. Would you believe that she used to say to them ———

Ernest. Silence!

Aglaé. How harsh you are, Ernest!

Ernest. I know what sort of women these are.

Mother Topie. You know nothing at all about it, my dear Sir.

Aglaé [*to Mother Topie*]. Tell us what your mother used to say to the young brides.

Ernest. Aglaé, it can be nothing but some silly nonsense.

Mother Topie. Undoubtedly; but still in those times they listened even to that.

Aglaé. Tell us then. [*Ernest sits down, and turns his back upon Mother Topie.*]

Mother Topie. You insist? Well then, she used to say to them, "My beautiful lady, I have no advice to give you; but if you wish to have peace in your house, believe me——"

Aglaé. Well.

Mother Topie. Be obedient to your husband.

Aglaé. What a fine conclusion.

Ernest [*turns round laughing.*] Let her finish.

Madame Vietoff. Oh! la, how curious; we have had quite enough of it.

Ernest [*gaily.*] Her mother had good sense.

Mother Topie. Not the least in the world, my dear Sir, for I know how dearly it has cost me for having the *bonhomme* to follow her advice. If it was to begin again——. But I am a widow, and though I have three children, which is a heavy charge, I laugh and sing at present from morning till evening.

Ernest [*aside.*] What a plague of a woman is this.

Mother Topie [*to Aglaé.*] Take this bouquet, madam.

Aglaé. Willingly.

Mother Topie. I shall offer this one to the lady, your sister.

Mrs. Vietoff [*taking the bouquet.*] What a good creature.

Ernest [*giving money to Mother Topie.*] You ought to be satisfied.

Mother Topie. I put it to your conscience, my good gentleman; so rich a marriage—a financial marriage—a hotel in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. You give no more than they do in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*.

Ernest [*giving her more money.*] There is no means of getting rid of her.

Mother Topie. True—it is not for myself; but when one has three children——. You well know what it is.

Ernest. Will you oblige me to have you put out?

Mother Topie. How can any one, on the happiest day of his life, be so rude towards poor people. There are persons who have every thing, youth, beauty, riches. All you want is misfortune.

Mrs. Vietoff. Adieu, adieu, good woman.

Mother Topie. Adieu, ladies; adieu, my handsome gentleman. I heartily beg pardon for having bothered you; but on the wedding-day that is sometimes not amiss. [*She goes out singing.*]

Ernest. Heaven be praised! We have at length got rid of her.

Mrs. Vietoff. She has not annoyed us. Has she, Aglaé?

Aglaé. She might have remained longer for me.

Mrs. Vietoff. True enough. We must not, however, keep the company waiting any longer. If you wish, my child, we will go to the drawing-room.

Aglaé. Here is my cousin.

Enter JUSTIN.

Justin [*approaches Aglaé, and speaks to her in a low voice. This troubles Ernest, and prevents him from paying attention to what Mrs. Vietoff is saying to him in an under tone*]. I am enchanted, my pretty cousin. All has happened for the best; they will come; here is the mother's answer [*he gives Aglaé a letter, which she reads, and then puts in her bosom*]. How can I ever thank you sufficiently. But you are so good.

Aglaé. Assuredly, and better than you think me. [*She sighs*].

Mr. Vietoff [*from behind the scenes*]. Come Mrs. Vietoff—come daughter; the witnesses are arrived.

Mrs. Vietoff. We are coming. Justin, go and tell Mr. Vietoff that we are putting on our shawls. I will go and fetch your's, Aglaé [*Mrs. Vietoff goes into the bed-room, and Justin goes out at the other door*].

Ernest. Will you not confide to me what Justin has been saying to you?

Aglaé. It was nothing.

Ernest. He appeared, however, to speak with great animation.

Aglaé. You know he always does so.

Ernest. But he gave you a letter.

Aglaé [*looking at him with astonishment*]. He did so.

Ernest. I should wish to know what that letter contained.

Aglaé. Good God! Can it be that you are jealous?

Ernest. What foolishness! It is only curiosity that I feel.

Aglaé. This is astonishing.

Ernest. What is much more astonishing is the emotion you feel upon so simple an affair.

Aglaé. Emotion that I feel! What do you mean to say? I feel no emotion. For what cause should I feel emotion? Can Mr. Justin not speak to me? Can I not answer Mr. Justin without throwing you into alarm? Do you entertain suspicions of my cousin, of me? Was not our marriage brought about by him? Was it not he that introduced you to the family? Really I cannot reconcile to myself the importance that you attach to what he may have said to me.

Ernest. It is you who attach importance to it. It was so easy to give me a plain answer at once.

Aglaé. But to repeat to you all that shall be said to me is a species of submission I am not prepared for. That would be intolerable slavery. If I had loved Mr. Justin so well as to wish to marry him, my father would certainly not have crossed my intention. He is our relation, he is young, good tempered, full of talent, and capable I am sure of rendering any woman happy.

Ernest. Calm yourself Aglaé—nothing can be more misplaced than your agitation at present. Have you never had a movement of curiosity yourself? Well, I confess to you that mine was excited by that low-

voiced conversation and that letter which you hastened to conceal after having read it.

Aglaé. Hastened to conceal? [*She puts her hand to her bosom to take out the letter and give it him—but then suddenly stops*]. I am sorry for it, but I feel that I ought not to satisfy you after the turn the conversation has taken.

Ernest [*in the mildest tone and putting his arm round her waist*]. You do not remember that I might insist upon it.

Aglaé [*disengaging herself and raising her voice*]. Mamma, mamma, he insists.

Enter MRS. VIETOFF and FRANÇOISE carrying two shawls.

Mrs. Vietoff. Already!—And you are weeping.

Ernest. It is perfect childishness.

Aglaé. Mr. Ernest wishes absolutely to know what my cousin had to say to me.

Mrs. Vietoff. Innocent young man! What you still give way to such puerilities as those? [*To her daughter*]. And you did not tell him, I hope.

Aglaé. Certainly not.

Mrs. Vietoff. You acted perfectly right. My dear Mr. Ernest there is no knowing to what lengths you might go, if you were allowed to have your own way. You must not form too exaggerated an idea of the rights of an husband. [*She laughs.*] But it is a rule that lovers should always be quarrelling. But even so their's is a happy time, you must confess.

Ernest. I made no unreasonable request.

Mrs. Vietoff. Oh but you did; for my daughter complains of you.

Ernest. Aglaé may be mistaken.

Mrs. Vietoff. A woman is never mistaken.

Ernest. One word would have satisfied me.

Mrs. Vietoff [*ironically*]. One word?

Aglaé. Yes, Mamma. That is the way he goes on.

Mrs. Vietoff. One is as great a child as the other. Well, Mr. Despot, if I were to tell you that the subject of this terrible conversation was known to me, and that it related merely to an invitation to the ball this evening, what would you think of yourself and your out-burstings of authority?

Aglaé [*handing to her mother the letter given her by Justin*]. The gentleman may read.

Mrs. Vietoff [*presenting the letter to Ernest who refuses it*]. [*To her daughter.*] You are too good [*To Ernest*] Madame Dermence, who has written this note, is the mother of a young lady that my nephew is seeking in marriage. It was only this morning that he told us he wished to have the family invited for this evening, there is the whole of the mystery. Have you still any thing else to insist upon?

Ernest. If you desire absolutely to condemn me—

Mrs. Vietoff. No. I wish only to reform you. Be assured that it is the wife who establishes the reputation of the husband in society. When a wife speaks well of her husband, who dares say any thing against him. But you will allow that the wife, on her part, cannot undertake so heavy a responsibility, unless she be perfectly assured that there is nothing in her husband's character that can shock or give her umbrage; women are very susceptible, and they are right in being so.

Aglaé. It is all one at present, mamma, he acknowledges his error; you must not scold him any more.

Mrs. Vietoff. I am not scolding, but instructing him.

Aglaé [*joyfully.*] Give me your arm, Ernest. Let us go into the drawing-room together.

Mrs. Vietoff. No, my child, you must go in first, and give him your handkerchief to carry, in order that your deportment may be perfectly free—[*Aglaé gives her handkerchief to Ernest*]*—take this shawl also—*[*she gives him a shawl*]. See how happy he is! [*Aglaé and her mother go out*].

Ernest. At length! [*Exit.*]

Françoise [*alone*]. Is it not cruel that I am obliged to remain here? I should have been so delighted to see the effect my young lady will produce. They will never see so handsome a bride. But I shall go this evening to the ball and see her dance. I shall also see Mr. Justin, who she says is so fine a dancer. As to Mr. Ernest, I know not why, but I imagine he cannot be graceful—he appears to me all of one piece—it is probably a good young man, but it is too grave for his age—he should have waited a little longer. I leave the service of Mrs. Vietoff to follow my young lady—this was very prudent on the part of my mistress, for certainly, if Miss Aglaé put her confidence in me, I will not let her become a victim, like so many poor little women that we see at present [*she goes to the window*]. I must see the wedding folks get into the carriages. What a crowd! Almost all relations—but I do not know one quarter of them—so few of them are invited here. Mr. and Mrs. Vietoff prefer seeing friends, and they are quite right. Who can that lady be to whom Mrs. la Tremblaie is so very polite, she insists upon her getting into the coach first? Ah, it is Mrs. du Drochet, of whom she said enough to hang her some days ago—what a pretty world! There is Miss Aglaé. Ah, the flounces of her gown will be caught by the carriage door. But what can be the matter—she quits the carriage and returns to the house. Can she have forgotten any thing [*she looks about*]. She has her gloves, her fan, her shawl. I do not see what she can want.

Enter MRS. VIETOFF, AGLAÉ, and ERNEST.

Aglaé. [*With vexation*]. Françoise, they have discovered that I have no bouquet of orange flowers in my head-dress.

Françoise. Ah, true enough Miss, we forgot the bride's chaplet—and that is an essential thing, I will go and fetch it [*she goes out*].

MAY, 1825.

D

Aglaé. I knew well enough that I had it not. But who wears this kind of thing now. You should have taken my part Ernest.

Mrs. Vietoff. My child, my child—he would have been wrong; and I know not what I could have been thinking of, not to have perceived it.

Aglaé. My aunt thinks of nothing but annoying me, if she had held her tongue, no one would have remarked it.

Ernest. It is but a very trifling matter.

Aglaé. How is it possible to place this hideous *bouquet* in so handsome a head dress? This is to satisfy the gossips, for it is only your gossiping old women who attach any importance to these old fashioned things. What does this rhyme to? What does it signify?

Mrs. Vietoff. That signifies a great deal.

Aglaé. I assure you that it signifies nothing.

Françoise. [*Bringing the chaplet*]. I feared it was lost, but here it is Miss. [*Aglaé takes the bouquet and pulls off several of the flowers*].

Mrs. Vietoff. What are you doing?

Aglaé. Assuredly I will not put all this on my head.

Mrs. Vietoff. [*To Ernest*]. She has a little head of her own. [*To her daughter*]. Sit down and I will place it in such a manner that it shall merely be seen.

Aglaé. [*Sitting down*]. What a ridiculous custom! [*To Ernest, whilst his mother is placing the bouquet*]. You laugh—and yet if it were not for you I should not be obliged to submit to these things.

Ernest. [*Gaily*]. I am very culpable indeed.

Mrs. Vietoff. Look at yourself now—are you satisfied?

Aglaé rises and looks in the glass.

Aglaé. Oh fie—horrible. [*She pulls off the bouquet*]. Here *Françoise* put it altogether under my veil [*music is heard*]. What noise is that?

Ernest. [*After going to the window*]. It is the band of the national guard come to play under your window.

Aglaé. Ah, there was only wanting this—what concern is it of theirs?

Ernest. As you marry their captain, it is an homage they pay you.

Aglaé. Ernest, my dear Mr. Ernest, do me the favour I entreat you to send them away.

Ernest. That will be difficult.

Aglaé. I shall not leave the house as long as those musicians remain.

Ernest. Why so?

Aglaé. Because I do not like this ridiculous exposure; do be a little complaisant.

Ernest. I desire to be nothing else.

Aglaé. Well—go then.

Mrs. Vietoff. All this, however, looks well—the military, the music—all these carriages. I would make a bet that there will not be a woman at the wedding, who would not wish to change places with you.

Aglaé. Mamma, you know how timid I am, and how soon I am

embarrassed. How shall I ever get into the carriage before the whole neighbourhood, who are at their windows—having to make my way through all the porteresses of the parish? Really I cannot bring myself to it. Ernest, my love—you must pardon me—I know this will cost you some trouble—but cannot you do something for me?

Ernest. [*Kissing her hand.*] Every thing that you desire my dear love. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Vietoff. Aglaé I have made an observation upon your husband. It is by kindness that you must manage him. Ill humour, impatience, and haughty and disdainful airs will not at all succeed with him—but with a little cajolery, on the contrary, you will be able to do whatever you like with him. What will that cost you?

Aglaé. Oh! nothing, but you, Mamma, what plan did you adopt with my father?

Mrs. Vietoff. [*Lowering her voice so as not to be heard by Françoise.*] A bad one—hysterics—nervous attacks.

Aglaé. How!

Mrs. Vietoff. My nerves have never been affected, but your father was so slow in coming to a resolution that I employed this means to bring him to a prompt decision. He would have always ended by doing what I wished, but still it was necessary to wait ages for it, whereas the dread of the embarrassment attending one of my nervous attacks rendered him the most expeditious man in the world. However if it were to recommence I should choose some other means.

Aglaé. Why—if that succeeded so well?

Mrs. Vietoff. True—but it required constant repetition.

Enter ERNEST.

Ernest. Do not be angry, my dear Aglaé, I should have succeeded in sending away the band, but your father positively objected to it, and he even insists upon your coming yourself to thank the musicians.

Aglaé. Good Heavens!

Ernest. I did and said all that it was possible for me to do or say, but he is inexorable.

Aglaé. You must have taken the wrong way of persuading him.

Ernest. I regret that you did not hear me.

Aglaé. Mamma, what is to be done now?

Mrs. Vietoff. Obey, my child; this we could not have foreseen.

Aglaé [*Aside to her mother*]. Would not a little fit of hysterics?—

Mrs. Vietoff. Impossible—dressed as I am.

Aglaé. This is the use of the National Guard!

Ernest. Come, take courage.

Aglaé. I have never been so annoyed as to-day.

Ernest. [*Aside.*] How agreeable all this is!

[*He gives Aglaé his arm, Mrs. Vietoff follows, they go out.*]

Françoise [*alone.*] This is not as it ought to be. I know not what the cause can be; certainly it is not the fault of Miss Aglaé; but I can

easily imagine that she finds some change in Mr. Ernest. I who saw their courtship begin can no longer recognize them. He was always so complaisant towards Miss Aglaé, so full of attentions, anticipating her wishes—one would have sworn that he breathed but for her. But at present he takes things much easier. That lasted too long—four months! How can it be expected that two young people, who have passed every evening together for four months, should not feel a little coolness towards each other.

Il n'est pas d'Eternelles Amours.

MR. CAMPBELL'S UNIVERSITY.

WE were not a little exasperated by hearing in the course of the month, that Mr. Thomas Campbell had been making the scheme for a London University ridiculous by his unhappy way of recommending it in an article in Mr. Henry Colburn's Magazine. To our shame we must confess, that this appeared to us the most probable thing in the world, for we know that Thomas has sometimes a particularly silly manner of saying any thing that he has to say on paper in sober prose; we therefore gave an order for a copy of the New Monthly, to the unspeakable amazement of our bookseller, with the full determination of smiting Thomas hip and thigh, in the event of our finding him guilty of those misdemeanours which were imputed to him by our informant. It was not that we cared two straws about Mr. Campbell's writing nonsense; but we were exceeding wrath at the idea of his doing his nonsense on a scheme which has found favour in our sight, and having prejudged him in our minds guilty of this foul offence, we resolved to scourge him within an inch of his reputation. And this is a lesson to all hasty judges. Without one particle of proof, merely on hearsay evidence and strong probability, we had come to the conclusion that this injured poet had turned our University to foolishness, and—Heaven forgive us!—we took up his innocent little article with (we shall tell the whole truth) a vindictive avidity to find the blots which should warrant the chastisement we proposed. What then was our astonishment, what our shame and remorse, when we discovered that there was actually much less offence than could possibly have been expected in the paper in question, which, so far from being what it was represented to us, is a very fair sort of round-hand exercise, a little slobbered here and there, and occasionally perplexed by false concords, and confused by misused tenses; but taking it altogether, it is a very creditable performance. We know that this assertion will not be credited by the world in general. We are aware that it will expose us to much small sarcasm; but nevertheless, as we are critics and gentlemen, it is the truth. We know perfectly well what people will say; they will

sneeringly observe—"Aye, this is just like the London—praising every thing!—it would now make us believe that Campbell is a conjurer." Well, we shall pursue the course of our duty through good and evil report, and, if necessary, we will to-morrow go before any Magistrate and cheerfully make oath that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, Thomas Campbell, Esq., of Seymour-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, has written an article on the London University which is by no means contemptible. It is true that our friend Thomas has a twaddling way with him; but what forbids a man to speak sense in a twaddling way? Do not let us despise the matter because the manner is bad. Some men have an unhappy knack of making wisdom look particularly like a fool; their Minerva wears a cap and bells, but it were a shame to hold the goddess in contempt because she is unbecomingly dressed about the head. This much-abused article before us has indeed a ninnyish air, yet it is translatable into very good sense; and had Campbell sent it to us, we would have stripped it of its twaddle, corrected the slip-slop, amended the grammar, and made it a highly respectable looking concern. As it now appears, however, one cannot help fancying sometimes that the writer's tongue is lolling out of his mouth, and now he slobbers, and now he lets fall the words of wisdom. We would have made him look as if he wrote with his mouth shut. But we meant to praise Campbell, and lo, we are praising ourselves, which is an abominable thing; so let us return to our business. Had the Goddess Minerva written an article on the plan of an University in the New-road, she could not have said a wiser thing than that which Thomas Campbell says about the impolicy of endeavouring to recommend the New University by abuse of the old concerns of Oxford and Cambridge; but, not satisfied with having made a sensible observation, like a true poet, he must speak an affecting thing, he must present a touching image to our minds, he must interest our feelings in favour of the two pursy Universities, by representing them as being rather to be pitied than blamed, and accordingly he tells us that Oxford and Cambridge *cannot help* living out of town.—"The Universities cannot help being distant from London." Here is a piteous whine! Alack, alack, poor things, it is not their fault! And, he goes on that they cannot help this, and are blameless of that, until the regular New Monthly readers actually drown themselves in tears for the cruel case of these poor helpless Universities that cannot run up to London. This is the sort of silliness that gives colour to the charge which the ill-natured world, always delighting to disparage good poets, is so prone to urge against our friend and brother Campbell, and it just breaks our hearts, as the Sentimentalists say, to see a man of sense earning a reputation for nonsense by such petty blemishes which might be corrected by the expunging of little more than half the article.

A little further on, in the midst of some very just remarks, we find the following rant, on the astounding absurdity of which, for obvious reasons, we do not think it proper to comment.—"I have been asked

if I would invite a shopkeeper to study Greek and Hebrew? I answer, that I cease to think of a man's keeping a shop when he tells me that he believes in the immortality of his own soul, and in a book concerning his eternal salvation, written originally in Greek and Hebrew. Nay, it fills me with wonder that any human believer should be without a wish to know the original text of that book."

Perhaps the most natural thought in this paper occurs shortly after this flight, when Mr. Campbell proposes to make publishing a *liberal* business, a project which will doubtless be mightily approved by all authors. If publishers were what they ought to be, he says, they would discourage mere book-making, and encourage originality; but while they discourage book-making, they should have a care not to fail to print little matters of great originality, such as *Theodric*, for example, on paste-board, so as to thicken them into a remunerating size. "I do not deny," he adds, "that there are booksellers who do this, [Mr. Colburn, for instance,] but it is not done sufficiently." And again he remarks most ungratefully, in our opinion,—“Sometimes attending more to the body and bulk, than the spirit of books, they imagine that true literature can be manufactured cheaply.” We abhor ingratitude in whatever shape it may appear, and feel ourselves provoked to observe here, that had Mr. Campbell done as much for the spirit of *Theodric*, as the poor slighted bookseller did for the body and bulk of it, the *Edinburgh Review* would not now be the scoff of the whole country for having given it a good word. That outrageous puff has done more injury to the reputation of the *Blue and Buff Journal*, than the puff of *High-Ways and By-Ways*,* or any other puff, indeed, that can be named.

But let us return to our University. Mr. Campbell affirms, that the entire expense of a youth's ample education in the proposed Day University, including even books and the 5 per cent. for the borrowed subscription, (100*l.*) would not exceed 30*l.* a-year; and we are inclined to think that he is right. "The cost of his maintenance," he adds, "clothing, and pocket-money, must of course be decided by the parents themselves; but it is evident that he will cost less at home, than where others have profits on his board. He might walk every morning at least two good miles, after an early breakfast, to his classes; he might study a considerable number of hours in the morning, and return by day light to a not very late dinner at home. His parents or friends

* The history of this puff of *High-Ways and By-Ways*, which was considered the greatest puff that ever was puffed, until that on *Theodric* appeared (which has, by the way, been pleasantly exposed in *Blackwood*) is curious enough, for, strange as it may seem, Sun-sets were the cause of it! The reviewer and the author, as the story goes in the literary circles, happened to reside at Versailles at the same time, *tant pis* for the reviewer, who had a taste for seeing sun-sets, in which he could not indulge, because the Walking Gentleman whenever he found him in the gardens of the palace, staring at the evening sun, bored him to review *High-Ways and By-Ways*, which at last the reviewer was prevailed upon to do, because he found that by no other means could he hope to enjoy his sun-sets in peace. How he did it we all know. Thus the puff came of the sun-sets in the gardens of Versailles.

might know to a certainty how he spent both his days and his evenings. Acquaintance at such Day Universities is much less intimate, than at places where students board and lodge together; and, if you attach importance to a young man's keeping company with those of his own station, you may leave the matter pretty safely to his own discretion. Again, as it is highly desirable that youth should associate at times on terms of hospitality, you *could* invite his companions to your own house, and without interfering with their happiness, you *may* see that it *did* not degenerate into intemperance."

There is sad work here with the tenses, but let that pass; a few lessons in the new University, under the grammatical professor, will set all that right. The above view is somewhat *couleur de rose*, it savours, strongly indeed, of the Pleasures of Hope, and we have our doubts about the advantage of those very domestic habits, which are recommended by Mr. Campbell's eloquence, but it is not our purpose to discuss these matters in this place. With regard to the supposed corrupting tendency of a town life, Mr. C. has some sensible remarks. No persons but poetic drivellers now talk of the superior innocence of the country. The following proposition is, however, rather violent. "There is no such thing," says Mr. Campbell, "as the country in England with regard to ignorance of evil. The Turks strangle their women for infidelity; but our newspapers do worse, they strangle at a blow the modesty of a thousand readers." *A thousand modesties at a blow!* "How are we ruined, how are we ruined?" Rating The Times at six thousand a day, and giving ten readers to each copy, it must strangle sixty thousand modesties a day; or, deducting Sundays, eighteen million seven hundred and eighty thousand modesties a year—a sum far exceeding the total amount of national modesty, including the whole Irish population. Thus, it is evident, that the Times is worse than any Turk, according to Campbell's remark; and yet we don't very clearly see what the Turks have to do with the matter, or how their strangling the ladies bears on the wicked ways of newspapers; but Thomas makes the journals strangle too, and thus a likeness is created. This method of connecting one thing with another by the link of a figurative expression will be found vastly convenient. Begin a sentence with any impertinence, and you may make it apposite to any thing by these means. Thomas might say, for example, "The savages of Tchikakaboo roast an odd stranger once in a way, but the New Series of the London Magazine does worse, for it roasts scores of Poets and Prose writers every month." These flights not only break the weariness of a close discourse, but they also allow of the writer's killing two birds with one stone as it were,—he takes the Turks in one hand and the newspapers in the other, and smashes them, as a man cracks walnuts, one against the other; the former for strangling immodesty, and the latter for strangling modesty.

As Mr. Campbell approaches the end of his article on the proposed University, we see evident signs of a restlessness of prose and an incon-

tinence of poetry ; in the latter two or three pages he frequently flaps his wings, and betrays an impatience of pedestrianism ; conscious that he is an eagle, he cannot but feel that it is more natural and proper for him to fly above the clouds than to walk on foot like a dodo ; accordingly, towards the conclusion of his labours, after an immense fluttering, he springs off the ground in the following invocation to the—Londoners—" Let the inhabitants of the Metropolis be asked, if they wish for the realization of this scheme (*i. e.* the University) ? Some persons say, that they are a mere money loving generation. If this be false, **MEN OF LONDON**, refute it by your conduct. *I invoke you*, by your general character for spirit, sagacity, and liberality—by your being the metropolitans of *a people whose navies command the deep, and whose strength worsted Napoleon*—by your being the largest influential class of English society—I invite you by your numerous population of one million three hundred thousand—a nation within itself, to found an establishment worthy of your greatness. The Turks have no University," (*Thomas*, leave the Turks alone) "neither, I believe, has Madrid ; but every other great city of Europe, excepting London, has ; and the fishing town of St. Andrew's possesses what London ought to possess." After this flight which must have made the heart of Cheapside beat high with civic pride, Mr. Campbell suddenly falls into the New Road, and goes very soberly on foot to his journey's end. He writes very sensibly about professorships, and takes occasion to eulogise Professor Jardine of Glasgow, and also John Millar of the same *gude* town ; of the latter he gives some curious particulars, and a remarkable anecdote. When Millar began lecturing there was a grave look of pleasure on every face, and when he ended Mr. Campbell thought, but explains that *it might be imagination*, that there was a murmur of regret ; this latter point is, however, left in obscurity. An English student once on a time made a remark to the lecturer, which was a thing as much against etiquette, we are told, as speaking to the parson in church ; Millar *looked*, the English student was instantly covered with blushes, (how lucky that it was not an Irishman !) all nature felt the shock, the sky became suddenly overcast, the rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, the lightnings flashed, and heavy peals of thunder shook the lecture room to its foundation—at least so *we imagine*.

We have really made shameful work of this our article. It was our intention to have pointed out all the good sense in Mr. Campbell's suggestions, and we have arrived at the end of our paper without having even made a beginning of our task, but the truth is, that the subject is too unwieldy for a paper, and we must make a book of it. Campbell's faults may be amply considered in an article, but his merits require a big volume ; and the first time that we have six hours' leisure, we will sit down and write an extra-large royal quarto on the subject, which Colburn will print on Theodric or pasteboard paper, and publish at a princely price, at No. 8, New Burlington-street, as "*a work of real importance*," as it incontestibly will be.

THE THREE GRAVES;

Written during the time, now happily almost forgotten, of the Spy System.

CLOSE by the ever-burning brimstone beds,
Where Bedloe, Oates, and Judas, hide their heads,
I saw great Satan like a Sexton stand,
With his intolerable spade in hand,
Digging three graves. Of coffin shape they were,
For those who, coffinless, must enter there
With unblest rites. The shrouds were of that cloth,
Which Clotho weaveth in her blackest wrath:
The dismal tinct oppress'd the eye, that dwelt
Upon it long, like darkness to be felt.
The pillows to these baleful beds were toads,
Large, living, livid, melancholy loads,
Whose softness shock'd. Worms of all monstrous size
Crawl'd round; and one, upcoil'd, which never dies.
A doleful bell, inculcating despair,
Was always ringing in the heavy air.
And all about the detestable pit
Strange headless ghosts, and quarter'd forms, did flit;
Rivers of blood, from dripping traitors spilt,
By treachery stung from poverty to guilt.
I ask'd the Fiend, for whom those rites were meant?
"These graves," quoth he, "when life's brief oil is spent,
When the dark night comes, and they're sinking bedwards,
I mean for C——, O——, and E——."

MODELS OF SWITZERLAND.

I RECOLLECT that, when in Switzerland, after having rambled in various directions through that most interesting country, and enjoyed the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, I felt something wanting; I was not satisfied with having crawled over this magnificent portion of our globe like a mite over the mountains of a double Gloucester. I found it impossible to trace the combination of such stupendous masses with one another, their numerous ramifications from the main ridge, and their various *cols*, *plateaux*, and *contreforts*. I wished that "I had the wings of a dove," not "that I might flee away and be at rest," but that I might have the power of wafting myself over any part I pleased, of perching upon the highest summits, and, when weary of looking down, of gliding slowly along some rich vale at an inconsiderable height above the ground, and admiring, to the utmost ad-

vantage, the rocks and snowy eminences on either side, or the rich verdure, winding streams, and cheerful habitations below me ; and all this too, with little or no bodily exertion. Looking at the vast powers which man is rapidly acquiring by means of steam, gas, &c. I see no reason why he should not, at some future period, possess equal sway over the element of air, as he does now over those of earth and water. The first navigators never ventured to sail but with a fair wind ; and yet look at the light bark bearing up directly against the wind, see how

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Why might not a machine, somewhat resembling a boat, be constructed with ten or twelve wings on each side, to be put in motion by steam with such velocity, that, aided by the buoyant power of the gas, the whole might be elevated or depressed at pleasure, and turned in any direction ? As the times are ripe for associations of all kinds of improvements, I should like to propose an Aerostation Company, formed for the purpose of affording an expeditious, easy, and agreeable mode of travelling, by means of aerostatic diligences, with a prospectus announcing the different routes, for instance, that the "Balloon" Coach, from London to Exeter, would be replaced by the Real Balloon, and that that dreadful eye-sore to English travellers, cyleped the *Hirondelle* Diligence, which runs from Calais to Paris, would be forced to hide its diminished head from the London and Paris Swallow Balloon, &c. ; stating, also, that these wonderful contrivances had been constructed under the superintendence of a Committee of the first engineers in the kingdom ; that patents had been granted for them from the different Governments on the Continent ; that they were calculated to stand any weather, fitted up in a most superior style, with every accommodation, &c. &c. Why, the very day after the announcement of so important an undertaking, there would not be a share left ; it would throw all other Companies into the shade ; people would laugh at rail-roads and steam-boats, no one would think of being suffocated with dust, or tormented with sea-sickness, when he could take his place in an aerostatic diligence. Consider the great advantage with regard to meals on the road—the landlord of the inn of a country town where the passengers alight to breakfast, goes to the top of his house, about the usual time, with a spy-glass, descries the coach at a distance, gives directions to the waiters to lay the cloth on the table ; when it approaches nearer, he discerns marked on a white flag or board, the number of passengers, and he immediately orders the waiters to set out the corresponding number of plates, knives, forks, chairs, &c. : the vehicle now hovers for a moment over the town, commences its descent, and, when about fifty yards from the ground, the machinery is gradually stopped, ropes are thrown out to the balloon-boys (stage-coach hostlers exist no longer) who guide it gently down to the inn-yard, and the passengers find the means all ready of satiating

their vigorous appetites, the salutary effects of an aerostatic voyage. But aerostation would not be confined to public conveyances ; we should soon see every gentleman as eager to keep his *aerostatic* as his tilbury or pleasure-boat. Conceive the delight which a Londoner and his spouse would feel in seating themselves in such a vehicle, after its apparatus had been properly adjusted, and forcing their way through the great Babel's smoky atmosphere into the salubrious ether ; and this, merely by turning either the *direction* wheel, or the *elevation* and *depression* wheel, as occasion might require. Then too, as a military man, I cannot help contemplating the great revolution which such powers will naturally effect in the art of war ; naval and land engagements will be nothing compared to aerostatic warfare, in which machines, similar to flying ships, will charge impetuously upon one another, and where flying artillery will attain the highest degree of perfection. But it is time I should leave off building castles in the air, and I shall therefore take my perch once more among the Swiss mountains.

It was at Lucerne where I first saw that which, according to the present state of things, is best calculated to afford at once a complete view of every part of a country, namely, a model of it. The one to which I allude, is the celebrated model of a considerable portion of Switzerland, executed by General Pfyffer, who commenced this laborious undertaking at the age of fifty, and completed it at that of eighty. Though the resemblance which it bears to the natural objects is not so perfect as that which has been attained by modellers of later date, still it defies competition with regard to accuracy, since every individual object was minutely and faithfully modelled by the General himself. His mountain-shoes, and a very curious portable seat which he constructed, are shown to visitors ; and underneath his bust is placed this very appropriate inscription, "Ehre dem Ehre gebührt." Leaning over the rail which surrounds this model, I could take in my eye's grasp, if I may be allowed the expression, the whole assemblage of rocky masses among which I had wandered ; I could distinctly trace the various routes I had pursued, the connection of the different ridges with one another, the direction and confluence of the streams ; and, above all, the relative heights of the mountains, in estimating which I found I had committed considerable errors.

The example given by Pfyffer, and the desire of foreigners to take from Switzerland mementos of the spots they had most admired, induced other Swiss artists to construct small models of those objects which afford the greatest degree of interest to the traveller. At a later period, Mr. Troye, an ingenious Swiss artist, aware of the inadequacy of these models to convey just notions of the *effect* of Swiss scenery upon the beholder, conceived the plan of modelling particular portions of his country upon a very large scale, in which the defect complained of in the former should be avoided by adopting a certain proportion between the horizontal and vertical scales, which, although exaggerated, can alone produce that imposing effect we naturally expect from the view of an

exact representation of such magnificent objects as the Swiss mountains. It is to this gentleman that we are now indebted for an exhibition in Soho Square, of models of the most interesting points in Switzerland, upon a larger scale than that on which any have hitherto been constructed. The one of Mont Blanc with the vale of Chamouni is remarkably well executed, with regard both to accuracy and to effect. The proportion between the horizontal and vertical scales has been well judged, and is admirably calculated to convey to the spectator just impressions of the magnificence of Swiss scenery. To have constructed a model of the whole of Switzerland upon such a scale would have required by far too large a space for an exhibition, and M. Troye has preferred confining it to the most interesting objects. The greater part of the other models in this exhibition are also upon a large scale, and are equally beautiful: the most striking are the road over the Simplon, the Mont Righi, with the fall of the Rossberg, and the town of Geneva. In short, the extreme accuracy observed with regard to the forms of the objects, the striking imitation of nature, and the powerful effect of the *ensemble*, procure for this collection of models a decided superiority over every other exhibition of the kind.

The attention of the public has also been attracted by an exhibition in Piccadilly of a model of Switzerland, executed by Professor Gaudin,* of Geneva, but which bears no comparison with the other as regards either accuracy or effect. Although it is upon a scale sufficiently large to represent all the details of the surface of the country, these are in general either very inaccurate or entirely omitted. The professor has in some instances completely changed the face of nature; places where I recollect having travelled upon roads winding along steep precipices, or traversing fearful chasms, are now perfect plains, upon which you may ride without the slightest inconvenience or dread of being upset. To prove the truth of my assertions, I will call your attention to a few high points which exist, or at least did exist, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, where the professor lives, and which he consequently has the opportunity of seeing, examining, and comparing every day. These

* We too have seen both these exhibitions, and can bear witness to the great superiority of M. TROYE's models as far as they go; they are, however, only models of parts of the country, certainly the most interesting parts. At the same time, to have the whole country in one connected view before the eye is a great advantage, an advantage which M. Gaudin possesses over M. Troye. It is truly the only advantage, the works of M. Troye being beyond all comparison more accurate, complete, and detailed. Even, as our correspondent has observed, where the sections of M. Troye are upon a much smaller scale than M. Gaudin, they convey a precise notion of all the different elevations and objects, as in the instance of the galleries in the Simplon road across the Alps; in M. Gaudin's model they are indiscernible; in M. Tröye's they are worked with great accuracy and detail, though in miniature. M. Troye has another vast superiority in the way in which he represents his lakes; by the use of *glass*, the delusion is complete even to the shadows of the mountains; M. Gaudin's lakes are mere stripes of painted leather. To such a degree, however, are *management and knowledge of the town* necessary in these matters, that M. Gaudin's models are flocked to by every body, while M. Troye's seem totally neglected.—*Editor*.

heights have vanished, and their place is substituted by an absolute *plain*, produced either by a late convulsion of nature of which I have remained ignorant, or by a fanciful whim of the professor's brain. I allude to the hill of Cologny, which forms a beautiful amphitheatre of gardens, vineyards, and country-seats, elevated two hundred feet above the level of the lake of Geneva; to a rising ground near the Mont Saleve, quite close to Geneva, called Champpel, where, from behind the country house of Mr. Pitel, the Arve is seen directing its course towards the Rhone; to the *Bois de la Batie*, on the other side of the Arve, a sort of natural fort, to the famous Mont St. Jean, near the road to Lyons, about the same height as the *Bois de la Batie*, that is, about two hundred feet; to a range of hills in the neighbourhood of Nyon, along the road of Geneva to Lausanne, the sides of which form the vineyard district, called *La Côte*; to the town of Aubonne, elevated at least four hundred feet above the Lake of Geneva; to a range of heights in the district of *La Vaud*, between Lausanne and Vevay, bordering the Lake, and offering a most imposing aspect to the traveller on the road below, and which are terminated by a height surmounted by a very ancient tower, called *la tour de Gource*, situated about one thousand two hundred feet above the level of the lake; to the noble cascade of St. Saphorin, about six hundred feet above the lake; to the heights of Chardonne, near Vevay, about eight hundred feet; to —, but I need not exhaust your patience by detailing any further defects. If such inattention has been paid to objects almost immediately under the professor's nose, you may form some idea of the reliance to be placed on the representation of such as are more distant from his residence. With regard to the noble chain of the Jura, I shall merely observe that the variety of details in its formation are entirely omitted, whereas, in a little model of this part of Switzerland in M. Troye's collection, it is faithfully represented, although executed upon an infinitely smaller scale. I shall conclude these remarks upon the comparative merits of the two exhibitions of models of Switzerland, with one upon that of Professor Gaudin's, the truth of which must be obvious to a child, namely, the absurd disproportion between the houses and the trees; either the former must be the habitations of giants, or the latter must be mere cabbage plants.*

I write this letter chiefly with the view of drawing some part of the public favour upon the exhibition in Soho-square, which appears to me to be most undeservedly neglected for a very inferior performance, which possesses over the other alone the advantage of being placed in a better part of the town, and of being more vigorously puffed in the newspapers.

W. S.

* The best mode of exhibiting models of a country would be to dispose them round galleries of different elevations placed in the centre, leaving at the same time a passage round the exterior edges. A model of Switzerland on the scale of M. Troye's Mont Blanc with his admirable imitations of Glaciers would be the finest thing in London.—

EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER.

BY THE MODERN DILWORTH.

Q. Are you a gentleman?

A. I am.

Q. By what signs do you know that you are a gentleman?

A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.

Q. What is your fortune?

A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a year.

Q. What is your income?

A. About five thousand a-year.

Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income?

A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.

Q. Explain the distinction?

A. By fortune, I mean what may be called a man's own money; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit, or otherwise.

Q. How do you rate your yearly income?

A. By desiring my servant to cast up the year's bills.

Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it?

A. As an accession to my income; I account myself so much the richer.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty.

Q. How long have you been on the town?

A. Three years.

Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life?

A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived all his life, he commonly dies of extreme old age and infirmity at six-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Q. What are the boundaries of town?

A. Town is bounded on the North by Oxford-street, on the East by Bond-street and the Haymarket, on the South by Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and on the West by Park-lane.

Q. Is Portman-square then out of town?

A. No, it certainly is not; but I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out; but, many persons hold, with good authority, that the north of Oxford-street cannot be quite right.

Q. Where is Russell-square?

A. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard that place named?

A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.

Q. Repeat one of these capital jokes?

A. In the House of Commons, Mr. Croker having named Russell-square, added a doubt whether any Member knew where that was.

Q. You read the debates, then?

A. No, I beg leave to explain that I *heard* this story; Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it; I think more than a gentleman ought to laugh.

Q. Do you ever read?

A. Yes: I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calender.

Q. How many tailors are there in London?

A. Two.

Q. How many boot-makers?

A. Five.

Q. Hatters?

A. Hats may be got any where in Bond-street or St. James's-street.

Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?

A. The starched neckcloth.

Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?

A. Brummell.

Q. Give the particulars of this invention?

A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the Prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's-street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washer-women miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced,—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L——d died raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beaux was obdurate, and L. miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing-table, the emphatic words, "*Starch is the man.*"

Q. Is Brummell an authority now?

A. No, none at all; but still, in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.

Q. Who is the king of the dandies now?

A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.

Q. Why is Mr. Hayne called Pea Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?

A. It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper

mistake ; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn to yellow in the autumn.

Q. Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife ; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination ?

A. Never, Sir.

Q. But you have heard of such practices ?

A. I have *read* of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

Q. Suppose you were dining with the Guards, what should you eat ?

A. I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

Q. What should you drink with the Guards ?

A. Lemonade.

Q. What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself ?

A. An exquisite of the first water will complain of head-ache, and confess intoxication after two glasses of light wine ; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom will swallow a frightful quantity of liquor at dinner.

Q. Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening ?

A. Yes ; the Opera.

Q. Why the Opera ?

A. Because there is an order against boots, and therefore, to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door keepers.

Q. What is the history of the standing order against trowsers at Almack's ?

A. The Lady Patronesses took a disgust to those loose habits, and issued an order that no gentleman should appear in them who could not plead some personal deformity in apology for the concealment of his shapes.

Q. What was the consequence ?

A. The best made men in London went to Almack's in trowsers, the patronesses ordered them out of the rooms, and the cavaliers thereupon craved a jury of matrons. On this the qualification was rescinded, and the order was made absolute.

Q. You have your gallantries ?

A. I have had the honour of being scandalised as much, I flatter myself, as other men.

Q. Supposing a woman of fashion sets you down in her carriage, what is the established etiquette ?

A. To be rude.

Q. How do you make love to a chambermaid at an inn ?

A. I knock her down with the boot-jack.

CÆTERA DESUNT.

A CONVICT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[THE following very curious, and in some points of view, very instructive account, is the genuine composition of one Mellish who had returned from transportation; and, being again committed to the gaol of one of the midland counties, set himself about describing what he had seen for the amusement of the gaoler's wife. The manuscript has been faithfully adhered to in all respects. On the back is inscribed MELLISH'S BOOK OF BOTANY BAY. The manuscript terminates abruptly. It is written in a copy-book, which is filled to the very covers; but the story breaks off in the middle of a sentence. The following title is Mellish's own.—*Ed.*]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TREATMENT OF CONVICTS, AND HOW
THEY ARE DISPOS'D OF IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

WHEN they first leave the hulks, every man pulls off his hulk dress, and has given him a fresh dress, jacket and trowsers; then goes on board the Bay ship, there every man is examined by the doctor; if he thinks any of them is not fit for the voyage, they are sent back to the hulks and others sent in lieu of them; then all their names is call'd over and every man sent down between decks, every man in dubble iron's, but very light ones; then the doctor and one of the mates comes down, and puts 6 men in a birth, each birth about three I may say 4 yards wide; with a flock bed and two blankets for each man; there is two tier of births, one above an other, all round the ship, with a few cradles in the center of the ship, for old men or men with bad legs; then there is an hospital in the same deck, a small place petishioned of, and if any of the men is sick, or in a dangerous state, they are put there, and every attention paid to them. I understand the doctor as a guinea for every one he lands in New South Wales alive; the decks is scrap'd and wash'd every morning, and all the births kep'd very clean; before each birth is a bench, which goes all round the ship; every man goes on deck twice a day, about 30 or 40 at the time; each man takes up with him his bed and blankets, likewise the doctor takes care that every man gets a good wash when he is on deck. As to provishions there is not much reason to find fault; on Sunday's, plumb pudding with suet in it, about a pound to each man, likewise a pound of beef; Monday, pork a pound and peas with it; Tuesday, beef and rice; Wednesday, same as on Sunday; Thursday, same as Monday; Friday, beef and rice and pudding; Saturday, pork only, for breakfast oatmeal boil'd, with

MAY, 1825.

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about 2 ozs. of sugar to each man. There is 2 men appointed for to cook for the ship's company, I mean the convicts; and those men, if you want tea or coffee, or any thing else boild, they will do it for you, but they expect a little somthing for there trouble. Meals are got very unragular some time in rough weather. 3 pints of water allowd to each man and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of biscuet a day. Many captains wont allow smoaking between deck, but as much as you please on deck. No knives allow'd between decks, only at dinner times; then there is a man appointed to distribute 2 or 3 case knives and forks to each birth, then as soon as dinner is over, collects all togather again; every night just at dusk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of port wine to each man; two men appointed to wash your linen. Captain as soon as he gets out of sight of land, in general single irons about 6 men a day, till they are all single iron'd, I mean those that conduct themselves. The only place they stop at is Rioldiginaro, some time a week and some times not so long, as the captain thinks proper; a very pretty view of the town; plenty of bum boates comes along side with fruit and tobacco. Some gentlemen comes down between decks with the captain, when they go a shoar they send a deal of fruit on board for the convicts, oranges and lemons and limes, every day if its in the season. Captain and mates in general purchase tobacco and rum and sugar; tobacco $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ a pound; rum and sugar very cheap. Convicts are allowd to purchase any thing but spirits; coffee $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ pound; sugar $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ lb.; tea very good at about $3s. 6d.$ lb. Convicts as serv'd to them, while they are in the harbor, fresh beef and broth, with a deal of garden stuff with it; beef very thin, no fat on it, very bad indeed.

Then when we saile from there, the captain begins to nock of the iron's, about 6 a day, according to the behavior of the men, till they are all off. The next land we see is the Bay; and as soon as a ship is in sight, a flag is histed at a place calld South Head, the mouth of the harbor, which gives the inteliganc to Sydney; then the pilot comes on board, and when we get about $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the harbor, the harbor-master comes on board, for the governor's dispatches, and remains on board till we come to an anchor; then the captain, the doctor, and harbor-master goes to government-house, with the dispatches and newspapers; then in less than 10 minutes there is no less than 30 or 40 boates full of people round the ship; all hands on deck, but none of the boat people is allow'd to come on board, but close along side; then all the cry is, *who is come?* is there any body from such a place? and how is such a one? and so on; most of them knows some body: then as soon as they have got all the information they can, they then go away, and in a little time comes again and brings those that they know some fresh provisions and garden stuff, which is a very great treat, I can assure you, after living so long on salt meat, in jeneral 4 and 5 months; the reason the governor wont allow any one to go on board is, that they should not tell or give them any information respecting the rules and

ways of the colony :—for instance, if a man is a good macanick, they will tell them not to say what trade they are, then when they come on shore they are not thought so much of by government ; in consequence of that, he is very easy to be got of the stores by his friend ; when that is done, he can go to work at his own trade for himself. Then again others will tell their friends on board, to say they are some trade or other, with the view of keeping them from being sent up the country. After they have been in the harbor 4 days, every man gets a fresh supply of cloathing given him, 2 blue jackets, 2 pair of trowsers, 2 pair of shoes, 2 handkerchiefs, 2 wastecoats, 2 pair stockings, a hat, 3 cotton stripe shirts, a fresh bed and 2 very good blankets, all new ; not a single thing of what has been in youse on board to be allowd to go on shore. Then when that is done, every man clean shaved, wash'd, and his are cut in a moderate way ; then Superintendent of Government Works, and the Commersary General with is Cleark, comes on board, then the men's names are all call'd over, and as they answer their names they pass by one by one ; the Superintendent ask what trade are you ? so and so ; have you any complaints to make in respect to your treatment on the voyage ? if they have any they relate it ; and so on with every one ; and if there is a general complaint, the Captain or Doctor gets a very severe reprimand by the Governor ; I have known one or two captains to have been try'd for it ; but I think its only a matter of form, for they in jeneral win. When all hands has answered there names, they all get into boates and goes on shore ; then the town is all of an uproar ; a deal of shaking hands and so on : then when all there boxes and bags and bundles are all got on shore togather, a few soldiers is left to guard them, or else they would not remain there long ; then all hands walk two by two into a large square, there they stand as they do in this yard* only two deep ; then the Governor, Superintendent, and Doctor, &c. comes ; the Governor addresses them, by saying what a fine fruitful country they are come to, and what he will do for them if there conduct merits it ; likewise tells them if they find themselves anyways dessatesfied with there imployer, to go (immediately) to the madjistrate of the district, and he will see him righted.

When that part of the ceremony is perform'd, the Governor, &c. &c. leaves ; after complimenting the Doctor a little ; then they are all left to the Superintendent to dispose of as he thinks proper, he begins first to pick out so many to go to Parramatta,† some fit for farmers, and some for difrant trades ; then so many to be sent to Windsor ; some to Georges River ; and the remainder he will dispose of in the town

* Meaning the yard of the prison in which he was at the time of writing confined.—*Ed.*

† Parramatta 16 miles from Sydney, Windsor 34 miles from Sydney, George's River 20 miles from Sydney.

(Sydney), some for grooms, some coachmen, some to one trade and some to an other; those that are made application for by there friends, they are allow'd to take them with them; but if the Superintendent knows he his a good trade, he will keep him for Government—that's the reason the Governor wont allow any one to go on board before they have given there trades in; then those that is for up the country, there names are all taken down again, then march'd away two by two down to the wharf, each man takes is box or bundles, and all gets into a large boat and away up the river to Parramatta; when they arrive there they are all put into goal, while morning, unless any one will be answerable* for them, I mean a few, till morning; then in the morning the madjistrate comes into the goal and distributes them as he thinks proper. Then those for Windsor starts of with a cart to carry there luggage; and those for Georges River at same time, a difrant road: when they arrive there they are dispos'd of in the same way, bread and meat servd out to them at each place.

A man to take a new hand of the stores must be a free man, there is always a list of names stuck up at the post-office, what we call a letter list; a letter from England will cost a man 1 shilling.

It is very seldom that any thieves is sent up the country, as most of the gentlemen resides in Sydney, and would sooner take for his servant a man that he knows has been a regular thief at home, than one of those barn dore gentlemen; why is it, he knows he can depend on them, for they wont see no tricks play'd with his master's property, nor play none himself; you never hear tell of a thief geting into any trouble; but there is very few goes, when I went, out of 200 men, there was but 5 regular thieves in the whole. If a man commits any crime, he his delt with exactly the same as in England, if found guilty of any thing which wont take their lives, they get a sentance according to the crime; those for short sentance, any thing under 7 year, are sent into the *goal gang*; their cloathing is very dark brown jackets and trowsers, with one side of them white, double iron'd very light, work for Goverment from sun rise to nearly sun down, and then sleep in the goal at night: they gets the same provishions as usual; 7 pound of good fresh beef a week, or 5 pounds of English salt pork *very good*; 12 lb. flour and 1 sugar to each man every Saturday; garden stuff is very plentifull, can have it for asking for (very fine potatoes): all men actually in Goverments imploy gets the above provishions, and twice a year is serv'd out with slops; a good strong blue or gray jacket and trowsers and a pair of shoes; they are not compel'd to ware them if they dont think proper; and once in 3 year's are served with a good bed tick, 2 blankets, and a rug. Those men that are sent up the

* About being answerable, you can get plenty of pretended friends to do that if they know you have got money or any thing that will fetch money; if not you may stop where you are.

country to farming work, works about the same hours as in England; they live as the master do, and is paid for his labour 20*l.* a year, and receives of his master the same cloathing as he would get as if he was working for Government, or 3 pounds in lieu of the slops per year. If he thinks his master works him too hard, he can, if he thinks proper, demand his government-work to be measured out to him; then when he has done it, he can go to work for any of the neighbors. If his master don't wish to employ him in his own time, and gets paid for his work as a free man. A man as can work can get a Government day's work done in 4 hours. When he is doing his Government work for his master, he gets no wages only his cloathing. Men that actually work for Government, they meet at 6 o'clock in summer and 8 in winter; goes home to breakfast at 9 o'clock and returns at 10, and works till 3 at noon, then goes where they think proper till morning; on Saturday they work while 10 o'clock, then one man out of a mess of 6 goes to the store for their provisions. Then on Sunday, every man that is at work for Government comes to church in the morning, falls in 2 deep a very long line in front of the church, and opposite each gang stand the Overseer; then the Superintendent with his Clerk walks down and asks the Overseer if his men are all there, and if he sees any man not clean shaved, or with a dirty shirt on, he calls a constable and sends him to goal while Monday morning; and a second time sends him to goal every day after he has done his work for a week; and if any man is absent from church without leave, he is treated in a similar way; and if that won't do, they sometimes get what we call a civil check, 25 lashes, which cures them in general the first dressing.

Now we will return again to say what sentence men are liable to.* If they get more than 2 years for a crime, they are sent to a place called the Coal River, about 400 miles by water, some for 7 years, 14 years, and life. There they work at getting coals up to there middle in water. Then if they transgress again, they are sent by the magistrate up to the lime burners. They make lime out of oyster shells; they can't stand that work long, for it is very unwholesome and gets into their eyes and blinds them; gets the same provisions as usual. If they commit any murder, which is very frequently the case, they are sent to Sydney and tried for it, and if found guilty, they are taken back, and as near to the spot as possible executed. A great many murders committed, and in general by the Irish people.

A man after he has served his master 3 years, and no complaint, is entitled to a ticket of leave, that is to go anywhere and work for himself, but receives nothing out of the stores. The regular way of obtaining a ticket of leave, is in first place to get a petition signed by your master, the parson of the town you belong to, and by the mag-

* If it is a Judge's sentence, his former sentence stands still till his colonial one is done, then it begins again; but if a magistrate's sentence his old sentence goes on.

jestrates of the same place; the Governor receives petitions the first Monday in the month, then you take or send your petition to Government House; then next 1st Monday you must go yourself, and the Governor if he thinks proper will signe it; and if the man conducts himself for a few years longer, 4 or 5, the Governor will give him an emansipation, by petitioning him in same way as before; and that will make him quite free in the country.

FEMALE CONVICTS.

When they first arrive in the Colony, the same ceremony is performed by the governor as with the men, then it is left to the Superintendent to dispose of them as he thinks proper; almost any person can take a woman of the stores, if they are agreeable to go; if not, she is sent up to the factory at Parramatta, there will be imploy'd in picking wool, carding wool, spinning and makeing a sort of coarse cloath, *woolen*, such as the goat gang ware; they work from 8 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, then go where they think proper while morning; they get nearly as much to eat as a man; if they neglect there work, they get confined in the goall at night, untill they fetch up there work, and if commit any robbery, they are sent to the coal river, the way they are punished there is, by wearing a steel collor, but no work to speak of for them to do; all they want is to get down to Sydney, and be their own mistresses, then they think they are at home again, they will dress themselves up and go to the flash houses, and at night to the danceing house's, then they are happy; I have known women when they are at the factory—I do mean to say, very nice young women as you could wish to see, actually marry an old man, as ragged as possable, and perhaps he lives 20 or 30 miles up the country, and no house perhaps within 5 or 6 miles of him, right up in the bush, where you can see nothing but the trees; but there is a polesy in that, this man is a free man, and when they are married it makes her free, then after she has stop'd a day or two, she will make some excuse which a woman is never at a loss for, to come down to Sydney, she will get what money she can of him, the (Old Fool) but dont return again; very frequently the constables will go in those houses at Sydney, if they see a strange girl, and she cannot produce a pass, or a sertificate of her marriage, he will put her in the goal and cause her to be sent back to the factory; if its her first offence, it is sometimes look'd over, but if she runs away again, she is confin'd in the goal, and a log of wood chain'd to her leg.

If a woman's husband or man is in the country, they are not compel'd to live with each other if they dont think proper, but if the woman lives with another man, and the man wants her himself, if he can bring any two people to say, they know they was married in England, then the man can demand his wife; they obtain there liberty in the colony the same way as a man; if a woman comes free into the country, it makes her husband free, if he is there; women are very much indicted to drinking.

Mrs. Hyatt, when she first came into the colony, was taken of the stores, by Mrs. Lord, an old acquaintance of hers and as well as of Pats. Her husband is a very rich merchant, and Mrs. H—— was her housekeeper for a year or two, until her husband came over, then Mr. Lord put him and her in a house to sell all sorts of goods for him by commission, and 2 days in a week sells by auction; I suppose they are not getting much less than from 3 to 4 pounds a week clear money, and when I left was very comfortable.

When Mrs. Pedley came into the country, she was taken of the stores by Sam Foster, she remained at Sam's some time, then went to live at Mrs. Hyatt's old place, housekeeper to Mr. Lord, I suppose she liv'd there 15 months; at the expiration of that time, an old friend of his came from up the country to reside at Sydney, there they renew'd their acquaintance, and in a very little time they agreed to live together. Pat took some little property over with her, and he being a very steady man, they soon got things about them very comfortable. He makes sieves of difrant sorts, and sends a great many to India, and when I came away, he was weaveing cloath—woolen, as fine as any as is made in the colony; and she has one child; but all her taulk is about Noah; her daughter Sarah is married to a saddle and harness maker, and lives at Windsor, she has one child; I could say a deal more about the difrant ways of the Colony, but I think Mrs. T——* will be tyard of reading what I have rote.

CONTINUED.

When Governor Philipps first went into the country, he took with him some stock of all sorts. About 3 weeks after he arriv'd in the Colony, he miss'd 2 cows and a calf. They could not be found any ware; neither was they seen by any one for nearly 3 years after. They had increas'd, but could not be secured by any means. As the Colony gets inhabited, they still keep getting back in amongst the trees, what we call the Bush. At this time there are many hundreds of them. They are always very fat, and of the Europeon and buffelo breed. The Governor wont allow any one to kill any of them, but it is suppos'd that many of the calves is speard by the blacks. There was 2 men apprehended, and brought to Sydney for trial, and was cast for death for it, but the Governor thought proper to respite them, they was sent to Coal River for life. They took with them a great many casks and a deal of sault, and went up the country a long ways, and shot them there. They would pickel the beef, and send it to Sydney. I suppose they was at that game nearly 2 years, the way it was discovered the farmers up the country could not get their men to do any work. Meat was so cheap, they got as fat as hogs at last. Some of the farmers

* The gaoler's wife for whom the account was written; it might have been entitled Mrs. T——'s Arcadia.—Ed.

went to the Governor and gave information and the 2 men was apprehended. This was in my time in 1814.

I have known graziers at times loose a deal of stock. Sometimes there is a great drouth in the Colony ; in consequence of that they are obliged to moove there hurds a long way up the country where there is plenty of water to be got, at a place call'd the Blue Mountain River, and that river in dry time, is where the wild cattle comes to drink ; there they mix together and its impossable to part them. I knew one gentleman to loose 60 head of cattle, and never got any of them back again ; and several more people serv'd in the same way, but not to loose so many ; (that was in my time) but now in a dry time, the stock is sent to another place call'd Bathwith's Plaines, a place which Mr. Evan's discovered. The beast in that country has a great knowledge of the bush. I have known sometimes of a Friday 20 or 30 fat beasts come to Sydney, for the government stores ; and some are more wilder than the rest ; and when they come to see a town and many people walking about, they dont know what to make of it, I have known very frequently one or two break away from the flock, they always get back again in 4 or 5 days. The stock keepers give themselves no trouble after them as they are sure to come back ; and what is more singular, they go threw the bush, and if they fall in with any cattle, they will feed with them an hour or two, and off again, and never is seen to go threw a turnpike. The bullocks is very stubbun ; in that country there is a deal of them broke in to draw. Government work a deal of them in timber carriages. They way they brake them in is, they are drove into a stock yard with some tame ones, then they (the men) get a long pole, with a rope and a noose at the end of it, and throw it over there horns. There is a stump of a tree in the yard, with a ring drove into it, then they draw the young bullocks head as close up to the tree as possable, and puts a yoke on, and drives an old bullock up to him, and yokes them up together, turns them out into the paddock again for 2 or 3 days till he gets quite tame. I have known young bullocks, when the rope is first put round there horns, jump up a great hight and drop down dead. The way they get a bullock up when he lays down sulky is, to get some mud and stop there nostrills up, then they will jump up immediately, if there is no mud, they put there tails between 2 sticks and keep rubing till they get up. There is a deal of sheep in the country. The gentleman I liv'd with, yous'd to have all his sheep down to be shorn once a year, and in that year he had 3000 ewes, besides there lambs, and many had 2 lambs. Then he had a flock of Spanish sheep, 2 flocks of weathers, and a many rams. There is one or two people there which has more sheep than him. Sheep dont run so large as here, but the wool is a deal finer ; neither have they so much wool on them. Several people has more than a thousand head of horned cattle, and more than 30 brood mares. Horses dont run very large ; but very compact pretty horses they are ; the Europion breed ; but not any of the waggon kind.

When I first went into the country, in 1810, I knew a middling kind of a horse sold for a 100 guineas, and when I left it, the same sort of a horse could be bought at 16 pounds, but dare say they will be getting dearer now, as almost every ship that goes to India takes horses to Betavy.

The natives of the bay are quite black ; great strong idle fellows, with no ingenuity whatever. They walk about as naked as when they came into the world. They are common enough to be seen in Sydney ; but not so numerous as they are up the country. You will seldom see above 4 or 5 together ; but if you go up the country, you can see in one tribe I suppose, 30 or 40, sometimes more ; when they have any thing with them, you will always see the woman carry it ; such as their spears and waddies. Spears is about 7 or 8 feet long, and as thick as a man's thumb ; very light, it is a very little tapering. At the thin end they fasten in small pieces of flint stone with gum, which they get of trees, their waddy is almost like a constable's staff, only thicker. These are their war instruments. They will throw their spears to a great nicety ; you can always tell when they are going to war, or when penance is going to be done ; when you see a great many blacks, men, women, and children ; their faces are all made red, and all down their necks ; when they go to war, each man has a shield made of very hard wood, likewise 3 or 4 spears and a waddy. They form a line in front of each other, about 30 or 40 yards ; the women and children stand at some little distance behind, then one man will step out a yard or two in front, likewise a man from the opposite side the same ; they will begin dancing and putting themselves in a many positions ; then they will throw what spears they have at each other ; then they will draw back, and 2 more do the same ; and so on for an hour or two ; not very often as they get speared ; when they are speared, it is in general in the foot, or throw the shield into the bushes. When a man is speared he must draw flesh and all before he can extricate it. While they are fighting, the women and children make a dreadful noise. Sometimes after they have thrown all the spears, they will begin with their waddies. When they strike a blow, the one that receives it holds his head down for the other to hit him ; and in that kind of way they keep fighting. They never try to defend themselves, but receive all the blows on the head ; their heads will puff up in very large lumps, and it's almost impossible to hurt them ; while they are fighting the women and children will make a very frightful noise.

When a black fellow takes a wife, it's very seldom they take one of their own tribe ; but when they meet another tribe, if there is a woman that any of them wish to make their wife, the man will run amongst them and lay hold of the woman he fancies by the legs or hair, and will drag her I suppose 3 or 400 yards on the ground, and beats her most unmercifully. Nothing is said by any of the tribes ; but the first time they meet again, they appoint a place where and when this man is

to penance. That is, both tribes meet, and the tribe that has the woman taken from them form a circle there. The husband stands in the middle with a shield in his hand, then each man throws one spear at him; its not often they are hurt, for they are very active, and the shield is a very great protection; they only throw one spear at the time, and if the man is not looking at where the spear is coming from they wont throw till he is looking. Most blacks have two wives; for the man wont do the least thing in life. They have no regular home, nor I dont think arldy ever stops two nights in a place, you will very frequently meet a great number of them, and all there wives loaded with their war instruments and there houses on their heads. If the weather is likely to be wet, their houses is a piece of bark of tree, about 6 foot long and 4 foot wide, very light. Then at night if it looks like rain, they will cut the bark across, not quite threw, and bend it like an arch, then they get under it, a man and is one or two wives. They dont lay down; they squat as it were on there feet with there backsides not quite to touch the ground, there elbows on there knees, and there heads in there hands. In that position they will set all night, they will make a deal of fiers round them; they are very frightened at night; its not often you see any about at after dark, if you do, they will make a great noise and each of them will have a fier stick in his hand. The way they get fier is, they will go to a tree which is laying down, and cut away the bark with the tommy auck (a small axx), then they will get a piece of hard stick, and keep rubbing it on the tree very quick and hard till it gets very hot, then they will put some very small pieces of touch wood to it and it will catch fire, I have done it myself many times. They live on grubs and fish, and gum of the trees, or any thing they can get; sometimes on kangaroo, or bandey coot rats; and it is said, they will eat snakes. The way they catch the kangaroo is, they surround a thick brush where they know the kangaroo is in general to be found, then they sat fire to the brush and the kangaroos runs out with their eyes shut threw the brush smoak, and the blacks nock them down.

The bandy coot is a small animal, not so big as a rabbit, but very fat, and very fine eating. They live in hollow trees, very high up; they never come out by day times, but at night, and the way the blacks find them is, they look first up the tree, and if they can see any hollow place in it; then they look if there is any tracks or marks of there claws on the tree, and if there is any, they will get up after them; the trees is not like in this country, for they have no limbs to them untill you are at the top, and very thick round; its very curious to see them get up a tree after the bandy coots. They will cut a few notches with the tommy auck in the tree just big enough to put three toes in, and then another for their fingers, and so on, till they get up where the whole is, (in jeneral) to a great ithe; and while they are climbing the-tree, they will hold in there mouths a long spear; and when they get as far as where the whole is, they will run the spear down as far as it will reach.

If it is not long enough, they will keep hiting the tree as they come down; and when they find the decay'd part comes no farther down, they will cut a whole suffitiant for the bandy coot to come out; then, if it dont jump out, they will hit the tree for some time; and if that wont do, they will come down for some fier and put that down the whole, that will soon drive him out, then when he jumps down, there will be a parcil of the tribe with there dogs ready to receive him. When they have got 5 or 6 of them, they will make a fire, pull the skins of, and throw them into the ashes with the intrells in; and when they are about half cook'd, they the (men) will take them out, of the fire, and tare them limb from limb with their fingers; and when they have eat what they can, the women gets the rest; and while the women are eating, the men keep danceing all round the fire and make a very great noise. I wish I could discribe to you the way they dance; you can always tell what night where the blacks have been bandy cooting; for you will see a many trees on fire, which you may see a long ways off by night; I mean the trees that has the fier put down the holes. The wood is very good wood to burn, and it will blase out of the hole, as the same as when a chimney is on fier.

There is another sort of blacks which are call'd the water blacks, they are every thing the same as the others, only they live chiefly on fish, you can see them with fish for sale at Sydney every day; (if you was there) they will sell as much fish for $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf as 5 or 6 people can eat. The way they catch them, they walk by the river side till they see a good size one (I suppose 2 or 3 pounds), then they spear it; at almost any time you may see them squating round the fiers by the side, washing oysters, which are very fine, and much larger than ever I saw any in England.

Likewise fish is very fine and very plentifull. There is a fish called mullet, I have seen them 6 or 7 pounds; they will fry themselves without any fat; they are fine eating, and cuts very firm and white.

There is a school built at Parramatta for the education of the black children; they are taken in at 8 years old. There is a very high wall built all round; they are not allowed to see there friends without an order from the madjestrates. They are well taken care of, and cloath'd; and twice a year the Governor gives a dinner to them, and all the blacks round the neighbourhood; he in jeneral roasts a whole bullock, and gives plumb puddings and bread, and each man and woman a pint of bear, and some tobacco; its a general holliday that day; its kept in the market place at Parramatta, 16 miles from Sydney; many hundred people attends; the children seem very glad to see there parents, much more so than they are to see the children; they never consider any relations but father and mother. After all the kind treatment, they will very often run away from school; and as soon as they get out side, they off with there cloathes, and run naked again into the bush. Sometimes there parents bring them back, but not very often.

I knew an instance of a black fellow, his name Benlong, he came to England, he was the first from that country that ever did come; he was thought a deal of, he was introduced to the King, and many of the first gentlemen in this country; most of them made him presents of some kind; he had not been in England long before he wanted to return; his Majesty provided him with a passage in the first ship that left England for the bay; he had every thing to make him comfortable on his passage, likewise plenty of good cloathes of superfine cloath, and made in the first fashion; and his Majesty sent an order out to the Governor for Benlong to dine at his table every day, which he did for a very little time; but he soon threw his cloathes away and ran naked again into the bush; he had you'd to come every now and then, but never to make any stay. He died near Sydney, and he was buried on a point of land call'd Benlong's Point, and the Governor bestowed a tomb stone to his grave.

There is not any thing in the colony of a savage nature, and I believe only 2 things which are venomous, one is the snake, there is 3 sorts; a dimond snake, a black one, a lead coloured one. The black ones run the largeest; I once saw one a foot round and 4 yards long: it was dead. They can see very quick but cannot hear; they will always run from you if they see you, but if they find themselves so as they cannot get from you, they will gather themselves up in a heap and spring at you, and there necks will swell 2 or 3 times as big as any other part of them, and if they sting any one at any time in the day, he is safe to die at sundown. The only way the have of saveing their lives is to cut out the piece immediately, and if their is any blacks about get one of them suck the wound, I believe that is the only safe cure there is. The other venomous thing is a santapie, they in general live in very dry wood; such as stumps or roots of trees. They are nearly black; and I have seen them $\frac{1}{2}$ a foot long, and not more I suppose than 1 inch round, and very low to the grown, with a great many very little legs all along under their belly; they are very common; to be sure, they mostly bite the toe or finger when you lay hold of a piece of dry wood, thats been laying on the ground for some time, and if proper care is not taken it will rot of at the first joint.

The kangaroo is a very swift annimal, and affords very fine sport for those that are fond of hunting; they will take a spring from there hind legs, it as been measurd 9 yards; there two first legs never touch the ground. They are hunted by dogs, of the Europion breed, much like a gray hound, but a deal largeer and stronger, its very awkward to follow them amongst the trees on horseback; they will run sometimes 2 howers, and if the dogs are lost (not more than three) the owners will hollow cudy very loud and the dogs will come to them; and, if they have killd and are good dogs, they will shew where the game is, its allways known weither they have killd by looking at there teeth, and if there is any hare about there mouth; they know then how it is. The

black never have those dogs, as they are too valuable for them to get; I have known one dog to be sold for 10 guineas; the dogs the blacks have is of the European kind, always very poor, just such as you will see those tinkers or razor grinders have, sometimes 10 or 12 in a tribe of blacks. There is dogs in the colony, what we call native dogs; they are very much like a fox, but rather higher on there legs, quite wild, and very destructive to the sheep. I have known a native dog get into a sheep pen of a night and kill no less than 25 sheep, they suck there blod at the windpipe, which will kill them very soon. I once had a bitch puppy gave me by a stock keeper, I had her at 6 weeks old, and kep'd her till she was a 12 month. I could never make her understand any thing to speak of, always so stupid, she yous'd to kill my chickens and suck eggs, I gave her away. Then there is the native cat, a very pretty annimal, mostly a dark brown with white spots all over them as thick as they can well be; they are the sise of our cats, only there nose and mouth is peeked like a little dog's; they are very fond of poultry; I never saw one tamed. Then there is what we call the flying fox, something like our foxes only not so large, they live in trees very common; to be sure, they will fly from tree to tree, there wings are like a bat mouse. Then there is the flying squirrel, the same as in England but rather larger, and some are black ones, they live in trees same as the fox. Then there is the ring-tail possum, a very harmless creature, the colour of a rat, and as big as a $\frac{1}{2}$ grown rabbit; they live in the trees, and its very curious to see them hang by the tail and swing from tree to tree; thats the way you will see people carry them along the streets; if you put your finger to the top of the tail they will curl there tail round it and hang so for howers; plenty of them tame in houses; black fellows bring them for $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf. Parrets are very plentiful and very handsome; there are 2 or 3 sorts; they wont taulk, will wistle almost any tune with a very few time hearing. They go togather like a flock of larks do hear, only the difrant sorts keep seporate, they are very destructive to the Indian corn.

The cockatoo is a very fine bird to taulk, I think as good as any parret I ever heard in this country, there is 2 sorts black and white; the black ones are not very good ones to taulk, they are not so common to be seen as the white ones; when black ones are seen its a shoor signe of rain; they are very numerous and very distructive to corn; there is a deal of wild swan, geis, ducks, and plenty of moore game, I dont mean grouse, I mean moore hen's and dab chicks, such as live in the water. Then there is amews up the country a long way; there is a bird called the natives companion, size of a hen, colour of a partridge, cant fly but run very fast, very fine eating. There is a bird called the bird of Paradise, carcas as big as a hen, but of all sweet birds I ever saw, I never saw any to equal that, it as feathers of all colours, very long tail, feathers somewhat like a Pea Cock, not very common to be seen, there is plenty of snipes and many other kinds of birds.

Respecting the cloathing which women convicts get serv'd out to them; they get when they leave the ship, a kind of a bed gown a brown stuff, with a stuff petticoate, shoes, shifts, a bead, and 2 blankets, some thread and needles, they get that twice a year, same as men get theres; if a woman convict marries a free man, that makes her free from government as long as she lives; but if she marries a convict, she is still under the lash of government, but they can go where they like as long as they conduct themselves; when the woman is married, if she was previous to her marriage on the stores, if she dont continue working for the goverment, she is struck of the stores, but if she choose she can continue working for the government; I never saw any woman with the goverment cloathing on. There is a very fine institution for orphen children, females, the school had yous'd to be at Sydney, but before I came away, there was a very large school built at Parramatta, as fine a stone building as ever you saw any wair, there is seldom more than 50 or 60 girls in at once, they live very well and are all cloathed alike in a very neat manner, they are never allow'd out only when all togather, mostly of an evening 2 by 2; when they are fit for service, if any respectable family are in want of a servant, by making a proper application they can have one of them. They are indented for 3 years, and if any one gets married after they have served the time, they must first make application to the Governor, and if he approves of it, the girl is intituled to a 30 acre farm and 3 cows, they can marry a prisoner if they like, and if the Governor considers him an industrious man, which makes him a free man in the colony. Its very rare that they stop there time out, particularly so if they are any way good looking, they are most of them very fond of fine dress, and I dare say the reader can guess what that leads to, they are poor creatures about a house; one Europion woman can do as much work as two or 3 of them.

Respecting the Governors indulgence. If a man and his wife wish to go to the bay, he must make application to the Secretary of State, and if there charactor will bear any inspection they will get an order to be sent out free of expence, in first ship, and when they land, they go to the Governor with an order from Lord Sydmouth, then if the Governor finds all is right, his indulgence is, in the first place, to get him 30 acres of land measurd out, gives him 2 government men on the stores, gives him saws, axxes, nails, and all sorts of farming utensials, with seed of all sorts suffitiant to crop what land he has ready, likewise he gives him 2 cows, a sow, a mare, 6 sheep, and two working bullocks, with him and his wife and children if he has any, all on the stores for 3 years, and at the expiration of that time, he must return every thing again in its kind, for instance, if the tools are worn out or broke, if he returns any part of each it will do; for the beast 3 young calves will do, and for the mare an old poney, and so on. But he must pay those men each 20 pounds a year, if it dont suit him to return any of those things at the expiration of the time, he must petition the Governor to show cause why, and sometimes never pay at all.

When I left the bay, I ship'd myself as servant to a gentleman and lady, which had been convicts, but had accumulated enough to retire to England with; one would have thought that I ought to have been happy, but I was never so unhappy in all my life; the reason was I brought with me stow'd away 6 men, Mr. T—— knows 2 or 3 of them very well, they were men that I had a very great respect for, and I do mean to say, that no man will leave behind him a friend in bondage, if he has it in his power to assist him, if they choose to chance the consequence of it. There was two men on board which had been prisoners, one was a friend of mine, and the other was a flat; I did not know much of him, he ship'd himself as cooper, and my friend as a landsman; the reason I was unhappy was, I could not do by those men as I could wish; I was oblig'd to go out a thieving every night for provisions for those men; to be shoor I brought some tools with me such as would unlock any of the harness casks where the meat was kept; we had a deal of passenger's on board I had yous'd to give them a turn all round, they had very frequently yous'd to say they thought the meat went very fast. Then I had a deal of difficulty, in geting it cook'd and was very frequently oblig'd to give it down raw, bread they could assist themselves to, down in the ships hole; moonlight nights sometimes I could not get an opportunity of geting any meat, then when my master had yous'd to have any pea soup or rice, I was cook, it mostly yous'd to upset when it was half or little better than half done, that yous'd to go below with any thing else I could lay hold on that was eatable; very often complaints made of the ships cook for cutting pieces of meat of belonging to the passengers, my friend yous'd to call the black cook a one side while I cut a piece of every thing I could find. There was only two of the sailors that knew of these men and this cooper: well, one Sunday evening after we had been to sea about a month, the cooper and my friend had a few trifling words in the forecabin; I never shall forget it as long as I ever live; I was standing unscrewing a cask for some meat, he thought, I suppose I was one of the sailors, and saise where is the captain, I ask'd him what he wanted, he saw it was me, he ran to the cabin and call'd out as loud as he could, murder, the ship is going to be taken; up runs the captain and mates, and calls all hands, it was a very still night, he told the captain that my friend and me had got 8 or 10 men below in the ships hole stow'd away from the bay, and that we ment to take the ship. Well, they got candles and went down in the ships hole, could not find any body, but the captain would not give it up, but began to smoak the ship, and in consequence of that every man was oblig'd to come on deck, God knows they cut a very pretty figure being in the hole so long, cralling about after bread, they hardly had a rag on there backs, and not any of them had been shav'd all the time; they was then every man put in handcuffs, it was 12 o'clock at midnight, they all laid down on the deck with the sail cloath over them; the next part of the play was to call my friend and me, which they did and handcuff'd both us;

we laid down along with the rest ; when morning came the sailors made a place for us down in the ships hole, where we could not see our hands before us ; we was all lower'd down with a rope one at a time, there was nothing but the bear boards for us to ly on, and very much confined for room ; we was allow'd a pint of water and a pound of biscuit a day to each man, we could not see each other, when the bread and water came down then the sailor yous'd to hollow below ; then we felt for it and parted it as well as we could, the water was sent down in a buckett, there was seldome any left after an hower, when I had my handcuffs put on, I had but my shirt and trowsers on, for I was in my hammock when I was call'd on deck, we laid in that state for 6 weeks, till we came to an anker at the Cape of Good Hope, where the captain and the ship owner with is wife and family went on shore and took lodgings ; the captain went to the Governor of the Cape to ask permission to leave those men in the goale, till an oppertunity serv'd as they might be sent back, but the Governor told him he had no more business to leave them there, than he had to bring them away, he left the Governor, and when he got back again to the ship owner, he was informed there was an Irish ship in harbor with men prisoner's bound for the bay, he goes immediately on board this Irish ship and had an intervieu with the captain respecting taking those men back which he agreed to, and next day morning every man but me and my friend was sent on board the Irish ship ; what few rags the poor creaturs had was taken of them and fresh cloathing given them ; I saw no more of them ; me and my friend still remained in the hole, after two days was relaps'd, no one came nigh us only as usual with our bread and water, I began to think the captain ment to let us remain there till we came to England, however I call'd out as loud as I could, and one of the sailor's ask'd what we wanted, I told him I wish to speak with the captain. In about 2 hōwers the captain came and ask'd what we wanted, I said we wanted to come on deck unless he ment to kill us quite, he said he would have us on deck, he order'd some sailors to lower a rope down, and we tyed it round our wastes one at the time, when we came on deck we could not walk nor see, I suppose we remain'd nearly 3 howers before we recovered ourselves ; the owners wife was on board when we came on deck, she cry'd like a child—the captain and all went on shore, and when he came back again, we was recover'd a deal, he ask'd us what we ment to do, I said if we had done rong why not take us to a magistrate, he said he wish he could see us going ashore and not to trouble him any more, I said he might very soon do that if he thought proper ; our handcuffs was taken of, we went down in the forecastle and got something to eat, then I opend my box, but to my great surprise all my cloathes was gon, and my new hat ; I had 'bought a sute of cloathes all new at the bay, what I ment to go on shore in England with, then I was worse off than ever, I had got nothing on but an old pair of trousers and the resbands of my shirt, I was in a shocken state, for the men was

along ways of being free from vermen, so the reader can judge what a state I must be in; my flesh was black and blue, and all round the wastebands of my trousers was scratch'd all to pieces, I never wash'd my face nor hands nor shav'd the whole of the time, I have never to say been right well since. I had nothing then to depend on but my cockatoo, all my shells and my flying fox was gon. Well then we got our hare cut and ourselves wash'd and shav'd, I borrow'd a Cangaroo cap and check shirt, an old pare of shoes and a handkerchief, stockings I had none, my friend was as bad of as me, what little money I had when I shipd myself I laid out in what I thought me and my friends would stand in need of, had it come of right my friends ment to have left the ship at the Cape.

Well we got into a boat and away on shore with my cockatoo, which was all we had to depend on, and that I was very soon ask'd price of, which I sold for 10 Spanish dollers, it was a very good one, I was very sorry to part from it, and what hurt me very much was I brought with me a many letters which I had put in my box for difrant people in England, there was one for Mr. T——, they was all gon, I thought my troubles would never be at an end,

However me and my friend walk'd about a little time, and then went into a publick house and got some refreshment, we made that our quarters; there was a deal of sailors; there at night there was fidling and danceing, we was very comfortable to what we had been; amongst the sailors in company I saw one that seem'd to be a mate of a ship; now the landlord and most as was there new where we came from; and in the coarse of the evening this man I took to be a mate began to sing a song, some of the words was (from the heads of Port Jackson down to Broken Bay), I sat very close to him, I ask'd him if he was ever there, he said yes, I saise how long since, he answer'd, in Governor King's time, which must have been at least 10 years since, we convers'd on, he ask'd me if I was ever at Mr. P——, I said yes very frequently, he saise how is so and so, I made answer you are a very bad judge, I saise you dont know me but you aught to be more carefull how you taulk, he said he did not know what I meant, but I soon told him he was asking me after people which had not been in the colony more than 3 years, and not 10 minutes before he allow'd he had not been there for this 10 years. I never shall forget how he look'd at me, he was one of those cunning Birmingham men, they all think they know more than they do, they are all fools in the main. Well, he found I had got him dead beat, he up and told me how long he had been there, I wanted to know if any thing was to be done, he said he did not know; I made answer if he would take a walk with me in the morning I could soon tell if any thing could be done, I ask'd him if he had any money, he said only a doller Spanish, I ask'd him what he ment to do when that was gon, he said he did not know, I thought he was a poor thing; however morning came, he and

me and my friend went to look round, I very soon saw that there was business to be done ; they sell at the Cape every thing by auction, which makes a good push ; well, in my friend and me goes, our new acquaintanc did not seem to fancy any sort of work, he his like a many more he likes to be in at the death, however we was not long there before we got what we wanted, our new friend soon told us what the papers was, they prov'd to be 180 rix dollers, in paper money, 2 shillings in a doller ; that was planted ; we goes out again, but not to the same push, brings another dummy away with 115 dollers, we went out no more that day, but went and bought us a new hat, jacket, and trowsers, shoes, stockings, wastecoate and handkerchief, for each of us, all new ; next day went again, got more ; next day went at another game, done very well ; next day hir'd chaise and went to a place call'd Table Bay about 25 miles of, done pretty well there, stop'd 4 days, just before we left there we gave them a small taste at the Hoiste, brought a good swag with us, got home safe.

We got acquainted with a Melay man on the cross, could taulk very good English, I ask'd him what would be the consequence, if a nipper was to take place, he said, to be chain'd by the foot or leg to a black man as long as I liv'd and sent to Nobbey's Island and flog'd under the gallows ; I did not fancy that, I began to want to be away from there ; after we had been there 14 days, in came a very large Indiaman home-wards bound and wanted hands, well we agreed to ship ourselves for England if we could ; next morning we went down to the wharf to waite for the captain coming on shore, and when he came we ask'd him if he wanted hands, he said he did, and ask'd us how many there was of us, I answer'd 3 ; he said what are you, I said we was all landsmen, he ask'd for our discharge from the last ship, I said we would go and get it ; no man can ship himself without a discharge, neither can a captain leave a man there without the permisshion of the Governor and the man is agreeable, under a very heavy penalty.

Well down my friend and I goes to where our old captain liv'd, I knock'd at the dore, the black servant came, I ask'd for Captain J——, and the servant went and told him that 2 gentlemen wanted him, he said we was to walk in, they ware all at breakfast, as soon as the captain saw us, he starts back in his chare, and saise how came you by those cloathes, I made answer I thought that a very unfare question ; Sir, if I was to ask you how you came by yours, dare say you would consider it very impertinate of me ; the owners wife made answer it was not a fare question, but saise he it was only a few days ago neither of you had arldly a rag on your backs and now you are dress as well as I am. Well saise he what do you want, I said our discharge, he ask'd what ship we was going on board of, I said we was not determind yet, wither we should not go in his or not, for we had not made up our minds ; we knew he would as lieve see the devil come on board as either of us ; we got our

discharge went and ship'd ourselves at 2 pounds a month, and our friend ship'd himself as steward on board the ship we left, the captain told us he ment to sail that night if the wind was right. Well we gets our swag and what sea store we had bought, goes down to the wharf, gets a boate with 2 black men, oists saile, and away we goes, I wanted to call at the ship we left for my box, we sail'd along side and up the ship side I ran, the first thing I saw was my chest on the quarter deck, there stood the first mate, now I thought something was the matter, I heard there was a deal of things missing belonging to the passengers. I ask'd the mate if I could have my box, he saise you must see the captain first, he went down in the cabbin, and while the mate was gon to the captain, I runs down the ship side and jumps into the boat and shuvs of, up runs the mate and

* * * * *

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.

— *Sera tamen respexit*
Libertas.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs; without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing-lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant play-time, and frequently-intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to any thing. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation.*

* Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation; and while they exacted a rigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath; in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices, and poorer sort of people, every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports.

In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look any thing but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my day-light servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly

inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant upon the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto Perpetua!

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more Time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for

there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient ; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away ; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle-light Time, I used to weary out my head and eye-sight in by-gone winters. I walk, read or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure ; I let it come to me. I am like the man

——— That's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.

"Years," you will say ! "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon ? He has already told us, he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :

——— 'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to

another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and their conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my “works!” There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—No. II.

A Clerk I was in London gay.—O'KEEFE.

A FORTNIGHT has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in a morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer

flags of Pall Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holyday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle, which it used to seem to cut out of the holyday. I have Time for every thing. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? I recite those verses of Cowley, which so mightily agree with my constitution.

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to shake off innocence:
Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things hate:
Business! the contradiction of my fate.

Or I repeat my own lines, written in my Clerk state:

Who first invented work—and bound the free
And holyday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him ~~like~~ a wheel—
In that red realm from whence are no returnings;
Where toiling, and turmoil, ever and aye
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive worky-day!

O this divine Leisure!—Reader, if thou art furnished with the Old Series of the London, turn incontinently to the third volume (page 367), and you will see my present condition there touched in a “Wish” by a

daintier pen than I can pretend to. I subscribe to that Sonnet *toto corde*. A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer J——s D——n, Clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task work, and have the rest of the day to myself. J, D.

Beaufort-terrace, Regent-street;
Late of Ironmonger's-court, Fenchurch-street.

MORALITIES.—No. I.

THE LAWYERS.

SCENE I.

Two middle-aged men of good mien are seen riding together slowly in the sun; followed by a couple of young peasants, who appear to be lovers. On one side, stretches out a fertile, though not very picturesque French landscape, on the other the little village of Creteil. The younger horse-man is speaking earnestly to the other, and apparently detailing some case of interest, in which the young couple are implicated. His companion listens to him generally with great attention, but occasionally displays some symptoms of impatience. The elder person calls himself M. de Bearn, and the younger M. de Bethune.

M. Bearn. Well?—well?—

M. Bethune. Well, sir; the lawyer was—a knave.

M. Bearn. Ah!—that is so new. A knave? Morbleu! what else should he be? Thou wouldst make a pigeon of the kite. Go to! thy

philosophy is beef-witted, mon ami. Thou must measure these lawyers by a longer rule. But, go on, go on! This youth—?

M. Bethune. This youth (being engaged to the girl, as I have said) goes on his father's death to this knavish lawyer—

M. Bearn. His name?—His name?

M. Bethune. La Brice, an advocate (or petit judge) at Charenton. The youth demands to have the fields assigned to him, for which his father had paid this lawyer the earnings of a long life. My lawyer appears to forget—asks to see the receipt acknowledging the money. It is produced—admitted to be right—M. la Brice is rich in protestation—he swears some thousand oaths—demands to have the receipt—to peruse—to register—or some such thing. The youth departs, oppressed with respect for M. L'Avocat—returns in a week—Ciel!—'tis all forgotten. La Brice denies all that has occurred, and defies our young friend to battle. What is to be done?

M. Bearn. Justice, no less, strict justice. But, attend,—may not your peasant be the knave? Our lawyers have a bad name, as thou know'st; and there is a proverb—

M. Bethune. No, Sir. It was not on report only that I endeavoured to interest you for these people. La Brice had a secretary—a young man newly admitted to the mysteries of law. He heard the advocate confess to his wife the payment of the money. He was moved by the youth's distress—searched for the disputed paper—found it—brought it to me—and—here it is!

M. Bearn. Bah!—'tis a hot sun, this. Shall we not find some melons at this place, think you?—[*Takes the paper.*] Ha! this speaks plainly, as thou say'st. We'll try what can be done. But didst thou not say that this knave cast hot eyes upon the girl?—that he offered to wave all objections, on certain—conditions? hey?

M. Bethune. He did. He saw that she was pretty, and grew enamoured of her.

M. Bearn. Demoiselle, come forward! Let us hear the rest from thee. This lawyer—what, he muttered verse unto thee, ha?—took thee by the palm, my child, did he?—plucked those cherries from thy lips?—Pish! why dost hang thine head? Look up, as boldly as thou dost eye thy shepherd there, and tell me all.

Madelaine. He was rude, Sir; and—and—very strong—

M. Bearn. Gramercy! we must have a bed of justice. Go on, go on!

Marcel. I came up, Sir, when Madelaine was struggling. I knew her cry, though I was outside o'the house.

M. Bearn. Ha! Didst forget thyself, and meddle with the law?

Marcel. I only hit him, Sir, with the wolf-spear. He dropped down like—

M. Bearn. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Marry, and dost ask for justice after this? Methinks thou hast done thyself right enow, already. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—[*Aside to Bethune*] I love to hear that, now and then,

these hard heads encounter steel. They will not fit their skulls with helmets, not they, nor fight for the king,—no, though the devil were with his enemies.

M. Bethune. They are a bad set, truly. Yet, perhaps, like caterpillars and ants—they do good in the moral, as their brother vermin in the vegetable world.

Marcel. If you know any one at court, Sir—?

Madelaine. Ah, Sir; if you had any interest with the king, Sir?—They say he is a good king, in the main, Sir,—although—although—

M. Bearn. *Sacre!*—What's here? Go on: I bid thee. Speak out, Demoiselle, and tell me what is this “although.” “He's a good king—although.” Marry, thou must come to Court, and see how well he loves justice. I have some interest with a great lord there, and will use it for thee. Come! wilt go?

Marcel. No Sir, no Court; no Court, if you please. The king's a good king, and a brave king. I love him, and would fight for him; ay, would give him any thing—any thing i'the world—save one.

M. Bearn. Ha!—and that?—and that? What is that *one*, mon ami?

Marcel. 'Tis—my wife, Sir.

M. Bethune. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

M. Bearn. How! what dost laugh at?

M. Bethune. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

M. Bearn. Ha, ha, ha, ha!—By Mars, he's not a fool, this fellow. Come hither, knave. Dost know that thou insult'st the king by this suspicion? But he loves brave men; and I shall marvel if he doth not tie a sword round thy loins, and bid thee fight for him as thou hast fought for our Demoiselle, here.

M. Bethune. Where can Vitry and the rest be loitering?

M. Bearn. Ride towards Grosbois, and try if thou canst meet with him. Meantime I will on with our two friends, and try the civility of this place. What village is this?

Marcel. Creteuil, Sir.

M. Bearn. Bid them come hither to me, at the inn. I shall see what partridges be there. Perhaps, we may find some melons, too; ha!—Thou lovest the cool flavour of that rough-looking fruit, I know. 'Tis like thyself—the outside harsh—

M. Bethune. Spare me. You said that I should go?

M. Bearn. Go then, and return quickly—do you hear? quickly. [*Bethune exit.*]—Now, my friends, you shall show me the way to the inn. Walk nearer to me, my child: I must hear more of thy story, as we go along. Nay, thou need'st not take her by the arm, young man. My horse and I understand what city breeding is. Dost thou not, mon cher general? [*Patting his horse.*]

Marcel. Has he been in battle, Sir?

M. Bearn. “Battle,” sirrah? He has drank blood, and lived upon

smoke ever since his fourth birth-day. But, we are at Creteil. Now, which way must we turn?

Marcel. This way, Sir, this way. Follow me.

M. Bearn. [*Sings.*] Je ne sais par où commencer

A louer votre grand beauté : &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The interior of an Inn at Creteil.

LA BRICE and three other LAWYERS seated at a Table in the Distance :
Nearer are the HOSTESS and her DAUGHTER.

1 *Lawyer.* How much longer are we to wait, Dame? Methinks thy dinner lags like a rainy day. 'Twas "coming," as thou saidst, an hour ago.

Host. Ah! Monsieur,—a few minutes more; a few minutes, and you shall taste——Dieu! Where is the sauce, Marie? the parsley? the spice? Make haste,—Where is the wine? the best wine, for Monsieur La Brice?

M. BEARN entering.

M. Bearn. Within there! Ho!—Now mother, I am hungry:—Ha! this is excellent. Quick, let me have two of thy birds, and a bottle of thy best wine. Quick, Dame! I have plenty of hunger, and little patience.

Host. No patience?—Ah! take care, Marie,—that's well. No patience, Monsieur? 'Tis a virtue you must borrow, an you have it not. Dost see those gentlemen at the table,—there?

M. Bearn. Ay, four,—ill-looking rogues enough.

Host. Hush!—they are lawyers. They will pull justice on you, if you affront them. Observe, Monsieur; they are as hungry as yourself, and as little patient. You cannot taste of these birds, unless they consent.

M. Bearn. Um!—If it must be so, give my compliments to the gentlemen, and say—

1 *Lawyer.* Now, Dame, is our dinner ready?

Host. Ah! Monsieur,—one minute more. You shall taste such a dish, shall make you amends for waiting.

1 and 2 *Lawyer.* Make haste! Make haste!

La Brice. Make haste, beldame, with your infernal stews. Dost think we are to be fed with promises. Make haste, and serve thy best dish up to the ministers of justice.

Daughter. There are some poor people still waiting in the yard, Messieurs. Will you hear another cause while—

La Brice. No more; no more causes. Let them come again to-morrow.

Daughter. This is the third day, they say, that they have been—

La Brice. How ! Dost mean to arraign the officers of the king ? You, dame, dost hear what is addressed to us ?

Host. Peace, minx ! Cannot you see that their worships are tired with their heavy duties. She is but a child, Monsieur, and does not understand these things. How dare you reply to Monsieur La Brice ?

M. Bearn. (*Aside.*) La Brice ! So, that is he.

Marie. [*Whispering.*] They have done nothing. They came so late that many of the people were gone.

M. Bearn. [*Aside.*] Is this the way that justice is administered in the reign of Henry of Navarre ?

La Brice. What fellow is that lurking by the side of the fire ?

Host. Tis only a traveller, Monsieur.

M. Bearn. Tis but a traveller, M. La Brice, who is desirous to make one at dinner with you. Will you permit it ? He will drink his wine fairly, and pay honestly for what he has. Will you admit me, gentlemen ?

La Brice. No, fellow.

1 *Lawyer.* No,—no.

2 *Lawyer.* No, scoundrel.

3 *Lawyer.* No, fellow.

4 *Lawyer.* No, dog.

M. Bearn. *Ventre Saint Gris !* What a clamour of base tongues. A little whipping will be well bestowed here. (*Aside.*)—Gentlemen, I speak to ye courteously, and I offer fairly. I am a hungry traveller. I pray ye consider my condition, and admit me to your fare.

La Brice. Admit *thee*, villain ? May we be flogged beneath the gallows if we admit thee. Be gone, and thank our clemency that we do not commit thee into the hands of justice.

M. Bearn. Justice !

1 *Lawyer.* Ay, fellow, justice. Admit *thee* ! If we do may we be flogged at the gallows' foot ; so begone !

M. Bearn. [*Aside.*] By heaven, ye *shall*—all—every one, if I have interest enough with the hangman. By holy Saint Denis, I'll have every calf-skin amongst ye scored with crimson. I'll teach ye courtesy.

La Brice. What is the scoundrel muttering ?

M. Bearn. I only repeat my request. I pray—

La Brice. Sirrah !—You have offended twice. If you do as much again, you will sleep in prison to-night, and dine to-morrow on bread and water.

M. Bearn. Gramercy ! that would be odd enough, and a little unpleasant. [*Aside.*]—Well, Sirs ; if you will not behave like courteous gentlemen, I demand that you hear, in your office of judges, a complaint which a friend of mine has to prefer.

La Brice. No more complaints to-day. You may come to-morrow.

M. Bearn. To-morrow will not suit us : we must be heard to-day.

Come in, there. Ho! Maroel! Madelaine! Come hither, children. These gentlemen will hear your cause.

MARCEL and MADELAINE enter.

1 *Lawyer*. We'll hear no more.

M. Bearn. Approach. I say, they *will* hear you; and justice will be done; so, fear not. Come hither to me, and I will tell your story. Now, look before ye. Those three gentlemen in black are your judges: and there—look boldly—there is your foe.

Madel. Ah! save me.

Marcel. Dont tremble, Madelaine. I've got the wolf-spear here.

La Brice. What impudent mummery is this? Where are our men? Claude! Pierot! Jacques! Laf—

M. Bearn. Silence, Sir: you stand here as defendant in this case, and not as judge. I will tell you, however, that your men are gone. The chief of them was a comrade of mine once; but, being wounded, has fallen it seems into humbler service.

La Brice. How! How, sirrah? A—

3 *Lawyer*, [*Aside.*] Hush!—I think I have seen this man's face at Paris,—somewhere at Court.

M. Bearn. Ay, Sirs; I have said it: and which amongst you will gainsay it? Let that man step forward and face me, who shall dare to say that *his* service is as honourable as that of Henry of Navarre.

Host. [*Aside to Bearn.*] Mon ami! Let me advise you. You will have a stone pillow to sleep on, if you go on this way much longer.

M. Bearn. Peace, woman!—Now, Sirs, awake your wits, and listen to our story. La Brice, look well upon this girl: and you, sirs, observe your fellow. This youth, beside me here, (his name is Marcel) is the son of an honest peasant at Charenton. The old man, his father, is dead; but before his death he bargained with your honest friend there, the Sieur La Brice, for certain meadows and an orchard. He paid him, in hard money, 2000 livres: La Brice gave him, in return, his signature, and this he now disowns.

La Brice. Tis false; I did not. I will not deny—*my signature*. Where is my signature? Produce it.

M. Bearn. Stay, Sir. Justice must not be hurried. Did you not receive this money? (I ask you on your soul)—and did you not also deny it? Speak, Sir Lawyer.

La Brice. I deny nothing: I admit nothing. Produce your receipt; the receipt.

M. Bearn. O justice! thy forms are stumbling-blocks over which they who have not spurs of gold are sure to fall. Will you not admit the receipt, M. La Brice? It will do honour to—

La Brice. Peace, villain! Brothers, he is an impostor,—some moral quack, who wishes to fill his pockets by preaching money out of ours. La Grosse! Beaufais! Lafitte! Draw your swords and seize him!

[*They draw their swords.*]

M. Bearn. *Sacre*—what is to be done now? Out, friend. [*drawing his sword.*] We will slit an ear or two, and all will be well. Now Messieurs—

Marcel. Come on! Come on!

1 and 2 Lawyer. Down with him! Down with him!

La Brice. Come on, villain! Stand by me, Beaufais. Strike him! Stab him!

Lawyer. Ay, down with them both. Down with them.

[*They fight.*]

The door is suddenly burst open, and M. DE BETHUNE, VITRY, and others rush in.

M. Bethune. Now, what is this?—Diable! Fall back!

Lawyers. Down with them! Down—

M. Bethune. SAVE THE KING!

La Brice and Lawyers. Ha!—[*They fall back.*]

Vitry. Strike down the villains!

Henry IV. Stay!—Hold your hands, gentlemen. Had I come hither as Henry of Navarre, these men would have earned the penalties of treason: but as it is,—a somewhat milder penance will suffice. You Sir,—La Brice! Stand forth!

La Brice. Sire!—[*Kneels.*]

Henry. You have done injustice on the poor. You, who ought as a judge to have protected the helpless, have deceived and oppressed them. You are a judge no longer.—Where is your paper, Baron de Rosny? (for you must consent to leave M. de Bethune when I give up M. de Bearn.)

Rosny. It is here, Sire.

Henry. Now, Sirrah, do you know this paper? this *signature* which you would have, so lately?

La Brice. Sire, I confess all. Spare me.

Henry. Messieurs, you have not yet asked me to partake of your partridges—?

Lawyers. Oh! Sire—most welcome—our joy—our delight—

Henry. Bah!—You have forgot, Messieurs, a speech which I must recall. ‘May we be flogged at the gallows, if ——’ it shall be done.

1 Lawyer. Ah! Sire, that is not just.

Henry. Sirrah, it is true that there is no punishment for inhospitality in France. The makers of our laws, perhaps, did not contemplate that crime. But you have delayed the course of justice, and drawn your swords on unoffending men. For these crimes you are to be flogged (observe, Vitry, that it be *well* done) round the walls of Charenton.

Lawyers. Sire, we are ministers of justice—

Henry. Justice!—Ye are the dogs who bark about the halls of justice, and bite the suitors as they enter. Ye hide your threadbare wits in black apparel, and look more solemn than wisdom. Ye are knaves,

Messieurs, and must give up your office, your titles, your pensions, your characters. Ye shall be stript bare, and left naked for the contempt of all men. Justice, quotha—and you, Sirrah—La Brice, you would ruin this demoiselle here, to gratify—

Rosny. [Whispering him.] Spare this point, Sire, I entreat.

Henry. Silence, Rosny. You would ruin this youth, I say, and strip him of his all—for what? Gramercy, because you may have for dinner another partridge which you will not share with a hungry man. You are worse than the base cur in the fable.

Lawyer. Ah! M. Rosny—intercede for us! Sire!—

Rosny. Take them away, M. Vitry; they begin to be troublesome.

Henry. One moment, stay. Vitry, you will keep this man, the Sieur La Brice, in custody after his amusement at Charenton; the rest may be then dismissed. We shall see how he acts towards our young friends here, before we decide on the remainder of his punishment.

La Brice. Sire, I am willing to do any thing—to do—

Henry. Justice is all that we require from a knave, Sirrah, and more than we generally expect. Justice however we shall require, before you visit your chateau at Charenton again. Lead them away.

[*Exeunt Vitry, &c. with Lawyers.*]

Rosny. Now Marcel, and Madelaine, you may retire. Is it not so, Sire? You may leave your cause in my hands, for the king watches over your interests.

Madel. Sire, we are so thankful—so—

Henry. Peace, demoiselle: I must stop your speech—[*kisses her*]—for it may else be long, and our dinner is ready, as you see. You must not be jealous of the king, Marcel: he will leave you and your demoiselle to quiet. [To Rosny.] When shall we be at Charenton again?

Rosny. Next month,—the 6th and 7th.

Henry. The 7th then be it. Observe, my children, you will meet me here on the 7th of next month: and on that morning I shall expect to hear that Madelaine has become a bride. Take care that it be so; for I shall bring her dowry with me. In the mean time, Rosny, we trust them to your care. Adieu, mes enfans!

Marcel. Farewell, Sir, [*Madelaine curtsies.*] Monsieur, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Henry. Adieu, adieu! Rosny shall bring a sword for thee when we come.—So, all is done, at last; the innocent are saved and the guilty punished.

Rosny. It is like the poetical justice one sees in a play.

Henry. 'Tis so: and now—for this breathing has increased my appetite—we'll lay aside our serious looks, and eat our partridges without more ceremony.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is the fashion, and a very good fashion too, for all persons who wish to stand well with society to see Mr. Mathews at least once in his season; to give a thorough loose to mirth for a few hours annually. Hearty laughter at the English Opera House is luckily voted respectable, and when the well-bred members of society, and "both houses" see broad grins and reeling heads sanctioned by such great authorities as Mr. Peel, Mr. Canning, and others "after their kind," they no longer maintain their polished decorum, but writhe about in full and unobjectionable laughter. Senators unbend themselves in Mr. Mathews's company; dowagers, old maids, young maids, recent widows, citizens' wives, clumps of daughters, all abandon themselves to joy and jollity, and laugh out or laugh in, as best befits the style of countenance; you shall see a *Vestris* sort of girl, showing every tooth in her head with the most unconscious pleasantry; while *that* prize-mother of a family from Goswell-street is dancing eighteen topaz beads on her ample chest, quite lost to her little husband's intreaties that "she will not laugh so!" Certain it is that Mathews is a chosen man, and he could scarcely stand at his table and read ten lines of Theodric to an audience without amusing them. The next best thing to hearing this admirable humourist tell a story or sing a song, is the seeing a house full to the roof of well-dressed, well-fed, shouting people, tumbling about in a sea of laughter of hours together, and all forgetting that there are such things as tax gatherers, or tears in the world!

The English Opera House appears this season to have been better attended in every respect than in any previous year; and one would almost have thought that to be impossible. When you get outside the doors at eleven, you are reminded by links in the eye, coronetted carriages crashing up to the entrance, crowds, yells, and pick-pockets, of the true old play-going nights, when the nobility thronged to the boxes, and the citizens to the pit; nights which those two great elephants, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, which are fed at seven, will never see again! There is no doubt but that Mathews has two advantages in the English Opera House; he can be seen pretty plainly without the help of a *Dollond*, and pretty generally heard without the assistance of an ear trumpet. At the two great houses you go up into the high places, and look over a vast tract of country, but can scarcely distinguish any living thing. Like Sister Anne in Blue Beard, you perceive nothing (though keeping a tolerably good look out) for a considerable time; and, at last, only "see them galloping, and see them galloping!" Mathews, fortunately, is a pedestrian-pleasure; he does not think horse exercise necessary for our complaint.

The Memorandum Book is the title of this year's entertainment, and the title "is the plot," as our old Opossum friend had it. We are helped to anecdotes, songs, and characters, out of a little Sketch Book, which the

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performer tells us he has kept for many years, and we really believe him, for no person could invent the innumerable niceties of character and situation which he records. There is no regular progress of events, no attention to the order of things, or times or places; but we jump about from year to year, from street to house, from theatres to police offices, from red arsenic to watch boxes, from "stewed tortoiseshell Toms" to night coaches; and never care how rapid the motion, or how varied the course. The entertainment of this year is diversified enough, and, perhaps, it is lighter and quicker than any of the preceding pieces. The story of Bensley being poisoned while playing the ghost is admirably executed; but we had thought that a gentleman, whose legs are in the habit of suing him for a separate maintenance, was the person who was near perishing of rose pink. Mathews, however, says it is Bensley, and he, like his own Brownrigg, must know, for he "knows every thing!" Another favourite bit with us is the What's o'Clock story, which *must* be a fact ("what 'll you lay it's a lie?") It has all the effect of unstrained incident, which a true story generally has. Mathews has himself made a point of asking a particular watchman, and procured his brother actors to do the same, at all times, the simple question of what's o'clock. That's all! but the way in which the poor dozed watchman tries to interpret his troubles to every new inquirer in the crowd, and the pathetic voice in which he assures his hearers that his tormentor comes "every night, every hour, at all hours, and says, 'what's o'clock?'" and the "well?" with which he is *murdered* for a continuation of his tale—are indeed perfect.

There are some very amusing characters in the present piece, of which, perhaps, poor dear Mr. Chyle is the best: His wife is a good woman! Mr. Fry, the banker, must take a peculiar interest in Mr. and Mrs. C. Alum is a pleasant satire upon Accum, the leaf-tearing chemist, great in the anatomy of eatables and drinkables, potent in the poison of pots, going about scaring his friends from pickles, and *warning* them from *preserves*; finding sermons in soups, and *bad* in every thing. He cautions perhaps a little too strongly, against copperas mock turtle, and verdigris cabbages; shows you how you *must* die of a slow fire, waste away with your ice, or find your grave in your gravy! Alum, or such as he, is the monitor that should preside at a Guildhall dinner; for his vehement invectives against the murderous delicacies of the season, might tame down the proud waistcoat of the alderman that will be ever rising up, rebellious and swelling under its chains, and induce a common council-man's chin to live single! Surely it would be no uninteresting or uninstructional sight to have the great City's Lord flurried by green fat poison, out of a tureen of absolute unaffected turtle; to see death on the pale mayor! or to behold the great Curtis, or the esteemed Venables, fairly unseated from a saddle of ideal mutton, and listening to the ghastly "beware!" from Alum, with the accompanying information that it is a mere piece of sadlery, manufactured out of a

Newfoundland dog that died of hydrophobia. The knife and fork drop down dead at the feet of a green goose (suspiciously green!) and the civic philosopher flies to another dish to be, alas! again distracted! It has been remarked, that since Mathews's alum-lectures on the indiscretions of articles of nourishment, fat men from the east have been induced to think before they eat, and sudden deaths amongst long-necked bottles and short-necked friends have been in the proportion of only one to eighteen. This is a great falling off of falling off. Mathews, it must be confessed, gives his warnings in a voice that would frighten an angler from a pork pie after a long day's walk, and no fish. We, ourselves, saw Mathews's Alum on the first night, and have eaten little or nothing to signify since!

The bubbles and follies of the day are recorded in the Memorandum Book, and pleasantly and most properly satirized; and, we have no doubt, that more will be effected towards reformation in such things, by one of Mathews's songs, than by all that the great sedate writers of the age can or do say in a twelvemonth. Ridicule is your only triumphant reformer!

The little monodrama, *The Crown in Danger*, is put together with great skill and humour; Alum and Chyle are here brought into action, besides certain admirable characters, of whom we have heard nothing in the course of the evening. The German cook that weeps over the Sorrows of Werter, and directs the eels to be skinned at the same time, is a real relish. His sentimentality quite swells him out, and he looks dropsical with great tender grief! Next to him in raciness is the newly made Mason, full of *the* secret, and discreet in his drink. The steward of last year is brought to our recollection a little too strongly, and not to the Mason's advantage; but Mathews may be pardoned this trifling "irregular appropriation," for no man commits any very penal offence who merely picks his own pocket.

We only hope Mathews will continue to give us his annual lectures on "Men, Manners, and Peculiarities," until every Londoner and countryman in existence shall be grey! May he publish a "Century of Inventions," and utterly outdo my Lord of Worcester! Mr. Peake too, who does more than "blow the organ" we understand, must also live to a good old age. He has done not a little, we believe, to the pointing of the loose sketches in the original Memorandum Book; and Mr. Mathews has, doubtless, "passed a vote of thanks" to him.

At Drury Lane theatre a very lively eastern piece, under the title of *Abon Hassan*, has been the only novelty worth mentioning for six or eight weeks. It was intended as an Easter attraction, and, we suppose, it has done its duty to the pit and gallery money-takers, but it has no pretensions to any other merit than that of giving an opportunity to the scene-painter to dazzle the public eye, and of affording Harley the situations for making fun of poverty, empty stomachs, and death, at which he is notoriously no mean hand. His character is that of a bust-

ling contriving servant of Abon Hassan (Mr. Horn), and Zulima (Miss Graddon), who have married privately, and against the wish of the Caliph and *Caliphess*. The young couple are, of course, in great difficulties, and Harley, *of course*, saves them. He argues creditors out of the house, tells lies extempore, and superintends the laying out of Zulima (who is conveniently dead) in a way which is peculiar to this *wiry* actor. The dialogue is very meagre, but Harley makes his portion of it most laughably effective. The music from Weber is striking in parts, and Mr. Horn and Miss Graddon were much applauded in it.

The scene of the Imperial gardens, by Marinari, is charmingly painted.

Mr. Macready, after a long and severe illness, which was much aggravated by the newspapers, made his appearance on Monday, the 11th of April, in the Fatal Dowry. The house was very good, and the tragedian well received. We detected no decay of strength in him, but, on the contrary, thought he performed with more than even his usual vigour. He is a powerful young man at all times.

At Covent-Garden Theatre several pieces have been performed during the month with very uneven success. A long, a very long opera, called the *Hebrew Family*, was brought out for the purpose, we suppose, of introducing a Miss Cawse, one of Sir George Smart's pupils, to the public. The young lady was as good as saved, but the piece was as bad as damned (we wish old Mr. Colman would find us another word expressive of the fate of defunct plays!) The audience showed a capability of endurance on the first night worthy of a better cause: we intend no pun on Sir George's pupil. We would select such persons as composed that audience for African Missionaries; persons able to wrestle with sleep; fitted to go without food for a long period of time; to bear fatigue in an extraordinary manner. The second act of this piece was not over at half-past nine, and yet the curtain fell to applause! We never remember hearing such a very tedious piece except on the first night of *Gil Blas*, when the half-price were let in a quarter of an hour before sun-rise, and every person was so fast asleep that there was not a pinch of damnation left in the whole pit. *The Hebrew Family* lived a night or two; and then, not being able to settle in Covent-Garden, took again to wandering. There was some very pleasing music, and little Miss Cawse (we rather think her growth must have been checked in her youth), sang with great skill and spirit. Sinclair was *moulting*, and he therefore cut but a sorry figure; when he is without his full plumage, we would not give a farthing to see or hear him; but let him have a yard of ostrich tail to shake over his head in the fury of song, and no one shall be more triumphant. He was dressed in a tight white dress, and looked very like White-headed Bob in training.

The Hebrew Family has never been printed, which we are surprised at; as authors generally appeal from the pit to the press, in the hope of

showing that the fault of failure was not to be attributed to the want of literary ability in the drama. If the *Hebrew Family* had been printed, it would have been as interesting to the English dramatic reader as any other Hebrew work; and would have been printed "without points," as is customary on such occasions in the Jewish language.

A new Tragedy (new!) from the pen of an unfortunate gentleman now no more, has been produced at Covent-Garden with great care in the costume and scenery; but, although it was well received by the audience, and highly spoken of in the newspapers, its success is likely to be unattended, we fear, by any thing beyond empty praise from voice, palm, and pen. The play-going people for the sake of their own characters, applauded a tragedy professedly made after the Greek model; but they were certainly much flustered by the Furies, and scarcely could tell whether Nemesis, was the Goddess of Vengeance or leader of the band; Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megara, were also persons of doubtful character. For a tragedy to open with the chorus was quite unlooked for and incomprehensible; and the second long scene with the Furies fairly exhausted the audience with wonder and confusion! The tragedy, however, was forcibly planned and chastely written, and is worth ten or twelve bales of such things as Mr. Shiel used to *thumb-screw* Miss O'Neill with. If the theatre could command a classical audience nightly, *Orestes in Argos* would be highly popular; but three nights of representation are sufficient to exhaust all the readers and lovers of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and then your poor regular play-going people await to be bewildered.

The tragedy opens with an incantation by the Furies at the tomb of the murdered Agamemnon. Orestes and Pylades, having escaped shipwreck, come in with the ashes of the son of the murderer and adulterer, Ægisthus, meaning to offer them to the king as the ashes of Orestes. The latter is discovered, and ordered to instant death; but is rescued by the populace, and avenges his father's death by the destruction of his slayer, having first unconsciously destroyed Clytemnestra in the crowd. Pylades breaks the latter truth to him, and Orestes goes mad and dies! Electra, as a haughty slave living on the hope of revenge, is one of the best characters in the tragedy.

Several of the scenes are well conceived; but there is a coldness, originating in the formal course of events, after the Grecian order, which chills the whole tragedy, and neither the actors nor the audience ever seem to be naturally warmed or excited. Mr. C. Kemble performed Orestes with unusual force; but we thought him too turbulent at times for the lofty and dignified spirit of the character. Cooper made a good Pylades; but such *friends* are dangerous to an author's piece. Mr. Bennett, in Ægisthus, was in one of his bullet-casting humours, and did all by fits and starts. Mr. Bartley played a bad part, truly a bad part, with remarkable care and judgment; and Miss Lacy, in Electra, gave a fine picture of unshaken sorrow and lust of revenge. The tragedy was as well acted as the author could desire.

The dresses have evidently been got up with great attention and at considerable expence. The desire to be faithful, often leads now-a-days to much strange and unbecoming costume, but this must not be complained of. How great in this department of dramatic properties has been the change within a few years! Half a century ago, we should have had the Furies singing in satin farthingales; Electra at Agamemnon's tomb in a hoop; and Orestes stark mad in Argos and knee-buckles. To the Kembles much is owing for the reformation which they have introduced in dramatic costume.

There was a cold prologue, spoken by Pylades, Cooper; but not written by any Pylades to the author: and an epilogue was delivered by Mrs. Gibbs, which had the merit of being the very worst epilogue that ever pestered a wearied audience. Mrs. Gibbs was not in very vigorous memory, but occasionally with the best of persons:—"Oh, how imperfect is expression!

We heartily wish the tragedy may prove profitable; but we fear in these times of peace and plenty the public do not care to be troubled. When war flourishes, and taxation is in full bloom, the people love to go and pay, because they cannot afford it, and pant to enjoy the luxury of fictitious sorrows.

An interlude in one act, entitled *Lofty Projects*, written by Mr. Lund and cut to fit Mr. Yates's abilities, has been successfully brought out. There is nothing new in the plot. Bartley, a Projector, has a daughter; Yates is in love, and visits the old gentleman in various disguises for the purpose of obtaining the young lady. He is every thing by turns, and nothing long, a paviour, a French dancer, a German stroller, and so on; and does what he has to do with great impudence and spirit. The detailed quarrel between husband and wife, whilst acting the lovers in a ballet, is cleverly conceived and executed. Of the imitations of London performers, lugged in on every occasion, we are heartily sick; Mr. Yates would do better to endeavour at making himself worthy to be imitated, than to copy with a graceless fidelity the peculiarities and personal imperfections and misfortunes of those of his profession, who have merits above his reach or his ambition. He gives Mr. Young's lisp, Mr. Macready's nervous agitation, Mr. Mathews's lameness with abominable precision; their excellencies he does not attempt to imitate.

The Haymarket Theatre has commenced a *promising* season, if we may judge of present *performance*. There are several new actors—several *revivals* of old actors—besides the usual allowance of good sterling players. Russell, after missing the *bull's eye* of tragedy, has again levelled his shafts at low comedy, and with a certainty of success. Dowton, genuine Dowton, is alive again; and Madame Vestris has laid in a stock of *inexpressibles* for summer use.

Mrs. Humby, a new candidate for public favour, has appeared in various characters, and promises to be a great addition to a comic company. She is very pretty, very lively, very clever, and very graceful.

She played Cowslip in a finished manner, and did not remind us of a provincial theatre. Her Lucy in the Beggar's Opera is also a very spirited performance, and proves her to be a good singer as well as a good actress. She will decidedly *do!*

Russell's Filch is the best extant. It is very choice slang, from the cut of the hair to the knee of the breeches. The first song of "'Tis woman that seduces all mankind," is a genuine Hockley-in-the-Hole melody. His voice is nasal and continuous, and each last line of a verse is prolonged, until you can almost fancy the applause drawn down among dancing pots and the rattle of tobacco pipes! The Mulberry Tree would do well to secure him to take the chair at its weekly *free and easy* meeting. Mr. Russell for a song, we say!

Little of the usual theatrical *chit-chat* has been passed to and fro, during the past month, and for want of a taste of fresh scandal, people have been reduced to the necessity of continuing *Foote* and *Hayne*, and their pair of breaches; Kean and his immorality; and Miss Paton's answer to Malthus. We scarcely recollect a month of such unusual dullness as the past, and sincerely hope for a change in the month to come. No new actor has made inroads upon the domestic peace of the city; no actress has sinned herself into the sympathies of the public; no author has rebelled against that moral beef-eater, that cuts jokes before the King, and *damns* behind him; no manager has horsewhipped one of the lords of the creation; no lady behind the scenes has given being to an unstamped peer; no gentleman has been thrown over from the gallery into the pit; no anti-gentleman has smashed a box-door in the plenitude of claret and morality, to shout down Kean, or uphold Miss Foote. In short, nothing in the nature of a regular novelty has transpired, and the old pleasures have therefore been nourished very tenderly.

Mr. Gill, who has become as great a nuisance as his namesake, Gill's Hill ever was, has written one or two very tiresome letters, to prove that Mr. Foote, Mrs. Foote, and Miss Foote, have been improperly treated in the negotiations for a marriage with Mr. Hayne. Mr. Gill denies that the latter gentleman was required to marry the whole family; but he states some circumstances which would almost induce us to believe that the young lady was mercenary, and that her lover, *re-elect*, was fickle and foolish. It now appears, that as soon as the damages were paid, Mr. Hayne re-offered himself to Miss Foote, and she re-accepted him; and the money arrangements were entered into, and the affair was entirely *re-Gilled*. The day being settled, all things went on as before, for all things went off. Letters passed on the eve of marriage; excuses and protestations of love were made in the same breath; settlements were cancelled; Hymen went off his appetite; George Robins refolded up his white silk stockings; and, in short, the marriage broke short, at the very place where it had cracked before. The same attorney-correspondence ensued; Miss Foote re-appeared at

Covent Garden, and we are now only waiting for offer the third, settlement the fourth, and vows re-broken into fifty pieces. Mr. Hayne, it is said, has some bets dependent on his marriage. We should think he had better hedge with Mrs. Sparkes.

Mr. Kean has been well hissed in the provinces. Manchester has been moral to a degree. The North-country people love the "sacred hearth," and all that sort of thing. Mrs. Cox, indeed, has quite convulsed the manufacturing counties. But in Scotland Mr. Kean's reception has been the most marked.

The Scotsman Newspaper is very great on the subject.

Friends to the theatre, and admirers of the histrionic talents of Mr. Kean, as we are, and always have been, we must say, when Edinburgh is threatened with a visitation from this proclaimed personage, that no appearance of his performance should be tolerated on our stage. The assurance which is displayed here on the part of the actor, is of a kind which ought to be checked, and the manager should be made to feel the consequences of his own imprudence. *We are enemies to every thing like prudery in morals.* We disapprove of all inquisitions after private vices, which in some cases may partake as much of the nature of misfortunes as crimes; *but Mr. Kean's vices have been thrust upon the public,* and the disclosures respecting the conduct observed, and the language employed by him to a friend—whose honour, and peace, and happiness, he was all the while destroying—*point him out as a nuisance which should not be suffered to present itself to the public eye for years to come.* An effort is requisite here for the sake of decency; and *the moral public of Edinburgh will surely make it.* We have no idea that Kean—even supposing an engagement prior to the disclosures on the trial—could enforce payment of the stipulated sum. Our judges would not act *contra bonos mores.*

This is the old story over again. Mr. Kean is required to purify, by a temporary absence. What the better will he be for keeping? In what manner too, we would ask, have Mr. Kean's vices been "thrust upon" the public? Only by the activity of those very newspapers which revile him for the publication. All actions of crim. con. are so "thrust upon" the public; but the offending and defending men are not therefore suspended from the carrying on of their businesses or professions. Let all men be so treated, or none at all. Miss Foote's vices have been thrust upon the public in a much grosser way, and *she* is not abused or hooted from the stage. The "Moral people of Edinburgh" will doubtless absent themselves from the theatre on Mr. Kean's nights, and so protect their virtues and their pockets at the same time. It must, we doubt not, be very agreeable to them to punish immorality, and make a small profit of it.

Miss Paton, we are happy to say, is restored to the stage, having recovered from her late severe illness.

A word or two of Mr. Colman before we conclude. It is said that he examined poor Lund's one act farce, in which his friend Yates figures, very rigidly before it was performed; and that one small joke, on which Mr. Lund pinned all his hopes of immortality, and to which Mr. Yates was sincerely attached, happened to have a naughty syllable in it, which cost it its place. Yates, as the paviour, was to have said,

"They call the roads *muck Adamed*, but I call them *damn'd muck*." Mr. Colman annihilated the joke and oath altogether. Yates, it is said, struggled hard to preserve the pleasantry, even to the last rehearsal; but Mr. Fawcett, to whom the Examiner had written a letter on the subject, was resolute, and the paviour was shorn of his beams. We are given to understand that the letter to Fawcett is a master-piece of composition and morality, and that it is to be handed over to Mathews for preservation. Certain it is, we believe, that Mr. Colman never speaks of any other than Macka's roads, as he cannot bring himself to pollute his lips with the whole name.

There was a little man,
And he had a little soul!

We understand that Mrs. Bartley, of Covent Garden Theatre, who has certainly not been too well treated of late years, either by the managers or the public, has recently determined on giving instructions to ladies in the art of reading prose and verse; an accomplishment which we should conceive all ladies would be desirous of possessing. We do not know any person so well fitted for the task of giving these instructions as Mrs. Bartley, who, throughout her professional life, has invariably exhibited the most intelligent mind and correct judgment. We most sincerely wish her success, and can truly say that if we were applied to by any young lady to recommend her a person most capable of finishing her for the stage or the drawing-room, we should conscientiously point out Mrs. Bartley as that person. If young actresses were more generally in the habit of undergoing a little cultivation from an accomplished and experienced predecessor, we should not be tortured with so many raw Juliets and Desdemonas as annually appear and perish.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

March 21.—Richard the Third.
Gloucester, Kean.—Elizabeth, Mrs. W. West.
The Pantomime.

March 22.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Falls of Clyde.

March 24.—Brutus.
Brutus, Kean.—Tarquinia, Mrs. W. West.
The Rossignol.
Simpson and Co.

March 25.—An Oratorio.

March 26.—Othello.
Othello, Kean.—Iago, Wallack.—Desdemona,
Mrs. W. West.

The Rossignol.
The Sleeping Draught.

April 4.—Pizarro.
Rolla, Wallack.—Pizarro, Young.—Cora, Mrs.
W. West.

Abon Hassan.

April 5.—Der Freischutz.
Abon Hassan.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 21.—Native Land.
Aladdin.

March 22.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Clari.
Aladdin.

March 23.—An Oratorio.

March 24.—Wives as they were, and Maids as
they are.
Aladdin.

March 26.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
Clari.

April 4.—Pizarro.
Rolla, Young.—Pizarro, Bennett.—Cora, Miss
Lacy.

Aladdin.

April 5.—Der Freischutz.
Aladdin.

DRURY-LANE.

April 6.—Pizarro.
Abon Hassan.

April 7.—Marriage of Figaro.
Count Almaviva, Penly.—Figaro, Harley.—
Countess Almaviva, Miss Povey.—Susanna, Miss
Graddon.

Old and Young.
Abon Hassan.

April 8.—Guy Mannering.
Henry Bertram, Horn.—Dominie Sampson,
Harley.—Lucy Bertram, Miss Graddon.—Meg
Merrilles, Mrs. W. West.
Abon Hassan.

April 9.—Der Freischutz.
Abon Hassan.

April 11.—Fatal Dowry.
Romont, Macready.—Charalois, Wallack.—
Beaumelle, Mrs. W. West.
Abon Hassan.

April 12.—Der Freischutz.
Abon Hassan.

April 13.—The Fatal Dowry.
Abon Hassan.

April 14.—Siege of Belgrade.
Seraskier, Sapio.—Cohenberg, Wallack.—Leo-
pold, Harley.—Katharine, Miss Graddon.—Lilla,
Miss Stephens.
Abon Hassan.

April 15.—Fatal Dowry.
Abon Hassan.

April 16.—Der Freischutz.
Abon Hassan.

April 18.—Macbeth.
Macbeth, Macready.—Macduff, Wallack.—
Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Bunn.
Abon Hassan.

April 19.—Fatal Dowry.
Abon Hassan.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 6.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
Aladdin.

April 7.—Inconstant.
Aladdin.

April 8.—The Hebrew Family.
(*Damned after a Night or two.*)
Don Gomez, Farley.—Reuben, Miss M. Cawse.
—Frank Forester, Jones.—Donna Alzonda, Mrs.
Chatterly.—Miriam, Miss M. Tree.
A Tale of Mystery.

April 9.—The Hebrew Family.
A Roland for an Oliver.

April 11.—King John.
King John, Young.—Faulconbridge, Kemble,
—Lady Constance, Mrs. Bartley.
Aladdin.

April 12.—The Hebrew Family.
Aladdin.

April 13.—Belles Stratagem.
Aladdin.

April 14.—As You Like It.
Aladdin.

April 15.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
Aladdin.

April 16.—Der Freischutz.
Aladdin.

April 18.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Young.—Ophelia, Miss M. Tree.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly.

April 19.—The Inconstant.
The Barber of Seville.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.*

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire!

HERE we have a fine example of what may be done by an united family. The papers composing this book have for the most part been already published, it seems, in the New Monthly Magazine; and we make no doubt that, taken singly as they first appeared, they were readable; but bound up together as they now are, they offer the resistance of a bundle of sticks, and are, without exception, the most impracticable collection of tough trifles that we ever remember to have encountered. No mortal but one who has embarked in the same desperate enterprise can conceive the difficulty, the labour, the exhaustion of patience and spirits with which we have struggled through this farago of *pleasantries*. At first we endeavoured to read a volume at a sitting, but this would never do, it was attempting to break the bundle of faggots across the knee; we then adopted the other policy, and took five or six of the sappy twigs in

* Gaieties and Gravities; a Series of Essays, Comic Tales, and Fugitive Vagaries. Now first collected, by one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses." In Three Volumes. London: Colburn, 1825.

hand every morning and evening, till by dint of perseverance we accomplished our weary task. But here we shall be told that our taste must be in fault, for the book (which is by one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses) is popular. We admit that it is so—it is popular, that is to say, a number of people of a certain order of intellect like it, and a great many things are popular or liked by many such people which we cannot admire. Common-places dizened out in showy language and bad jests, such as any blockhead may understand, simply because there is nothing to be understood in them, are exceedingly relished by the vulgar of every degree, from St. James's to St. Giles's; and these are the staples of the book under consideration, the gravities of which are represented by hacknied ideas, or moral clap traps very handsomely dressed up, relieved by sad buffooneries which pass for gaieties. The author indeed is at the head of a school which may be called the pantomimic, and it is amusing enough to observe the scheme of his papers which exactly accords with that of those popular entertainments from which he has apparently derived his notions of humour. The Essays commence for the most part with a serious introduction, in which the writer expatiates peradventure on the wonders of nature, or some such novel theme, but suddenly he abandons his philosophy, throws off the garb of a sage, and stands before us a-la-Grimaldi, a grinning clown, performing a thousand extravagancies by way of jest, and uttering any nonsense to raise the laugh of the holiday folks. The very second paper entitled Human Ossifrages furnishes a fair specimen of the author's matter and manner. It begins in a very pretty lady-like style, by telling us that it was the latter end of April, ripening with a genial warmth into May; that the flowers were emerging like young belles coming out for the first time into a ball room; that the bees were, like the beaux, fluttering, singing, kissing honey from lips, and so forth, "with all that frankness of innocent enjoyment, which is visibly inculcated by nature." Then we are told about the south wind, how it sung to the boughs, and about the birds, and about the insects, and about the buds, and about the blossoms, and about the ants; and then we have nature again exuding at every pore by reason of the warm weather; and anon she is contemplated "dressing her plants visibly like a lady at her window,"* whether this signifies as a lady dresses herself at her window or her plants at a window we are at a loss to determine. The writer goes on to imagine some very becoming imaginations, and arrives at the very original conclusion that "Spring is undoubtedly the most exhilarating of all seasons," but he amiably adds, "there is nothing gloomy in any period or appearance of nature." Then we have April again, and the young flowers again, and nature again, whose great business is fearlessly pronounced reproduction; and then comes some Shakspeare, which is followed by some talk of Pythagoras and discoveries to the effect that rains *that fall* reascend in sap, and are but so much future leaves and flowers, and that "wine is simply bottled sunshine and showers." Happening

* This is quoted as the elegant observation of the Author of the Months.

luckily to mention a dunghill, the author is enabled to pass to manure, which subject gives him occasion to tell us that he resides upon the eastern coast, and farms a considerable extent of country which he manures with human bones—here we arrive at the end of the Gravities and the subjoined extract is a specimen of the sudden

GAIETIES.

Residing upon the eastern coast, and farming a considerable extent of country, I have made repeated and careful experiments with this manure; and as the mode of burial in many parts of the Continent divides the different classes into appropriated portions of the church yard, I have been enabled, by a little bribery to sextons and charnel-house men, to obtain specimens of every rank and character, and to ascertain with precision their separate qualities and results for the purposes of the farmer, botanist, or common nurseryman. These it is my purpose to communicate to the reader, who may depend upon the caution with which the different tests were applied, as well as upon the fidelity with which they are reported.

A few cartloads of citizens' bones gave me a luxuriant growth of London pride, plums, Sibthorpia or base money-wort, mud-wort, bladder-wort, and mushrooms; but for laburnum or golden chain, I was obliged to select a lord mayor. Hospital bones supplied me with cyclamen in any quantity, which I intermixed with a few seeds from the Cyclades Islands, and the scurvy-grass came up spontaneously; while manure from different fields of battle proved extremely favourable to the *hæmanthus* or blood-flower, the trumpet-flower and laurel, as well as to widow-wail, and cypress. A few sample skulls from the poet's corner of a German abbey furnished poet's cassia, grass of Parnassus, and bays, in about equal quantities, with wormwood, crab, thistle, stinging-nettle, prickly holly, teazel, and loose-strife. Courtiers and ministers, when converted into manure, secured an ample return of jack-in-a-box, service-apples, climbers, supple-jacks, parasite plants, and that species of sun-flower which invariably turns to the rising luminary. Nabobs form a capital compost for hepatica, liver-wort, spleen-wort, hips, and pine; and from those who had three or four stars at the India House I raised some particularly fine China asters. A good show of adonis, narcissus, jessamine, cockscomb, dandelion, money-flower, and buckthorn, may be obtained from dandies, although they are apt to encumber the ground with tickweed; while a good drilling with *dandisettes* is essential to those beds in which you wish to raise Venus's looking-glass, Venus's catchfly, columbines, and love-apples. A single dressing of jockies will ensure you a quick return of horse-mint, veronica or speedwell, and colt's-foot; and a very slight layer of critics suffices for a good thick spread of scorpion senna, viper's bugloss, serpent's tongue, poison-nut, nightshade, and hellebore. If you are fond of raising stocks, manure your beds with jobbers; wine-merchants form the most congenial stimulant for sloes, fortune-hunters for the marygold and golden-rod, and drunkards for Canary wines, mad-wort and horehound. Failing in repeated attempts to raise the chaste tree from the bones of nuns, which gave me nothing but liquorice-root, I applied those of a dairy-maid, and not only succeeded perfectly in my object, but obtained a good crop of butter-wort, milk-wort, and heart's-ease. I was equally unsuccessful in raising any sage, honesty, or everlasting from monks; but they yielded a plentiful bed of monk's hood, jesuit's bark, medlars, and cardinal flowers. My importation of shoemakers was unfortunately too scanty to try their effect upon a large scale, but I contrived to procure from them two or three ladies' slippers. As school-boys are raised by birch, it may be hardly necessary to mention, that when reduced to manure they return the compliment; but it may be useful to make known as widely as possible, that dancing-masters supply the best hops and capers, besides quickening the growth of the *citharexylum* or fiddle-wood. For your mimosas or sensitive plants there is nothing better than a layer of novel-readers, and you may use up the first bad author that you can disinter for all the poppies you may require. Coffee-house waiters will keep you supplied in cummin; chronologists furnish the best dates, post-office men serve well for

rearing scarlet-runners, poulterers for hen-bane, tailors for cabbage, and physicians for truffles, or any thing that requires to be quickly buried. I could have raised a few bachelors' buttons from the bones of that class; but as nobody cares a button for bachelors, I did not think it worth while. As a general remark it may be noticed, that young people produce the passion-flower in abundance, while those of a more advanced age may be beneficially used for the elder-tree, the sloe, and snapdragon; and with respect to different nations, my experiments are only sufficiently advanced to enable me to state that Frenchmen are favourable to garlic, and that Poles are very good for hops. Of mint I have never been able to raise much; but as to thyme, I have so large a supply, as the reader will easily perceive, that I am enabled to throw it away; and as he may not possibly be in a similar predicament, I shall refer him for the rest of my experiments to the records of the Horticultural Society.

Surely this is a very pitiable attempt at wit, and yet one cannot help being amused by the industry, the perseverance with which the writer prosecutes his jest; a more elaborate piece of jocularitv than the above we have indeed seldom seen, but it is by one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, and that being the case, readers, who covet the reputation of knowing what is good, laugh by prescription. There is one description of wit, however, in which it must be confessed that this writer particularly shines; in truth if he be not the inventor of it, he has made a most extraordinary and successful use of it—it is the wit of *names*. By the mere force of mentioning PUDDING LANE, and PYE CORNER, and BLOW-BLADDER ROW, &c. he convulses his admirers; and by giving folks names german to their business, such as Cleaver, Sweetbread, Suet to Butchers, Croak to an Undertaker, Snip to a Tailor; or names intrinsically comical, as Higgins or Hoggins, he confers an air of inconceivable sprightliness and gaiety on his lucubrations. We remember to have heard a humourous song by this gentleman or his brother on names, but it never struck us until we saw evidence of the fact how much wit could be made of them. A specimen of what may be done in this way by an ingenious joker may give our readers some notion of the fine humour of *Gaieties and Gravities*—we therefore extract a passage from a *Gaiety* called a Letter to the Royal Literary Society.

In what may be denominated our external or shopkeepers' literature, the Society will find innumerable errors to rectify. Where he who runs may read, correctness and propriety are peculiarly necessary, and we all know how much good was effected by the French Academy of Inscriptions. Having, in my late perambulations through London, noted down what appeared to me particularly reprehensible, and thrown the various addresses of the parties into an appendix, in order that your secretary may write to them with such emendatory orders as the case may require, I proceed to notice, first, the fantastical practice of writing the number over the door, and the names on either side, whence we have such ridiculous inscriptions as "BOVILL and—127—BOYS," which would lead us to suppose that the aforesaid Mr. Bovill's tailor's bill must be of alarming longitude, though perhaps less terrific than that of his opposite neighbour, who writes up—"THACKRAH and—219—SONS."

Not less objectionable is the absurd practice of writing the name over the door, and the trade on either side, whence we have such incongruous combinations as "Hat—CHILD—maker,"—"Cheese—HOARE—monger;" and a variety of others, of which the preceding will afford a sufficient sample.

Among those inscriptions where the profession follows the name without any trans-

position, there are several that are perfectly appropriate, if not synonymous, such as "BLIGHT & SON, Blind-makers :"—"Mangling done here," occasionally written under the address of a country surgeon :—"BREWER, Druggist,"—"WRENCH, Tooth-drawer,"—"SLOMAN, Wine-merchant,"—"WATERS, Milkman," &c. &c. But on the contrary, there are many that involve a startling catachresis, such as "WHETMAN, Dry-salter,"—"ENGLISH, China-man,"—"PAIN, Rectifier of Spirits,"—"STEDFAST, Turner,"—"GOWING, Stay-maker ;" while among the colours there is the most lamentable confusion, as we have "WHITE, Blacksmith,"—"BLACK, Whitesmith,"—"BROWN & SCARLET, Green-grocers," and "GREY—Hair-dresser," which would erroneously lead the passenger to suppose, that none but grizzled heads were admitted into the shop. While remedying these inconsistencies, the Society are entreated not to forget, that the Pavement now extends a full mile beyond what is termed "The Stones' End" in the Borough ; and that the inscription at Lower Edmonton, "When the water is above this board, please to take the upper road," can be of very little use, unless when the wash is perfectly pellucid, which it never is. On a shop-window in the Borough there still remains written, "New-laid eggs every day, by Mary Dobson," which the Society should order to be expunged, as an imposition upon the public, unless they can clearly ascertain the veracity of the assertion.

One of the declared objects of the Institution being the promotion of—"loyalty in its genuine sense, not only of personal devotion to the sovereign, but of attachment to the laws and institutions of our country," I would point out to its indignant notice the following inscription in High Holborn—"KING—Dyer," which is not only contrary to the received legal maxim that the King never dies, but altogether of a most dangerous and disloyal tendency.—"*Parliament sold here*," written up in large letters in the City-road, is also an obvious allusion to the imputed corruption of that body ; and the gingerbread kings and queens being *all over gilt*, suggest a most traitorous and offensive Paronomasia. I suspect the fellow who deals in these commodities to be a radical. Of the same nature are the indecorous inscriptions (which should have been noticed among those who place their names over the door) running thus—"Ironmongery—PARSONS—Tools of all sorts ;" while in London-wall we see written up, "DEACON & PRIEST, Hackney-men." A Society, which among the twenty-seven published names of its council and officers, contains one Bishop, two Archdeacons, and five Reverends, cannot, out of self-respect, suffer these indecent allusions to be any longer stuck up in the metropolis.

The French Academy having decided, that proper names should never have any plural, I would implore the Royal Literary Society to relieve the embarrassment of our footmen, by deciding whether they are authorized in announcing at our routs, "MR. & MRS. FOOTE and the Miss FEET ;" whether MR. PEACOCK's family are to be severally designated as MRS. PEAHEN and the Miss PEACHICKS ; and also what would be the best substitution for Mr. and Mrs. Man and the Miss Men, which has a very awkward sound.

Concluding, for the present, with the request that the other gold medal of fifty guineas may not be appropriated until after the receipt of my second letter, I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

In "The Steam-boat from London to Calais" our merry andrew indulges in the following vein of pleasantry ; the style of humour and many of the jests are manifestly borrowed from one Mr. Merryman, who cracks his whip and his jokes in the pit at Astley's, in the intervals between the feats of horsemanship.

"How do you find yourself now, my darling ?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on, because, as he said, his "air was quite vet."—"Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could heat any thing."—"Then just warm these po-

totoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold."—"I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me," quoth the young Cockney, looking glumpish, "or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell."—"Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother, "eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands; "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor,—an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous "happetite," and felt "as ungry as an ound."—"I never say any thing to discourage any body," said Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—"Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs."—"I doubt that," cried Smart.—"I say it does," resumed Dick angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a sop."—"I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't." 'Done! and done!' were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay; and vat's more, I vont be made a standing joke by no man." "I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."—"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, "Because you are a sauce-box."—"Haw! haw!" roared his mother, "bravo, Dick! well done, Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart."—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge, by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a gible-pye? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried, "Because there's a goose's head in it," and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be "igh-vater in the harbour vhen they arrived."—"Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart; "perhaps it may cure your squint."

In another place we have this novel wit—Loquitur John Huggins. "Tom Sullivans, whose name I have already immortalized, told me one day, that my godfather, who had a club foot, had just died, and left me ten pounds. Egad, said I, I hope not, for I should be sorry to have such a *leg-as-he*. And again, he was giving an account of a man in the pillory, whose whole face was covered with eggs, except his nose. Then, said I, if he were a poet he would compose the longest verses in the world—versus Alexandrinos—i. e. *all-eggs-and-dry-nose*."

What next, Mr. Merryman?

We shall not nauseate persons of correct taste with any further examples of this kind of stuff, which is as much beneath criticism, and as far beyond the reach of correction, as are the buffooneries of Jack Pud-

dings at the Surrey Theatres. The author has a decided turn for what is called low humour, or, more properly speaking, for buffoonery ; and so long as there is a corresponding relish for it in the great and little vulgar, he will find his account in following the bent of his mind. Whatever comes from the pen of one who has written a clever thing is found good by the million, and the bad jokes and the tawdry common-places of one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses will for many a day be secure of an immense share of applause. That this writer has proved himself an excellent imitator, no one will pretend to deny ; but his genius seems essentially mimical, and we relish his invention (if so it must be called) about as much as we relish the gag, as it is theatrically called, or extemporary witticisms of the clown Grimaldi ; nay, we do injustice to the latter by comparison, for he has never yet bored us with three volumes of his *fun*.

Besides these "Prose Essays," there are frequent pieces of poetry in the volumes before us. Many of these are called Peter Pindarics, and are intended, we rather believe, to be laughed at ; the pleasantry of this species of composition seems to consist in the irregular length of the lines, some being extremely long, and some very short ; in which respect, as in certain other particulars, these Peter Pindarics bear a close resemblance to the inscriptions on tomb-stones. In point of invention, we think that the latter have for the most part the advantage, and they often bear away also the palm of drollery ; but, on the other hand, some of the facetious Pindarics in these volumes are grave enough, it must be confessed, for any church yard, and might do duty as epitaphs with signal decency and effect, as no one would ever find out the joke in them. As there is not much scope for choice in the poetry, we give the first piece in the book, and the rather because it is not a professed Pindaric, and has the farther recommendation of being short ; the humour turns, we are inclined to think, on the absence of point.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

A Frenchman seeing as he walk'd
A friend of his across the street,
Cried " Hem ! " exactly as there stalk'd
An Englishman along the road,
One of those Johnny Bulls we meet
In every sea-port town abroad,
Prepared to take and give offence,
Partly, perhaps, because they speak
About as much of French as Greek,
And partly from the want of sense!
The Briton thought this exclamation
Meant some reflection on his nation,
So bustling to the Frenchman's side,
" Mounseer Jack Frog," he fiercely cried,
" Pourquoi vous faire ' Hem ! ' quand moi passe ? "
Eyeing the querist with his glass,
The Gaul replied, " Monsieur God-dem,
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi faire ' Hem ? ' "

CHESS AND CHESS-PLAYERS.

BY AN ANCIENT AMATEUR.

It seems difficult to account for the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the amateurs of chess devote themselves to their favourite pursuit, since the desire of gain forms no ingredient in the passion for this game, and the trifling distinction acquired in a limited circle by a few first-rate players cannot be the general object of ambition, because chess-players, who have no hope of advancing beyond mediocrity, cultivate the game with as much ardour, and apparently with as intense satisfaction as those whose superior skill is admitted, or whose hopes of improvement may still triumph over their experience. I shall not attempt to solve this problem, but I shall endeavour to show that chess is an object of far greater importance, and that the interests of mankind are much more deeply involved in its cultivation than superficial observers may imagine. I am in one respect, at least, better able to treat this subject in a suitable manner than any of my contemporaries, for I am probably, without any exception, the oldest chess-player in Europe. I have not only had the honour of contending "on the checquer'd field" with M. Philidor, but I have frequently played at the *Café de la Regence* with M. de Legalle, the master of that distinguished Professor, who, in my younger days, was a better player than his celebrated pupil. There is no man of whose person and deportment I retain a more vivid recollection than M. de Legalle; he was a thin, pale old gentleman, who had sat in the same seat at the Café, and worn the same green coat for a great number of years when I first visited Paris. While he played at chess, he took snuff in such profusion that his chitterling frill was literally saturated with stray particles of the powder, and he was, moreover, in the habit of enlivening the company during the progress of the game, by a variety of remarks, which every body admired for their brilliancy, and which struck me perhaps the more forcibly, as I was at that time but indifferently acquainted with the French tongue. I shall not state precisely how many summers have passed over my head since I accomplished my eightieth year. Fontenelle, at the age of a hundred, used to impose silence on his friends whenever the topic of age was introduced, and, I confess, that I never hear this subject mentioned without feeling a little inquietude. If a woman's life is supposed to become shady at thirty, an old man's is absolutely overcast at eighty, and I have so long escaped an inexorable, though certainly not in my case an importunate creditor, that I do not care to look my enemy in the face. Eighty I certainly was, but I am resolved to let the increment shift for itself, and to count no more; I have said enough to leave no doubt as to my personal identity at the two chess-clubs in this metropolis, where, though I have long ceased to be an active member, I am still by courtesy

admitted, and also, I trust, to satisfy the reader that I am at least qualified by long experience to give an opinion as to the real value and importance of a game to which I have been addicted during a great portion of my protracted existence.

I have lived long enough in the world to be satisfied that the most erroneous notions prevail with regard to the value of time, and I entirely concur with those ancient philosophers who held that time must be cheated to be enjoyed. The sages, on whom I pin my faith, seem to have regarded human life, as a gamester views a pack of cards, not so much as a valuable possession in itself, as an instrument, which by dexterity on the part of the holder might be made available to the purposes of enjoyment. The power of beguiling time, which I take to be the measure of human happiness, will be in the direct ratio of the quantity of human life, voluntarily consumed in any pursuits, and in the inverse ratio of what is vulgarly deemed the utility of such pursuits. It follows therefore that that mode of cheating the great enemy which shall consume the largest portion of human existence, and, at the same time, lead to the least assignable practical results, will be best calculated to promote the happiness of mankind. I do not mean to contend that chess is the pursuit which affords the greatest attainable portion of human enjoyment, but it is certainly a most valuable approximation towards the *summum bonum* which I have described; I know of no pursuit in which so large a portion of human life is consumed by those who are addicted to it, and none from which in a vulgar and unphilosophical sense so little practical benefit is to be derived. There are, at this moment, about fifty individuals at the eastern and western extremities of this metropolis who live for scarcely any other earthly object than that of playing a certain number of games at chess per day. These gentlemen, for the reasons I have assigned, may, in my opinion, be classed among the happiest portion of the species. They live in a little world of their own; their manners, sentiments, and language, have contracted a peculiar tinge from the pursuit in which they are almost exclusively engaged, and their pleasures are of a pure and tranquil nature, which those who are initiated in the arcana of chess are alone capable of appreciating. In the life of a confirmed chess-player, one day differs from another only in the number of mates which he gives or receives, and, in this way, existence is consumed in a sweet oblivion of all the cares and anxieties which distract the rest of mankind. As the prosperity of other men is wont to be measured by the amount of their annual income, so the enjoyments of the chess-player may be estimated by the number of games which he annually achieves. Most of the confirmed chess-players with whom I have the happiness of being acquainted, may, in this point of view, be considered as persons in easy circumstances, for there are few of them who play less than two thousand games *per annum*. Some players, indeed, accomplish a much larger number of games in the course of the year, and I have been assured by a friend, who has scarcely

omitted to play for a single day during the last thirty years, that for seven years of his life he seldom played fewer than one hundred gambits a week.

I have hitherto supposed that the game is played in the ordinary way, without the employment of any artificial means for promoting the consumption of time, and, upon this supposition, the enjoyment of the player will undoubtedly depend upon the number of games he can accomplish in a given time. But, if the time consumed in playing a game of chess can by any contrivance be prolonged, so that a series of moves, for instance, which might be played in the ordinary way in a few hours, may require as many months or years for their accomplishment, it is evident from the principles which I have laid down, that the value of chess, considered as a means of promoting human happiness, becomes proportionally increased. Hence the merit of an invention, by which the duration of a game of chess may be greatly protracted, I allude to the method of playing at distant parts of the world by correspondence, of which we have at this moment a practical illustration in the match at chess, pending between the London and Edinburgh chess-clubs. The first and second games of the match have just been published ;* and, I regret to say, that the publication reflects little credit on the London chess-club. Modern Athens (so the Scotch term their capital, in consequence of the proficiency which its inhabitants have recently made in the Greek language) rings with the triumph which the chess-players of the north have obtained over their antagonists of the south. I stop not to inquire whether there is any truth in the report which ascribes the success of the Scotch club to a Welsh coadjutor ; certain it is, that the Edinburgh club have beaten their antagonists, and, I must say, though I am no *laudator temporis acti*, that this would never have happened in my younger days. In the time of M. de Legalle, a fourth-rate player would have blushed at the manner in which the latter part of the first game was played by the London chess-club.

To the invention of playing chess by correspondence too much praise cannot be given ; by this contrivance, a single move occupies forty or fifty persons at Edinburgh and London for a period of several days, and at the end of a year of unremitted, but delightful toil, there is a great probability that the game will be drawn, in which case the two conditions, on which I conceive the value of chess or any other pursuit to depend, namely, the greatest possible consumption of time with the least assignable result, would be pretty accurately fulfilled. This was actually the termination of the second game of the match, which was drawn at the end of thirty weeks, and the conduct of the London chess-club is the more inexcusable, as they might have given a perpetual check

* The first and second Games of Chess now pending between the London and Edinburgh Chess-Clubs, with numerous Variations and Remarks, by W. Lewis.

in the first game, and thereby brought it, like the last chapter in *Rasselas*, to a conclusion in which nothing would have been concluded.

Playing chess by correspondence is a device of great antiquity, and it is a little singular that we are indebted for this discovery, as well as for most of the great improvements in art and science, to the ancient Irish. There is no fact, perhaps, in the history of letters, more remarkable than the present intellectual condition of the people of Ireland, as contrasted with the high degree of civilization which they are well known to have attained in the middle ages, when the rest of Europe was involved in darkness. It is evident, from what Dr. Hyde tells us in his *Treatise on Oriental Games*, that the ancient Irish had a clear insight into the principle which constitutes the value and importance of chess. They not only played games by correspondence, but they invented methods by which games might be indefinitely protracted.

The old Irish (says Dr. Hyde) were so greatly addicted to chess, that amongst them the possession of good estates hath been decided by it; and there are some estates, at this time, the property whereof doth still depend upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom I could name, to say nothing of others, hold their lands upon the tenure that one of them shall encounter the other at chess in this manner, that whoever should conquer, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore they, managing the affair prudently among themselves, perhaps once every year meet, by appointment, to play at chess. One of them makes a move, and the other saith, "I will consider how to answer you next year." This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game; by which method a game, which neither of them hath won, hath been and will be continued for some hundreds of years.

I shall annex the game which was won by the Edinburgh Club, and point out at what period of it the London Club lost the advantage, which is not distinctly stated in Mr. Lewis's publication.

The following variation in this publication is played in strict conformity with my principles, as two moves are consumed in giving a mate, which might have been given in one; it has, therefore, my entire approbation.

SITUATION OF THE PIECES.

White.

King at his Kt. square.
Queen at adv. K. Kt. 2d. square.
Rook at its Q. R. square.
Bishop at adv. K. B. 2d.
Knight at adv. K. Kt. 4.
K. R. P. K. Kt. P. K. B. P. and Q. R.
P. at their squares.
K. P. at K. 4th.

Black.

King at his 2d square.
Queen at her square.
K. R. and Q. R. at their squares.
Q. B. at its square.
K. R. P. Q. R. P. Q. Kt. P. and Q. B.
P. at their squares.
Q. P. at Q. 3d.

In this situation the player of the white is directed to sacrifice the Bishop—the London Chess Club delight in sacrifices—at the adverse King's square, and then to give check-mate with the Queen. It is evident that the white might, by playing the Bishop to the adverse King's Knight's third, or King's Rook's fourth square, have given the mate in one move, but this is judiciously avoided.

THE FIRST GAME OF THE MATCH BETWEEN THE LONDON AND EDINBURGH CHESS CLUBS, WITH A FEW REMARKS BY THE ANCIENT AMATEUR.

White.

LONDON.

1. K. P. 2 squares.
2. K. Kt. to K. B. 3d square.
3. Q. P. 2 squares.
4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th square.
5. Q. B. P. 1 square.
6. K. castles.
7. Q. Kt. takes P.
8. Q. Kt. to adv. Q. 4th square.
9. Q. Kt. P. 2 squares.
10. Q. Kt. takes Kt.
11. K. Kt. to adv. K. Kt. 4th square.
12. Q. B. to Q. Kt. 2d square.
13. Q. to Q. Kt. 3d square.
14. K. Kt. takes K. B. P.
15. Q. takes K. B.
16. K. B. P. 2 squares.
17. Q. takes Kt.
18. Q. to Q. B. 3d square.
19. K. B. P. 1 square.
20. K. R. to K. B. 4th. square.
21. K. P. 1 square.
22. Q. takes P.
23. Q. R. to K. square.
- *24. K. B. P. 1 square.
- ** 25. K. R. to adv. K. B. 4th square.
- *** 26. Q. to adv. Q. B. 4th square, checking.
27. K. R. takes P. checking.
- **** 28. Q. takes P. checking.
29. B. to Q. 4th square.
30. Q. to adv. Q. 4th square, checking.
31. Q. to adv. K. Kt. 4th square, checking.
32. Q. B. checks.
33. Q. to adv. Q. 4th square.
34. Q. to adv. Q. Kt. 2d square.
35. K. B. P. checks.
36. R. to K. B. square, checking.
37. Q. to K. 4th square, checking.
38. Q. to adv. K. square, checking.
39. Q. to adv. K. Kt. square, checking.
40. K. Kt. P. 2 squares.
41. Q. takes Q. R.
42. K. to K. R. square.
43. B. to Q. R. 3d square,
44. Q. to adv. Q. B. 3d square.
45. Q. takes Q. Kt. P.
46. K. to K. Kt. square.

Black.

EDINBURGH.

1. K. P. 2 squares.
2. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3d square.
3. K. P. takes P.
4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th square.
5. Q. to K. 2d square.
6. P. takes P.
7. Q. P. 1 square.
8. Q. to her 2d square.
9. Q. Kt. takes P.
10. K. B. takes Kt.
11. K. Kt. to K. R. 3d square.
12. K. to K. B. square.
13. Q. to K. 2d. square.
14. K. Kt. takes Kt.
15. K. Kt. to K. 4th square.
16. Kt. takes K. B.
17. Q. to K. B. 2d. square.
18. Q. B. to K. 3d square.
19. Q. B. to adv. Q. B. 4th. square.
20. Q. Kt. P. 2 squares.
21. P. takes P.
22. K. R. P. 1 square.
23. K. R. to K. R. 2d.
24. K. Kt. P. 2 squares.
25. Q. R. P. 2 squares.
26. K. to K. Kt. square.
27. P. takes R.
28. K. to K. B. square.
29. B. to K. 3d square.
30. K. to K. Kt. square.
31. K. to K. B. square.
32. K. to his square.
33. Q. R. to its 3d square.
34. Q. to K. R. 4th square.
35. K. takes P.
36. K. to Kt. 3d square.
37. B. interposes.
38. R. interposes.
39. K. to K. B. 3d square.
40. Q. R. to its square.
41. Q. takes P. checking.
42. R. to Q. 2d square.
43. K. to K. B. 2d square.
44. R. to adv. Q. square.
45. Q. to adv. K. 4th square, checking.
46. K. to K. Kt. 3d square.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
LONDON.	EDINBURGH.
47. Q. to Q. Kt. 2d square.	47. Q. to adv. K. Kt. 4th sq. checking.
48. Q. to K. Kt. 2d square.	48. Q. takes Q. checking.
49. K. takes Q.	49. B. to adv. K. R. 3d square, checking.
50. K. takes B.	50. R. takes R.
51. B. to adv. K. 2d square.	51. Q. R. P. 1 square.
52. Q. R. P. 1 square.	52. R. to K. B. 4th square.

WHITE RESIGNED THE GAME.

* (24). This is the move by which the London Chess Club lost the advantage of position. It is evident that if they had checked with the Queen at the adverse Queen's Bishop's fourth square, and afterwards played the Rook to adverse King's second, they would have won the game in a few moves. Mr. Lewis, in his note on the bad move made by the London Club, observes, that "it would *also* have been good play to have checked with the Queen! *Also* good play! why it was decidedly the best move, and to this conclusion, as we shall see presently, the editor is obliged to come at last, though he is evidently unwilling to state distinctly at what point of the game the error was really committed.

** (25). This move is much worse than the preceding one, because the London Club have now put it out of their power to exchange the Rook for the adverse Bishop, on which exchange the strength of their game depended.

*** (26). On this move Mr. Lewis has the following note. "This is not the best move; white ought to have played as in the ninth variation, or have moved B. to Q. fourth square." Of course when the reader refers to the ninth variation, he expects that it will commence at this 26th move—the first move, be it remembered, which is admitted not to be the best. Not a bit of it! This ninth variation commences at the 24th move; at that very point of the game where the editor told us it would have been *also* good play to have made a move, which is now indirectly admitted to have been the best on the board.

**** (28.) Here the London Club might have drawn the game, by giving perpetual check; and I repeat, that the way in which the game was played after this juncture, would have been discreditable to a fourth-rate amateur in the days of M. de Legalle. The attack was well conducted by the London Club up to the 24th move, and the Edinburgh players, in the early part of the game, made but a feeble defence. The 19th move of the Scotch Club, however, discovers considerable penetration, as it parries several ingenious trains of play, which are skillfully analysed in Mr. Lewis's fourth variation. The 40th move, (Q. to its R. square) which transfers the attack to the Scotch Club, though under the circumstances of the game sufficiently obvious, is well played. Did this resource of their adversaries escape the London Club, or did they rely on their own 44th and 45th moves, which are absolutely *coups de mazette*?

LYING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.*

AMELIA OPIE (for, since her clothes have turned grey, we will not offend her venerable ears with any worldly title), plain Amelia Opie has put forth from the Norwich press two little volumes full of simple "round unvarnished tales," calculated, as she imagines, good easy woman! to cleanse away every lie from the face of the globe. To attack lying "in all its branches" is no trifling undertaking; it is to guillotine a hydra! to run falsehood to the earth wherever it is found is a task fit only for those solemn and persevering hunters—those steady followers of the *fox*, who are never to be driven or allured from the scent of truth. Amelia is a late convert to close caps and dove-coloured lutestring, and having been "a pretty particular considerable" number of years addicted to gay parties, excessive novels, the luxuries of society, and gorgeous apparel, she feels called upon to be doubly diligent in her new character; and to her anxiety to atone for certain previous publications, *not* founded on fact, we presume it is owing that she now has taken to writing good books—books full of stark-naked truths; all redounding to her immaculate glory; and intended to be profitable to all descriptions of persons, save those six worthy martyrs to truth, Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green!

The dedication, which is strictly *friendly*, is addressessed by the authoress to her father, and is about as pretty a specimen of *thowing* and *theeing* as any thing on record, from the times of Fox and Dewsbury down to those of Colonel Berkeley and Maria Foote. Would it not have been better if the style had been preserved throughout the stories—*truths*, we should say; Amelia has done with *stories* in all their branches!

TO DR. ALDERSON, OF NORWICH.

To thee, my beloved Father, I dedicated my first, and to thee I also dedicate my present, work;—with the pleasing conviction that thou art disposed to form a favourable judgment of any production, however humble, which has a tendency to promote the moral and religious welfare of mankind.

AMELIA OPIE.

There can be no doubt that lying of most kinds, and particularly with an evil intent, is a very besetting and a very sad sin; and, it is, at all times, a delightful thing to find a powerful writer levelling a pen against it, and unaffectedly labouring for its destruction. Lying has been the great game of moral writers time out of mind, and we are the last persons to wish that the cultivation of truth should be discouraged. But really we are not prepared to go with Amelia Opie the length of all her lying! she scarcely leaves us a sham truth to our backs. Not a thing that is said, not a thing that is done, escapes some one of her classifications; and the intention to deceive is found lurking in every word, thought, and deed, of poor lying man and woman. There are, according to the au-

* Illustrations of Lying, in all its Branches. By Amelia Opie. In Two Volumes. London, Longman and Co.

thoress' new view of society, Lies of Vanity, Lies of Flattery, Lies of Convenience, Lies of Interest, Lies of Fear, Lies of *first-rate* Malignity, Lies of second ditto, Lies of real Benevolence, and so on. The *intention to deceive* is the lie. Uncle Bowling was unconsciously unfolding a great truth, when he said, "I thought—but I *thought* a damned lie!" The lie was formed and perfect, though in the shell.

With the greatest respect for Amelia Opie's intentions, we see nothing in her work to induce us to abandon the good old proverb, that "the truth is not to be spoken at all times." This withholding the truth is, we know, a lie of some colour with Amelia; and we expect that she will, after this our confession, look upon us as a band of gentlemen whose word is as hollow as a Mexican mine. Truth however, *above proof*, we must think is *too* strong for poor weak society, as it is at present constituted; and we are disposed to approve of a *leetle* lowering—a little wholesome "intention to deceive" at its proper season, as something more likely to do good than great, strong, raw, unadulterated truth. It is hard to be pushed thus, by the overweening zeal of a red-hot moral writer, to argue as though we were sheer, direct enemies to truth; but the extremity to which Amelia drives an argument leaves us no alternative.

The preface is a delicate composition; but, with all the care of the authoress, it is scarcely free from a few of the *intentions to deceive*, which in any other writer would be extremely pardonable. She first apologizes for using so rough a word as "lying," but, being most consonant to the *strict truth*, she takes it into her place of all work, and labours it handsomely. Then as to her modesty about her own powers—"Oh! Amelia!" (as Booth says in Fielding's incomparable *lie*), "Oh! my Amelia! what a perfect woman thou art!" But our readers shall have the preface.

I am aware that a preface must be short, if its author aspires to have it read. I shall therefore content myself with making a very few preliminary observations, which I wish to be considered as apologies.

My first apology is, for having throughout my book made use of the words lying and lies, instead of some gentler term, or some easy paraphrase, by which I might have avoided the risk of offending the delicacy of any of my readers.

Our great satirist speaks of a Dean who was a favourite at the church where he officiated, because

"He never mentioned hell to ears polite,"—

and I fear that to "ears polite," my coarseness, in uniformly calling lying and lies by their real names, may sometimes be offensive.

But, when writing a book against lying, I was obliged to express my meaning in the manner most consonant to the *strict truth*; nor could I employ any words with such propriety as those hallowed and sanctioned for use, on such an occasion, by the practice of inspired and holy men of old.

Moreover, I believe that those who accustom themselves to call lying and lies by a softening appellation, are in danger of weakening their aversion to the fault itself.

My second apology is, for presuming to come forward, with such apparent boldness, as a didactic writer, and a teacher of truths, which I ought to believe that every one knows already, and better than I do.

But I beg permission to deprecate the charge of presumption and self-conceit, by declaring that I pretend not to lay before my readers any new knowledge; my only aim is to bring to their recollection knowledge which they already possess, but do not constantly recall and act upon.

I am to them, and to my subject, what the picture cleaner is to the picture; the restorer to observation of what is valuable, and not the artist who created it.

In the next place, I wish to remind them that a weak hand is as able as a powerful one to hold a mirror, in which we may see any defects in our dress or person.

In the last place, I venture to assert that there is not in my whole book a more common-place truth, than that kings are but men, and that monarchs, as well as their subjects, must surely die.

Notwithstanding, Philip of Macedon was so conscious of his liability to forget this awful truth, that he employed a monitor to follow him every day, repeating in his ear, "Remember thou art but a man." And he who gave this salutary admonition neither possessed superiority of wisdom, nor pretended to possess it.

All, therefore, that I require of my readers is to do me the justice to believe that, in the following work, my pretensions have been as humble, and as confined, as those of the REMEMBRANCER OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.

AMELIA OPIE.

Let us now venture into the tales, which being truths themselves (of course there is not a false fact in a single page of the two volumes) are to lead us to truth!—and, first, for the Lies, active and passive, of Vanity.

Suppose, that in order to give myself consequence, I were to assert that I was actually acquainted with certain great and distinguished personages whom I had merely met in fashionable society. Suppose also, I were to say that I was at such a place, and such an assembly on such a night, without adding, that I was there, not as an invited guest, but only because a benefit concert was held at these places for which I had tickets.—These would both be lies of vanity; but the one would be an active, the other a passive, lie.

In the first I should assert a direct falsehood, in the other I should withhold part of the truth; but both would be lies, because, in both, my intention was to deceive.*

I am myself convinced, that a passive lie is equally as irreconcilable to moral principles as an active one, but I am well aware that most persons are of a different opinion. Yet, I would say to those who thus differ from me, if you allow yourselves to violate truth—that is, to *deceive* for any purpose whatever—who can say where this sort of self-indulgence will submit to be bounded? Can you be sure that you will not, when strongly tempted, utter what is equally false; in order to benefit yourself at the expense of a fellow-creature?

All mortals are, at times, accessible to temptation; but, when we are not exposed to it, we dwell with complacency on our means of resisting it, on our principles, and our tried and experienced self-denial: but, as the life-boat, and the safety-gun, which succeeded in all that they were made to do while the sea was calm, and the winds still, have been known to fail when the vessel was tost on a tempestuous ocean; so those who may successfully oppose principle to temptation when the tempest of the passions is not awakened within their bosoms, may sometimes be overwhelmed by its power when it meets them in all its awful energy and unexpected violence.

But in every warfare against human corruption, *habitual resistance to little temptations is, next to prayer, the most efficacious aid.* He who is to be trained for public exhibitions of feats of strength, is made to carry small weights at first, which are daily increased in heaviness, till, at last, he is almost unconsciously able to bear, with ease, the greatest weight possible to be borne by man. In like manner, those who resist the

* This passive lie is a very frequent one in certain circles in London; as many ladies and gentlemen there purchase tickets for benefit concerts held at great houses, in order that they may be able to say, "I was at Lady such a one's on such a night."

daily temptation to tell what are apparently trivial and innocent lies, will be better able to withstand allurements to serious and important deviations from truth, and be more fortified in the hour of more severe temptation against every species of dereliction from integrity.

"The lovely Marcia towers above her sex!" We could listen for ever to this white sort of discourse, this lecture in the shape of a novel, which falls like tenderness from Amelia's tongue! One sad lie of vanity is, to quote the words of the authoress, "The violation of truth which persons indulge in relative to their age; an error so generally committed, especially by the unmarried of both sexes, that few persons can expect to be believed, when declaring their age at an advanced period of life." This is a lie of a very delicate tint, and we touch upon it with very considerable tenderness. No persons, after this disclosure, need be very nice about their age; no given old lady, seeing that a truth would be thrown away, for she would be sure to be thought a liar "at an advanced period," need hesitate at dropping a score or two of years. She may own *short*, for she cannot expect to be believed if she *looks* old, and says she is old. But "this is a tender subject now to speak on!"

The active Lie of Vanity is illustrated by a story of a stage coach. A merchant, one Burford, is rich, and has a spoiled daughter, educated and spoiled by her grandmother. The riches for the purposes of truth, suddenly go; and Mr. Burford retires to a small cottage in Wales, with an amiable wife, and his vain daughter. The latter travels in a stage coach, ogles a creditor's son, boasts of hot-houses and luxuries to two assignees of her papa; and, in short, *lies* him into infinite trouble; for the two creditors were travelling for the express purpose of setting old Mr. Burford on his legs again. The great patron of Mr. Burford, Sir James Allberry, gives him up on the creditor's account; and Mr. Burford, having ascertained from his daughter's confession the cause of his being so forsaken, sets out to put himself right with the patron. He travels with little money, and is taken ill on the road, and just at the time that the patron, persuaded by his wife to go himself and see that he was not acting with injustice to the decayed merchant, is travelling to Wales. A delicate investigation takes place at the Red Lion, in Woodstock. Old Burford is delirious, and the truth comes out. Like Lear, he mutters that his "unkind daughter has brought him to all this!" Lady Allberry (the patroness) listens, "I know him," she cried, bursting into tears, and out of the room; "we will be answerable for all expenses." This was a pleasant truth to the landlord, who perhaps sniffed an intention to deceive, in Old Burford. All matters are cleared up. Mrs. Burford is made happy, and the daughter, reformed into a pattern of virtue, atones for the past, and marries the creditor's son, whom she had ogled in the coach, which is a reward for her lying, we grieve to find allotted to her.

Such are the outlines of this moral tale. Our friend Mrs. Opie has been unusually happy in bending the language of Leadenhall-street to

her will, and reducing the ready made sentences of the Minerva Press to a good purpose. We will just give our readers a taste of this worthy story; and they will be pleased to relish the easy way in which the incidents accommodate themselves to Amelia's objects.

As Lady Alberry was going to her chamber, on the second night of their journey, she was startled by the sound of deep groans, and a sort of delirious raving, from a half-open door. "Surely, said she to the landlady, who was conducting her, there is some one very ill in that room."—"Oh dear! yes, my lady; a poor man who was picked up on the road yesterday. He had walked all the way from the heart of Wales, till he was so tired, he got on a coach; and he supposes that, from weakness, he fell off in the night; and not being missed, he lay till he was found and brought hither."—"Has any medical man seen him?"—"Not yet: for our surgeon lives a good way off; and, as he had his senses when he first came, we hoped he was not much hurt. He was able to tell us that he only wanted a garret, as he was very poor; and yet, my lady, he looks and speaks so like a gentleman!"—"Poor creature! he must be attended to, and a medical man sent for directly, as he is certainly not sensible *now*."—"Hark! he is raving again, and all about his wife, and I cannot tell what."—"I should like to see him," said Lady Alberry, whose heart always yearned towards the afflicted; "and I think that I am myself no bad doctor." Accordingly, she entered the room just as the sick man exclaimed, in his delirium, "Cruel Sir James! I a fraudulent... Oh! my dearest Anna!"...and Lady Alberry recognized, in the poor raving being before her, the calumniated Burford! "I know him!" she cried, bursting into tears; we will be answerable for all expenses." She then went in search of Sir James: and having prepared him as tenderly as she could for the painful scene which awaited him, she led him to the bedside of the unconscious invalid:—then, while Sir James, shocked and distressed beyond measure, interrogated the landlady, Lady Alberry examined the nearly thread-bare coat of the *supposed rich man*, which lay on the bed, and searched for the slenderly-filled purse, of which he had himself spoken. She found there Sir James's letter, which had, she doubted not, occasioned his journey and his illness; and which, therefore, in an agony of repentant feeling, her husband tore *into atoms*. In the same pocket he found Annabel's confession; and when they left the chamber, having vainly waited in hopes of being recognized by the poor invalid, they returned to their fellow-travellers, carrying with them the evidences of Burford's scanty means, in corroboration of the tale of suffering and fatigue which they had to relate. "See!" said Lady Alberry, holding up the coat, and emptying the purse on the table, "are these signs of opulence? and is travelling on foot, in a hot June day, a proof of splendid living?" While the harsh creditor, as he listened to the tale of delirium, and read the confession of Annabel, regretted the hasty credence which he had given to her falsehoods.

Annabel Danvers, late Burford, the daughter, becomes a mother and wife, or wife and mother rather, at the end of the story, and it is pleasing to find her excessively reformed, and preaching against the lie of vanity to the ten little Miss Danvers, "whether active or passive." "Not," said this original cultivator of the pimpled tongue, "that retributive justice in this world, like that which attended mine, may always follow your falsehoods, or those of others; but because all lying is contrary to the moral law of God, and that the liar, as scripture tells us, is not only liable to punishment and disgrace here, but will be the object of certain and more awful punishment in the world to come."

The second tale is entitled "Unexpected Discoveries," and is written to illustrate the *Passive Lie of Vanity*. Darcy Pennington, (what an

ingenious name) on the death of his father and mother, "a pious and worthy couple," (as a dead father and mother invariably are) is driven into a merchant's counting-house by a prose uncle, who could not perceive him to be one of the first geniuses. Darcy, however, is a young gentleman of remarkable talent, and in a very short time elevated himself "from the *unpaid* contributor to the poetical columns of a newspaper, to the *paid* writer in a popular magazine; while his poems, signed *Alfred*, became objects of eager expectation." All this fame is unknown to the friends of Darcy. They knew not that he was the great Z of Blackwood's, at two guineas a sheet. At length he publishes "a volume of Poems and Hymns!" under the name of Alfred, and the Reviews and Journals are mad about its merits. But nobody knows the pious writer! He wrote in the Eclectic, and no one knew it!

The relatives and friends of *Alfred* look upon him as a worthy young gentleman, but never suspect that they are in possession of one of the jewels of "purest ray serene."

Yet, it may be asked, was it possible that a young man, so gifted, could conceal his abilities from observation?

Oh, yes. Darcy, to borrow Addison's metaphor concerning himself, though he could draw a bill for 1000*l.* had never any small change in his pocket. Like him, he could write, but he could not talk; he was discouraged in a moment; and the slightest rebuff made him hesitate to a painful degree. He had, however, some flattering moments, even amidst his relations and friends; for he heard them repeating his verses, and singing his songs. *He had also far greater joy in hearing his hymns in places of public worship; and then, too much choked with grateful emotion to join in the devotional chorus himself, he used to feel his own soul raised to heaven upon those wings which he had furnished for others.* At SUCH moments he longed to discover himself as the author; but was withheld by the fear that his songs would cease to be admired, and his hymns would lose their usefulness, if it were known that he had written them. However, he resolved to *feel his way*; and once, on hearing a song of his commended, he ventured to observe, "I think I can write as good a one."—"You!" cried his uncle; what a conceited boy! I remember that you used to scribble verses when a child; but I thought you had been laughed out of that nonsense."—"My dear fellow, nature never meant thee for a poet, believe me," said one of his cousins conceitedly,—a young collegian. "No, no: like the girl in the drama, thou would'st make 'love' and 'joy' rhyme, and know no better."

Darcy writes another volume, which "is more potent than the first." He resolves to visit his native place, where dwelleth Julia Vane, (so-ho!) and accordingly pockets his manuscript, full of what Mrs. Opie calls the printer's marks, (though what they are she does not explain) and sets off for D——. On the first night he offers to read his tale; but his old guardian very warily evades the kind nuisance, for as the aunt assures him, "they are engaged elsewhere." The party go to the party. A Capt. Eustace volunteers the reading of a popular volume, of which he suffers himself to be thought the author. Darcy starts at finding the volume no other than his own production. Like Mrs. Montague, he finds the little dark thing is his own!

After the reading was over, every one crowded round the reader, whose manner of receiving their thanks was such, as to make every one but Darcy believe the work was

his own; and never was the PASSIVE LIE OF VANITY more completely exhibited; while Darcy, intoxicated, as it were, by the feelings of gratified authorship, and the hopes excited by Julia's words, thanked him again and again for the admirable manner in which he had read the book; declaring, with great earnestness, that he could never have done it such justice himself; adding, that this evening was the happiest of his life.

The end of all this is, that Darcy contrives to read his MS. in the presence of Capt. Eustace, Julia, and his friends. The triumph over the *passive* lie is immense! Truth, of course, is rewarded with Julia Vane.

"What is all this?" cried Sir Hugh at last, who with the uncle and aunt had listened in silent wonder. "Why, Eustace, I thought you owned that."—"That I deny; I *owned nothing*;" he eagerly replied.—"You *insisted* on it, nay, every body insisted, that I was the *author* of the beautiful work which I read, and of other things; and if Mr. Pennington asserts that he is the author, I give him joy of his genius and his fame!"—"What do I hear!" cried the aunt; "Mr. Darcy Pennington a genius, and famous, and I not suspect it!"—"Impossible!" cried his uncle, pettishly; "that dull fellow turn out a wit! It cannot be. What! are you Alfred, boy? I cannot credit it; for if so, I have been dull indeed;" while his sons seemed to feel as much mortification as surprise. "My dear uncle," said Darcy, "I am now a professed author. I wrote the work which you heard last night. Here it is in the manuscript, as returned by the printer; and here is the last proof of the second edition, which I received at the post-office just now, directed to A. B.; which is, I think, *proof positive* that I may be Alfred also, who, by your certainly *impartial* praises, is for *this* evening, at least, in his own eyes elevated into ALFRED THE GREAT."

The Lies of Flattery are next on the list; and these, according to our authoress's notions, are lies of a very bad character. "The lies of benevolence, even when they can be resolved into lies of flattery, may be denominated amiable lies; (fie! fie!) but the lie of flattery is usually uttered by the bad-hearted and censorious: therefore, to the term of LIE OF FLATTERY, might be added an *alias*—the LIE OF MALEVOLENCE." We regret to find that any thing can be allowed an *alias*; but Mrs. Opie seems to reason her lies into a state of confusion. The amiable lie, or lie of benevolence, may be resolved into a lie of flattery; and then the lie of flattery might be termed the lie of malevolence. The lies are a little mixed here!

THE TURBAN; OR THE LIE OF FLATTERY.

Some persons are such determined flatterers both by nature and habit, that they flatter unconsciously, and almost involuntarily.—Such a flatterer was Jemima Aldred; but, as the narrowness of her fortune made her unable to purchase the luxuries of life in which she most delighted, she was also a *conscious* and *voluntary* flatterer whenever she was with those who had it in their power to indulge her favourite inclinations.

Lady Delaval, a lady accustomed to flattery in small doses, is so *drenched* by Jemima, that she resolves on exposing the young *Liaress*. An opportunity soon offers itself.

After tea, Lady Delaval desired her maid to bring her down the *foundation* for a *turban*, which she was going to pin up, and some other finery prepared for the same purpose; and in a short time the most splendid materials for millinery shone upon the table. When she began her task, her other guests, Jemima excepted, worked also, but she was sufficiently employed, she said, in watching the creative and tasteful fingers of her friend. At first, Lady Delaval made the turban of silver tissue; and Jemima

was in ecstasies ; but the next moment she declared that covering to be too simple, and Jemima thought so too ;—while she was in equal ecstasies at the effect of a gaudy many-coloured gauze which replaced its modest costliness. But still her young companions openly preferred the silver covering, declaring that the gay one could only be tolerated if nothing else of showy ornament were superadded. They gave, however, their opinion in vain. Coloured stones, a gold band, and a green spun-glass feather, were all in their turn heaped upon this showy head dress, while Jemima exulted over every fresh addition, and admired it as a new proof of Lady Delaval's taste. "Now, then, it is completed," cried Lady Delaval ; "but no ; suppose I add a scarlet feather to the green one ;" "Oh ! that would be superb ;" and having given this desirable finish to her performance, Lady Delaval and Jemima declared it to be perfect ; but the rest of the company were too honest to commend it. Lady Delaval then put it on her head ; and it was as unbecoming as it was ugly : but Jemima exclaimed that her dear friend had never worn any thing before in which she looked so well, adding, "But then *she* looks well in *every thing*. However, that lovely turban would become any one."

Jemima praises with a liberality beyond all bounds, and Lady Delaval, on the ensuing day, sends a letter with the turban, and a ticket "for an Astronomical Lecture on the Grand Transparent Orrery," requesting the fair flatterer to wear the first, and visit the last, and promising to call for her. Jemima is struck aghast at the crazy turban and the entertainment, and after much lamentation, affects the tooth-ache, which is also putting a *practical lie* in her mouth, and so avoids the tinsel and the stars. Lady Delaval calls the next day with the moral and a new Leghorn bonnet, and Jemima very quietly avails herself of the latter, and leaves the moral to be its own exceeding great reward. We fear the present of the *Leghorn* was not likely to amend the young lady's complimentary habits.

The Lies of Fear follow ; and it appears that no persons are so guilty of this kind of lie as negligent correspondents, whose excuses for not writing sooner are mere lies of fear, "fear of having forfeited favour by too long a silence."

As the lie of fear always proceeds, as I before observed, from a want of *moral courage*, it is often the result of want of resolution to say "no," when "yes" is more agreeable to the feelings of the questioner. "Is not my new gown pretty ?" "Is not my new hat becoming ?" "Is not my coat of a good colour ?" There are few persons who have courage to say "no," even to these trivial questions ; though the negative would be *truth*, and the affirmative, *falsehood*. And still less are they able to be honest in their replies to questions of a more delicate nature. "Is not my last work the best ?" "Is not my wife beautiful ?" "Is not my daughter agreeable ?" "Is not my son a fine youth ?"—those insnaring questions, which contented and confiding egotism is only too apt to ask.

We are touching upon delicate ground here. "Is not my last work the best ?" We must not prevaricate ; we are goaded to speak the truth ; we must say—NO !

The lie of fear is illustrated by a story. Lady Leslie (is not *Lady* a *lie* ?) asks a young officer, who is going to Worcester, to put a letter, with an inclosure of money, and addressed to a poor man in distress, into the post. Capt. Freeland, (query Freeling !) promises to execute the commission, and fails to keep his promise. When he unexpectedly

meets Lady Leslie, he tells the lie of fear; in short, he declares he put the letter into the post. Lady L. becomes pensive; the letter inclosed money for the benefit of a poor lying-in woman.

"Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as (but owing to no fault of his) he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on!

The Captain is in agonies; he flies to hock and champagne for relief, and then takes a place in the mail, and hastens to London and the *lying-in* woman (this even is one of the branches of *lying* not neglected by Mrs. Opie)—cures the sick husband, relieves all around him, and thus relieves himself; and so returns, a rectified liar, to Lady Leslie.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion: as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

Next follow the lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence,—*falsely* called,—surely to say, a lie is a lie, is no lie; but this strict particularity leads us into sad difficulties. The illustration is a tale of potted sprats. A young lady praised some of these dainties done in garlic, and is pushed on through a whole course of them, lying and sputtering, flattering and sickening, until she is fairly poisoned into a love of truth.

The Lies of Convenience afford "a very copious subject," and our authoress is quite herself upon it.

I have now before me a very copious subject: and shall begin by that most common *lie of convenience*; the order to servants, to say "Not at home;" a custom which even some moralists defend, because they say that it is no lying; as it deceives no one. But this I deny;—as I know that it is often *meant* to deceive. I know that if the person, angry at being refused admittance, says, at the next meeting with the denied person, "I am sure you *were* at home such a day, when I called, but did not *choose to see me*," the answer is, "O dear, no;—how can you say so? I am *sure* I was not at home;—for I am never *denied to you*;" though the speaker is conscious all the while that "not at home" was intended to deceive, and is a form used merely to exclude visitors with as little trouble as possible, I would ask whether it were not just as easy to say, "my master, or my mistress, is engaged; and can see no one this morning." Why have recourse even to the appearance of falsehood, when truth would answer every purpose just as well.

But, if "not at home" be understood, amongst *equals*, merely as a legitimate excuse, it still is highly objectionable; because it must have a most pernicious effect on the minds of *servants*, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact amongst their superiours, and must therefore understand the order *literally*; which is, "go, and lie for my convenience!" How then, I ask, in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which servants may choose to tell me for their own convenience, pleasure, or interest?

The Lies of Convenience are numerous indeed! Those relative to unpleasant engagements; "headaches, bad colds, unexpected visitors from the country;" all such are evils which our rigid writer would with her own pure pen utterly exterminate. There is only one tale, however,

and a short one too, to all these lies—but our room will not permit us to do more than allude to the remaining illustrations.

The Lies of Interest are said to be “very various and *more excusable* and *less offensive* than many others.” Amelia! Surely, surely we read not thy sentences aright. Yea! we look again and find that the words are so put down! Why,—why should a lie of interest be more excusable?—a lie of benevolence, as it is termed, is to our taste, infinitely more pardonable—but what is the lie of convenience but the lie of interest? What the lie of flattery, but the same? We perceive a sort of anxiety not to run down this lie of interest, this *Quaker lie*, in the tender forgiveness of the interested lie, which is highly creditable to Mrs. Opie’s discretion. She informs you that the tradesman who tells you he cannot afford to come down in his prices, because he gave almost as much for the goods himself, is no very *abandoned liar*!

It is not from persons like these that we meet with the most disgusting marks of interested falsehood. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those whom independence preserves from any strong temptation to violate truth, and whom religion and education might have taught to value it.

The ladies in close caps, that sold blue night caps and coarse flannel petticoats at Squibb’s Auction-rooms for the benefit of their own good names and bad fellow creatures, traded on this principle; and it would therefore be flying in the face of her own sect for Amelia to denounce this “not very abandoned lie” in her usual set terms. We like her dove-coloured tact.

“The lie of *first-rate* Malignity,” for malignity has its degrees of lying, would require, one would think no illustration. This lie however is not without its tale: but we must on!

The lies of *second-rate* Malignity are lies of a very delicate and tender nature—but let the authoress describe them herself.

I shall now explain what I consider as lies of *SECOND-RATE* MALIGNITY;—namely, tempting persons, by dint of flattery, to do what they are incapable of doing well, from the mean, malicious wish of leading them to expose themselves, in order that their tempter may enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense. Persuading a man to drink more than his head can bear, by assurances that *the wine is not strong*, and that he has not drunk so much as he thinks he has, in order to make him intoxicated, and that his persuaders may enjoy the cruel delight of witnessing his drunken silliness, his probable vainglorious boastings, and those physical contortions, or mental weaknesses, which intoxication is always sure to produce. Complimenting either man or woman on qualities which they do not possess, in hopes of imposing on their credulity; *praising a lady’s work*, or dress, to her face; and then, as soon as she is no longer present, not only abusing both her work and her dress, but laughing at her weakness, in believing the praise sincere. Lavishing encomiums on a man’s abilities and learning in his presence; and then, as soon as he is out of hearing, expressing contempt for his credulous belief in the sincerity of the praises bestowed; and wonder that he should be so blind and conceited as not to know that he was in learning only a smatterer, and in understanding just not a fool. All these are lies of *second-rate malignity*, which cannot be exceeded in *base and petty treachery*.

“Your lies” are here nicely anatomized! pushing the bottle;—a lie!—declaring your claret is not strong; a lie!—tempting a lady to

write a book ; a lie !—praising said book ; a lie !—praising a Duchess's, stomacher and abusing her train ; a lie !—an odious damned lie !—" a wicked lie ; upon my soul a lie !" A simple story illustrates these second-hand lies, and closes the first volume, as far as the stories are concerned.

The authoress however does not close her first volume without a little more of her sage reasoning on the lies of benevolence. She objects to a relative or medical man deceiving a dying person with hope :

Methinks I hear some of my readers exclaim, can any one suppose it a duty to run the risk of killing friends or relations, by telling the whole truth ; that is, informing them that they are dying ! But, if the patients be not really dying, or in danger, no risk is incurred ; and if they be near death, which is it of most importance to consider, —their momentary quiet here, or their interest hereafter ? Besides, many of those persons who would think that, for spiritual reasons merely, a disclosure of the truth was improper, and who declare that, on *such occasions*, falsehood is *virtue*, and concealment, humanity, would hold a different language, and act differently, were the unconsciously-dying person one who was known not to *have made a will*, and who had *considerable property to dispose of*. Then, consideration for their own temporal interests, or for those of others, would probably make them advise or adopt a contrary proceeding. Yet, who that seriously reflects can, for a moment, put worldly interests in any comparison with those of a spiritual nature ?

This is what lawyers call *over-proving* a case. The writer says, " if the patients be not really dying, or in danger, no risk is incurred ; "—no, but a lie is then incurred, and a lie which might bring its consequence ! In nervous complaints, would it be proper to come thrusting the great ruinous truth upon the patient, for no other purpose than to satisfy the minds of shallow and conceited moralists ? Mrs. Opie seems here to feel that she is writing herself into a belief.

There are two stories to illustrate these lies ; " Mistaken Kindness," and " Father and Son." The latter tale is told more in Mrs. Opie's " old original" manner, and is worth a hundred pages of her *grey propriety*.

Practical Lies are the last. Acted, and not uttered lies. These are much assisted by dress. False hair is a lie, if it be made to resemble the genuine hair ;—but if a wig were made of feathers or grey silk, it would be a lie of second-rate malignity. It is " the attempt to deceive," that forms the crime. For a lady to paint her cheek or darken her eye-brow is to lie ; not so, if she were to crimson her eye-brow and *charcoal* her cheek, because no one would be deceived. Miss Wallace's stays are all lies ! for they pretend symmetry ; if they were to follow the meanderings of the spine, they would be less culpable, and doubtless less attended to. Cork hips and horse-hair bosoms, are downright falsehoods.

A man with a bald head must not cover it, neither must he *improve* his leg ; if he do, he is a liar, and we say so !

These are not all ! your practical lies are a large family, as Liston says of the logs ! Mock pearls are lies of a first-rate malignity. Even

purchasing a paste pin with an intent to utter it in your frill is a ditto! —Passing off gooseberry wine (listen to this, you Mr. ——), passing off gooseberry wine at dinner for real champagne, is a LIE! There, call us out if you like! Mrs. Opie is our authority! Being a doctor, and being fetched out of church, under a pretence of having a patient, is a falsehood. And (woe be it to all of us poor devils!) making your publisher put second and third editions to a work when the first is not sold, is a lie!

Amelia devotes four or five pages to the proving all school-boys liars, when they get assisted in their exercises. Every editor of a Magazine is a liar for not writing the whole number. Assistance is a lie!

There is a very pretty chapter on “White Lying,” which ought to do good, and we can safely recommend it to young beginners. The remainder of the volume (nearly two hundred pages) is made up of extracts from “Lord Bacon and others” in support of the great cause.

After reading our *Friend's* work, we are almost disposed to “doubt truth to be a liar,” so pregnant does every thing appear to be with filthy falsehood. We are not quite aware of Mrs. Opie's object in scouting *Romance* thus vehemently and suddenly, particularly after her long devotion to the cause of fiction; but if she expects to break up the great masquerade of the world, and strip away all disguise, and could succeed in her attempt, worse vices than that which she calls lying would follow her triumph. Her aim however may be a very harmless one, to recommend herself perhaps with her new society of friends, or with some amiable member of that society, whose esteem may be secured by the zeal of the lady in the cause of truth. If such be her aim, we wish her well.

SECOND EXHIBITION

OF THE

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, IN SUFFOLK-STREET.

FIRST VISIT.

OF the two picture galleries, the anti-room is the best filled: that is to say, it contains fewer exceptionable articles, looking at the number and dimensions of the works exhibited, than the great room, where there is a remarkable paucity of historical works, and of good portraits. The four great central spaces, above *the line*, are occupied, three of them by portraits, and one by an history-piece, none of which appears like the corner stone of a new establishment of art, or does much credit to its author. From the pencil of Heaphy, who used to be spoken of as

one of the main pillars of the edifice, there is nothing historical and conspicuous; Hofland has not advanced; and Richter, whose buxom *Widow* had so many admirers last year, appears to be a deserter.

In the place of *The Widow*, there hangs, however, a splendid picture of *Dead Game*, &c. from the pencil of B. Blake; an artist whose name is new to us, and with whose performance we were much delighted. It was difficult to get a peep at it from the great number of spectators at the *private view*, and from the smallness of its dimensions, it requires a near approach in order to judge of its merits; but it appeared to be composed and treated something in the Gerard Dow style, anglicised; and, to afford a powerful and rich display of the most vivid colours, which come upon the eye like clustered jewellery, in all its sparkling varieties, when the gems are well arranged. Among the dead game, a peacock and a pheasant are resplendent and conspicuous; a rich rug or carpet; a cut ham, and a shining Dutch kettle, bright brass within and black without, are also there; and among the inferior objects, a saddle, a lantern, and a chopping block. All are exquisitely finished. Mr. Blake seems resolved to invade Heaphy in his most popular department, and well prepared to maintain his resolution. Beyond the pantry or larder, an English stable affords a good back-ground.

Northcote seems to be the only Royal Academician of the forty, who has the spirit to recoil from that illiberal law of their institution, which forbids them under the penalty of dismissal, from associating, or exhibiting, with any other society of artists; and the present society has accordingly not only honoured him with a central situation over the fire-place; but also over the clustered emeralds and rubies of Mr. Blake, to which his picture operates as a foil. It is numbered in the catalogue 53, and is entitled, *Historical Portrait of the Emperor of Russia*. It represents the Emperor riding on the banks of the Wilna, at the moment when a drowned man is brought to the shore. This picture is murky in colour; somewhat too *liney* in the mode of treatment, and with regard to composition—the group of peasants *appears* to terminate somewhat awkwardly against the left fore-leg of the Emperor's horse; and there are other symptoms of age about the performance. But Mr. Northcote must be allowed to grow old as well as Lewis, Cornaro, and Titian.

The best portraits in the room are from the hand of Haydon, but they are in general of chubby, unintelligent faces; and inferior, not only to his historical works, but, unless we are mistaken, to the best of his former portraits. We have seen portraits from his pencil, which, when compared with those of Lawrence or Phillips, having something the air of hermits in a drawing-room, commanded a corresponding degree of respect. We well remember a cloaked figure of this description in the last year's exhibition. There is a certain pulpiness in his flesh, however, that is peculiar, and that is good.

No. 14 is small, but an admirable picture of the *West Front of Notre Dame, Rouen*, by D. Roberts. This magnificent cathedral is here chastely

drawn, and ably coloured. The delineation of an object so intricate and multifarious in its parts as is this celebrated edifice, is attended with no small difficulty ; and the various tints which are delicately superinduced on the prevailing drab colour of the stone, have a beautiful and natural effect. The details of little crocketed ornaments, and gothic pinnacle-work, are touched with exemplary dexterity and considerable taste ; the texture of the old stone and other picturesque materials of building, of which the ancient domestic architecture of France consists, are ably discriminated from each other, and from the airiness of the sky, which confers great beauty on a work of this kind. In the figures, and other accompaniments, the costume of Rouen is accurately portrayed ; the chiaroscuro is well managed, and a masterly and homogeneous *style* prevails throughout the picture.

Immediately beneath Notre Dame, hangs No. 15, a *Marsh Scene, with Cattle*, by J. Dearman, so closely resembling a work of Cuyp, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves it is not a copy : by which we do not mean to insinuate that it *is* ; but there is an engraving by Vivares after that celebrated master, which the present performance brings forcibly to mind. There is the same genuine rusticity and sunny effulgence ; but we are not sure that the group is the same.

Mr. W. Linton exhibits five landscapes, which are among the brightest stars of the rising asterism ; but we like not his attempt at classical composition, entitled *Delos*, No. 88, so well as his *Views from Nature*. There is a want of nature, and her reflex lights in the details, and of probability in the whole.

His *Vale and Lakes of Keswick, in Cumberland*, No. 122 (a picture of large dimensions), is a work of great merit, and of great fidelity ; a scene of ample extent, and quite a scene for the lover of landscape to look at and enjoy. The view is taken very nearly from Farington's station ; one of the stations, we believe, pointed out in West's Guide to the Lakes, as worthy of preference, and as commanding the most comprehensive view of Derwent Water, and the Vale of Keswick. Of course, that station is not at the *summit* of a mountain, since water trickles through a rustic arch, which seems as if of Nature's own masonry, near the fore-ground. In the middle distance is the rich and cultivated Vale of Keswick, with its simple and unassuming church and cottages, so suited to the scene, and Skiddaw rising nobly beyond. Pocklington's, and the other islets of Derwent Water intervene ; a few white sails glitter on the lake ; and that of Bassenthwaite (which the artist seems mistakenly to have regarded as another lake of Keswick,) closes the extreme distance. The clouds of a pleasant day, grateful to the mountain traveller in the summer season, float above ; and the light and shade is ably conducted throughout the performance ; so as to produce a mild and cheerful effect ; and make a Farington's view (which is engraved in Byrne's Collection of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland) look formal and dull.

We should have mentioned above that sheep are passing over the little picturesque mountain bridge; and a rustic dressed in a red waistcoat, which has considerable effect on the system of harmonious colouring which pervades the whole, is urging a white horse along a difficult portion of the upland road.

Mr. Glover is another main pillar, to whose support the Suffolk-street rooms are much indebted. He exhibits no fewer than twenty pictures and drawings—some of them large, and entitled to our best attention. Two or three of his works we saw with great pleasure, as we passed through the first gallery or anti-room. First, there is *Castle Dinak's Bran*. The castle crowns the summit of a distant hill: its ruins have no marked features remaining, but in situation are commanding. It *may* have been an important fortress of ancient days, but its power and its beauty are long gone by. It now forms a conspicuous object, and the bridge and village of Llangollen form another, in a fine mountain and river scene, deep-toned in colour, powerful in chiaroscuro, and good altogether.

No. 245 is entitled *Borrowdale in Cumberland*. A ray of sun-light beams diagonally athwart the picture from right to left, with extraordinary and splendid effect; catching partially on those rocks which form one side of the *Gorge* (as it is * termed) of Borrowdale. Rembrandt himself could not have produced a more strikingly lustrous effect, or contrasted more happily his warm and cool tints; nor the Diorama, with all its auxiliary aims, have approximated so nearly to the truth and perfection of nature under these peculiar circumstances of sun and sky. So perfect is the illusive effect of sun-light in this piece, that at our first glance we incontinently raised our eyes, and turned half round, to see if perchance a ray of actual sun-shine passed not through some chink or cranny in the wall or sky-light: and as we came forth from the great room, thought we observed Sir George Beaumont affected in the very same manner. Thus it was the triumph of a Greek painter of old (Zeuxes or Parrhasius, we forget which) to have “deceived the master of the art itself.”

No. 282, another lake scene of *Ullswater from Patterdale*, is also a picture of great merit. The sky is cloudy, with partial lights streaming from between the clouds, and catching on important features of the landscape. The right-hand corner is a well-painted mass of grey rocks: a clump of trees, and a comfortable-looking farm-house, which we should guess to be the far famed *palace* of Patterdale, occupy the middle-ground: Ullswater is in the distance. The autumnal tint of the fern on the right-hand mountain is, perhaps, somewhat overcharged; but the *tout ensemble* affords an interesting example of the charm which fine art superinduces on the loveliness of nature.

His *Grisdale Pikes in Patterdale*, No. 190, we esteem to be very

* So termed at first (we believe) by the poet Gray.

inferior to these. The gloomy distant *pikes* are here contrasted by an ostentatiously-coloured fore-ground, and they do not harmonize well.

Goldrie Beck in Patterdale (No. 156), seems painted under the same occultation of Mr. Glover's better discernment. Here are gaudy greens and orange tints; a display of too much finery about the near colouring. Sobriety is wanting. And so it is in *Lover's Walk, Matlock*, (No. 396), a performance in water-colours, and probably the best of its kind in the room. The fore-ground trees, and those of the grove, termed the Lover's Walk, are of grand forms; and the distant *Tor*, sunny: but the whole is liable to the objection of being somewhat mannered, and the fore-ground is fiery.

But this meritricious over-colouring appears in his more recent works to have possessed Mr. Glover, and we would willingly endeavour to "cast out" this devil of the palette.

Helvellyn, on the road to Keswick (No. 220), is however, entirely free from its freaks, and from its more malignant influence; and hence we judge it to be an earlier production than the foregoing of this artist's pencil. Whether so, or not, it is coloured in a manner which is at once mild and forcible. The same key governs the whole performance. Its aerial tones are exquisitely harmonized. It is a magnificent scene, painted in a style which no man, having attained, should ever quit for those volcanic gleams which are better suited to Mr. Martin's miracles, than to the genial and sober scenery of England.

Mr. Glover's largest work (No. 33), is entitled in the catalogue, *Ullswater from Place Fell*, and is assuredly not his best, being by far too much under the torrid influence which we have been deprecating; and like the water-colour pictures of *Lover's Walk*, too black and too red. The forms of the branching of the nearer trees are here, too, rather *snaky*; and the reflections of the distant mountains in the lake of Ullswater, which are doubtless meant, and are understood, to be tremulous, are infected with the trickery of mannerism.

When these torrid tints are received by a lofty rock, so as to give it the effect of being partially scorched by lightning, we are easily reconciled to them; nay, more: we appreciate and approve them, inasmuch as the imagination is then affected in the way of poetical suggestion. But when a glare, as if from a volcano, comes across the fore-ground of a quiet park scene, or a cool lake, although the eyes of "the groundlings" may brighten, the judicious will not fail to grieve: and Mr. Glover should therefore unlearn this craft of meritricious appeal, and again should "beget a temperance."

SECOND VISIT.

At our second visit to this exhibition, we were able to get something more than a peep at *Mr. Martin's Creation*, No. 226, which in the first instance had been concealed from our view by the crowd of early and curious visitors, who naturally thronged around a work bearing a title so extraordinary.

We would not willingly repress the daring efforts of this artist's genius, but cannot forbear to fear that he has here attempted an unattainable object: namely, to paint, not, as might be guessed from the announcement, "*the Creation*"—not, like Breughel, all nature in her primitive display—not Adam and Eve in a state of innocence, surrounded by their happy subjects; but *the Deity Creating!*

To attempt to personify or represent the Deity, has, at least, since the time of the professor Barry, been held to be improper, less because it is presumptuous, than because it is in other respects unwise: but to attempt to paint the Almighty in the act of creating, is to waste strength in a fruitless endeavour to render manifest an incomprehensible mystery. By a superlative act of omnipotent volition, he said Be! and the world was, in all its infinite and harmonious variety. Even the best possible attempt to render this a business of manual operation can only show that such pictures ought not to be attempted. Mr. Martin has therefore the consolation of having failed (not in the execution, but in the conception of his subject), where no man has yet succeeded. Even Michael Angelo and Milton have failed; for the former has only painted a Patriarch where he intended a God; and the latter has disproved—has virtually annihilated, his *personified* Deity in those sublime verses wherein he asseverates with Orpheus, that

————— GOD IS LIGHT: *

And never but in *unapproached light*
Dwelt from eternity! dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate.

Hence Barry, who appears to have intently studied this cardinal point in theological painting, and who had in his lectures publicly reprehended those personifications of the Deity which the old masters had ventured to exhibit, in his "*Final Retribution*" has painted his Hierarchy of Seraphim and Cherubim adoring and incensing an ineffably bright and unseen object beyond the limits of his picture, but yet, which is so contrived as to seem the central source of all the light in Heaven, as the sun is of this our material universe.

It doubtless confers dignity on man, when the sacred penman informs us he was created "in the image of God." But this position loses by inversion. It confers no majesty on God to paint him in the image of man; especially when this is done by a modern and contemporaneous hand; for we are incontinently apt to take the authority of the sacred penman along with his record. Homer, it is true, has behaved thus to

* "In the beginning, according to the doctrine of Orpheus," (says Cedrenus Hist. Compend. p. 57), "was created the ether. Chaos and gloomy night enveloped it on all sides. There was universal obscurity. But there was a being incomprehensible, supreme, and pre-existent; the Creator of all things; as well of the ether itself, as of whatsoever is under the ether. The earth was hitherto invisible, on account of the darkness, until the light bursting through the ether, illuminated the whole creation. *That light was the Being before mentioned*; even he that is above all things." The same fragment is preserved also by Suidas.

his heathen deities, but his *purpose* was to exalt his heroes in the comparison. Supposing, however, that Mr. Martin, or his advocates, should argue that he could give no other *form* to the Deity, and supposing that we should admit this reply, and admit also (for the moment) that painting may indulge in such representations with advantage to itself and to society; we should in this case, be disposed to rejoin, then, as you have, with propriety, because with great benefit to your composition, borrowed the form and attitude of your Deity from Michael Angelo,—a form and attitude which in his original is yet more expressive of mighty energy employed in separating the elements, why did you not quote also from the celebrated *Nocté*, (or nativity) of Corregio, and paint your Deity “instinct with light,” as Milton phrases it, &c. Corregio has, very poetically painted the infant Saviour? Had this been done, and done with the well-known powers of this artist over light, shade, and colour, we think a miraculous, surprising, and even sublime effect, would have been produced. Instead of which, Mr. Martin’s Deity is the recipient of light and shade, as if constituted of material substance, and thus no difference is observed between created things and their creator.

Meanwhile, we are quite ready to admit those technical merits which have been claimed for this extraordinary young artist, on account of the present work; such as the abundant employment of (ultramarine) *blue* as the proper element of clearness, in that cærulean portion of creation which has been redeemed from Chaos. This colour must necessarily be the proper element of atmospheric clearness, since it is in nature nothing else than the necessary result of such clearness. His art of suggesting that fiery or combustible particles are mingled in the chaotic mass, or crude *materiel*, is also commendable. Transition, which it is impossible to paint, is successfully suggested. As Chaos subsides into order, lightnings play through the expanse. The face of the deep is emerging from darkness; and the summit of Atlas or Caucasus rears itself above the horizon.

All this is much to the purpose, and is executed with a daring pencil: but the moon exhibits an ignorant mingling of crescent with orbicular form: and were we disposed to joke upon solemn occasions, we should say, is evidently *unfinished*. We think, too, that the profusion of drapery in which the Deity is cloathed is thoughtlessly lavished. Why *drapery* at all? Why other concealment than clouds would have afforded? Let Mr. Martin paint De Gama and Camoens doubling the Cape (from the *Lusiad*, a fine subject for his pencil), and he will find out what we mean (better than we can express it), from studying the sublime vision of that neglected poet.

On the whole, we should be strongly disposed to say, that a good picture is here *misnamed*. That Mr. Martin has not painted the Jehovah of Moses, but we ought rather to have written the *Elohim* of the Pentateuch, and the Chaldean cosmogony, for we are scripturally informed

that the Gods were plural at the advent of creation : but that he has here presented us with the spirit of Loda, or of Fingal, or some other of the gigantic ghosts of Ossian, floating through the mists toward the mountains of Caledonia or the hall of Odin.

As we have before intimated, landscapes form the chief attraction of the present season, at the Suffolk-street Gallery. Before we return to notice more of them, the *Christmas Cheer* of Mr. G. Lance, must give us pause. It is numbered on the catalogue 204 ; and is a kind of Larder *un-invaded*, differing from Mr. Edwin Landseer's Larder invaded, which the Directors of the British Institution rewarded with a premium, in respect that all here is *still-life*, and there an animated dog and cat seemed about to contend for paramount right in the good cheer. The present picture is painted with a bold and tasteful pencil, able to vary its touch according to the demands of its subject. It is richly coloured : its light is broad and captivating ; and is sufficiently large to present us with the several objects which enter into the composition of their natural dimensions. A noble sirloin of beef performs a principal part in the comedy of Christmas cheer : and the subordinate characters are, a hare, turkey, and pheasant. A red, and a savoy cabbage, and a stone-bottle, are introduced with good effect.

Mr. J. Stark's *Landscape*, No. 189, is very finely painted. It is but a common subject ; consisting of a few trees of no remarkable growth ; a winding rustic road, and a pond, such as one sees in many parts of Epping Forest ; and in the course of every ramble into countries where there are neither mountains nor cataracts. It is quite unpretending. The subject is almost nothing : the treatment every thing. Its component forms are assimilated with much taste : it is mild and genial in colours ; and powerful yet peaceful in chiaroscuro, and the whole is in admirable keeping.

Mr. Hofland, who used to be regarded—by himself—as another main pillar of the gallery (we have before spoken of one or two), seems now to shrink, like Mr. Heaphy, from the pictatorial strife : and certainly those luminaries, Messrs. Glover, Linton, and Stark, (as an astrologer might say) are now in *trine*, and throwing their rays to his *detriment* : but alas ! Mr. Hofland is *retrograding* to his own detriment. That which he seems to consider as his principal work of the season, and of the year in which it is his turn to preside at the councils of the S. B. A. (we judge from its large dimensions, and the central situation in which it is placed in the great room, with so much solicitude of observation,) is one of the worst things which the public has seen from his pencil for several years. We passed it thrice, without a suspicion that it was Mr. Hofland's.

It is numbered 171 ; designated *Scarborough Castle*, and poetically illustrated or mottoed as follows :

The deafening clamours of the angry surge
Come mingling with the rush of warring winds,
And the dread thunders of the lurid sky.

It is of course a rocky and tempestuous scene, with Scarborough Castle in the middle ground ; and two surviving sailors—such as they are—pulling up by a rope, God knows what : it is left for the imagination, without even a hint, that we can perceive, to guide it in its guessing ; but the composition, generally, is in a similar state, reminding us of the quaint exploit of that artist of the *Low Countries*, who being employed to paint the deluge, presented his employer with the picture of a Dutch cheese, and repressed or increased his surprise by arguing, that it was a certain proof that men had existed in the world. We said *surviving* sailors, because a bare pole of a mast, without a straw of rigging, or aught else remaining, is dimly seen through an overwhelming quantity of something white, which we suppose must be meant for the spray of the sea, though it rather more resembles snow. This pole seems to indicate a wrecked ship. There is some object, indeed, which may pass for hull of said wreck, unless it be meant for rock ; but all is dubious. Yet surely, amid this inglorious uncertainty, we could scarcely be mistaken in the main fact, namely, that we here beheld the melancholy shipwreck of a *third-rate* landscape painter. We hoped, however, to see him safe ashore again ; and, sure enough, safe ashore again we afterward found him, in the anti-room, as our readers shall presently know.

The broad mass of white which we have noticed above, and which we agree to take for the foam and spray of the raging sea, is “without form and void,” although darkness is not upon the face of the deep. If our painter was totally insensible to, or rather, we should have said, unrecollective of,—for the present cannot be one of those master-pieces which he is so fearful the public should think were not “painted on the spot ;” but, if Mr. Hofland had lost all recollection of those romantic forms of the raging sea, when broken, dashed into foam and spray by rocks and storms, in which the pencils—almost, we might say, the spirits—of Wilson, de Louthembourg, and Vernet, were wont to revel ; if he could not imitate these, nor their great archetype, nature, why did he not hurl his sponge at his picture, with the despairing sensibility of the dissatisfied Apelles ? He surely could not have been more unsuccessful than in this principal light of his picture of Scarborough Castle. Pope sings, that

— when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should, like the billows, roar.

But what corresponding energy of style is here ? Not even manner,—that manual dexterity, or bravura trickery of the pencil,—is substituted for those wild and ever-varying shapes, which in nature, under these stormy circumstances, are so grand and impressive. No, not even this : but the brush-dabbing of a timid school-girl, who must learn drawing, although destitute of a single spark of genius, “fills up all the mighty void.”

We have mentioned Wilson above. He is imitated in the pencilling and colours of the rocks, &c. which are on the left hand side of the

picture; but this partial imitation is not in concord with the rest of the work.

A cannon stands on the shore, not far from these rocks, but so indefinitely painted, that it is impossible to discover whether it be a ship gun, saved from the wreck; or the Regent's bomb (to which it certainly bears resemblance); or whether it be meant to denote that the rock of Scarborough is here vulnerable; or upon what principle this piece of artillery is supposed to be assimilated with the rest of the picture. We much question, too, whether Scarborough Castle, in any view, can appear to stand upon a rock so small and isolated. We think this picture must have been painted from a very hasty sketch, done under the baffling influence of "the deafening clamours of the angry surge," &c. as per motto.

No. 129 is termed "*A Grecian Landscape, Moonlight.*"

————— what time the Queen of night
Chases the lingering twilight from the sky;
And o'er the *rippling* waters, the *white* sail
And marble columns, sheds her mellow light.

It should rather have been *has chased*, for the twilight no where lingers in the sky, and therefore ought not to seem to linger on the landscape. But has this artist ever been in Greece? We believe not; or he would have known that so much warm light about the moon, in the cloudless part of the sky; and so much of minute detail in the trees and buildings, were never seen there by moonlight; nor by any light such paltry little figures ranged along the parapet of a Greek temple, as are here shown in the middle distance. There is no white sail in the picture, notwithstanding that the accompanying verses give us to understand that there is; and the two figures (for whatsoever description of Greeks they may be intended) which linger near the foot of the bridge, and in the very middle of the foreground, contribute scarcely any thing either to the sentiment or effect of the piece.

The picture would not do to compete with the Moonlights of Wright, of Derby; or even with *Glover's Conway Castle, by Moonlight*, (No. 160) which, by a slight movement of the head toward the right hand, may easily be compared with it. The rippling water in this latter is particularly beautiful, and makes Hofland's touch, which is meant to express the same thing, namely, water rippling under the influence of a gentle breeze by moonlight, appear very mechanical. But, in truth, the Castle, also, and the surrounding rocks in this latter are scarcely less happily treated, and so are the distant mountains. The whole is delicious to the mental taste.

Near Mr. Hofland's Scarborough Castle hangs 184, *An overshot Mill on the Rivelin, near Sheffield, Yorkshire*; and some small sketches in oil, *from the same pencil*, are placed near the chimney of the great room, in all of which there is little to praise, but perhaps still less to censure. For the present we pass them.

But in the anti-room hangs No. 323, a work of some redeeming influence, to which we feel pleasure in paying our respects. It is entitled, "*Ullswater from near Matterdale.*"

In *orderly* landscapes, in park scenes, or among the calm lakes of Cumberland, Mr. Hofland is much more at home than in the more wild and disorderly passages of nature. Unimpassioned scenes of calm content or gentle enjoyment seem to be his proper element: at least we may say that, when he is most successful, it is in the treatment of such subjects: and could we flatter ourselves that our recommendation would be listened to, we would advise him to leave storms and shipwrecks, and classical subjects, which do but remind us of such works as Wilson's Niobe, and his Ceyx and Alcyone, much to the disadvantage of our contemporary—to men of Wilson's cast of genius.

The view from near Matterdale is a serene rural landscape, of which the forms are sufficiently romantic to be highly pleasing; and the colouring genial.

We have always felt Ullswater to be one of the most beautiful of the lakes of England, and this picture confirms that feeling. Light grey summer clouds are floating above, and the tranquil lake, which in this view takes something of the character of a river scene—having two reaches,—is below, surrounded by mountains of mild magnificence. The sky and mountains are tenderly and tastefully pencilled; so is the whole of the middle distance: while the foreground objects have sufficient vigour, and not more than sufficient. The whole is in harmony, and reminds us of Milton's brief abstract of his Paradise—

A happy rural seat, of various view.

With these impressions in favour of this artist's peculiar talent in the treatment of *pleasure ground*, we felt some disappointment on entering THE INNER ROOM, where with great propriety, because separated from coloured works, hang

THE ENGRAVINGS:

for we happened to be first attracted by the two largest, which are views of and from *Richmond Hill*, after Hofland.

These bear the name of Mr. C. Heath, and are numbered in the catalogue 584 and 597. The first is designated *Richmond from Twickenham Park*, and has much of a tamely-embellished boarding-school air, both in design and execution. Not that we mean to inculcate that Mr. Hofland should have altered, but rather have aimed at restoring the features of the place; that is to say, should have so modified and managed his work, as to divest the scene, in some degree at least, of what the meddling hand of man had superinduced on Nature to her disadvantage. If a landscape has a common-place aspect, or tendency to such an aspect, when viewed at a certain time of the day, from having been too much under the hand and eye, and restraint of the landscape gardener, or from other officious interference with Nature's intentions, a wise painter would not prefer this very aspect and time, or spread out in full display

those unpicturesque and unpoetical circumstances, as Mr. Hofland has here done ; but would say " off ! off ! ye *lendings*." A wise painter would not people his Twickenham Park with pretty masters and misses, and fashionable *belles*, who (without much lack of charity), may be supposed to have come there, in order to exhibit their tuckers, and shawls, and ribbands, and portfolios, and albums bound by Hering, and drawing-room airs, and to *play at landscape* quite prettily, while they take the air.

Mr. Hofland here tells the same story with his pencil, which we have heard Coleridge recite in his lectures, as an example of the anti-climax. Mr. Coleridge went out with a fine lady of reputed *taste*, on the lake of Derwent Water, to see Lowdore waterfall ; who, when the boat had doubled the woody promontory that is near the little inn, and they came in view of the cataract, exclaimed in fine cadence, " What a *sublime* scene ! I declare it is absolutely—*pretty*."

How different this from the primitive and poetic character which Turner gave to the hill and bridge of Richmond (some years ago) from nearly the same spot. By divesting the scene of its dressed and holiday aspect ; by coming at an early hour for his effect ; by overshadowing the Surry end of Richmond bridge ; by obscuring certain of the local details of Richmond itself in the mistiness of morning ; and by introducing some sheep, and the simple early incident of some women bathing a child near the fore-ground ; an incident which we deem worthy of the Muse of painting, and which, had it been met with in the pastorals of Theocritus, would have called forth the admiration of the critics ; this highly gifted academician has been enabled to confer an abstract and interesting aspect on the hamlet of Richmond, without violating recent facts, to restore its primitive and pastoral character to this delightful part of the Thames ; and to awaken the most touching associations. The spectator is taught to feel

The breezy call of *incense-breathing* morn ;

and the latter portion of this verse is finely exemplified in that misty indistinct distance of mingled groves and edifices which leaves imagination to wander over " the *Frescati* of England," and finish the picture from the *suggestions* of the painter.

All this the one artist has accomplished, where the other has exhausted his means of art, with the patience of his observers, by the close and continued attention which he requires to the minute accuracy of modern trivialities, altogether unworthy of more than childish attention.

When we look at this engraving, which doubtless has been " printed to shame the rogues " of the Royal Academy, we cease to wonder that the large original picture was not permitted to enter their great room. We cease to wonder also at the resentment which ensued. It is, however, a somewhat better engraved plate than its companion, No. 597 ; because it is in subject better suited to the talents of the engraver, or rather engravers (for it does not appear to be entirely the work of a

single artist) who have been employed on it: but there is, notwithstanding, much in it that is mechanical and common. Perhaps it is unlucky for its reputation, that its very merits are of a kind which we have seen so often, and which can now be successfully imitated by so many, that they affect us but languidly; nor is it any new discovery that want of originality in art is apt to satiate the mental taste.

The lower part of the sky is executed in what engravers call a dry manner, and is but very so so; but the upper part seems to be by some superior hand. The style of the trees has the merit of being a pretty good translation of that of the taught park trees of this painter, which generally look as if they could dance very graceful minuets, if handsome partners would do them the pleasure to call out the pretty, modern, Hamadryades. Should there seem any thing like contradiction between these remarks and our critique on the *Ullswater* of Mr. Hofland, we must beg to have it remembered that the contradiction is not ours. Artists are not always consistent with themselves; and we write from ocular facts.

The companion print, the *View from Richmond Hill*, is, on the whole, somewhat better; at least as far as the painter is concerned. It has a decent effect, and a certain mellowness of tone which is agreeable, and in some degree redeems the dull rottenness of style with which the sky and distance are expressed. Yet this tone is rather too low and grave for the cheerful, the exhilarating sentiment which ought to attend on this really delightful prospect. Richmond Hill is not very lofty, but it scarcely seems sufficiently so in the present engraving. The spectator does not seem to look down enough towards Petersham.

In the engraver's mode of treating it, there is much that is mechanical and common-place, and little that betokens high feeling for his art. The sheep which are doubtless meant to adorn the fore-ground, rather degrade it, from the small resemblance they bear to those animals. They seem more like the work of a tailor's needle than of that of a proficient in the art of etching landscape and its usual accompaniments.

This interesting room contains some estimable productions in all the different modes of that commercial and beautiful branch of art which is so abundant and various in its blossoms and fruits. Here are line engravings, lithographic, or stone etchings; mezzotintoes, and stippled works, some of which exhibit very superior skill. In the newly invented mode of etching, or rather drawing on stone, here are some of the best examples we have seen, chiefly from the pencils of Mr. R. Lane, and Mr. J. D. Harding. A frame of *Fac Similes, after Sketches by Gainsborough*, No. 695, by the former, will afford great pleasure to the admirers of that tasteful and fascinating master, from their freedom combined with truth of resemblance to his peculiar style of sketching from Nature; they are really fac-similes. Some of them imitate lead pencil with great exactness, and others black and white chalk when used upon coloured paper, which acts as middle tint; a mode of sketching to

which Gainsborough, toward the latter part of his career, was especially partial.

Being limited, like all other mortals, in time and space, we must now pay some attention to that part of the present exhibition which has been performed by statuaries and modellers. Although their show of the present season is inconsiderable, we must not pass it over in total silence.

THE ROOM OF SCULPTURE.

The *Busts of J. Mudford, Esq.* (a man with an ample mouth—the same, we suppose, which dictates a volume *per diem*) of *G. Rose, Esq.* (with closed lips) and *T. Chevalier, Esq.* (the amiable mystagogue and able surgeon) which are numbered in the catalogue 345, 6, 7, prove that Mr. de Ville, as might be expected, is a matter-of-fact modeller, to the full as solicitous about the forms of the craniums which come under his hand and eye, as those of the features of the faces. To generalise in any degree, or idealise, is either past his power; or, as it is most liberal to suppose, does not enter into his views.

The two heads of which we are enabled to speak are faithful likenesses of their respective originals; but the drapery which the modeller has wrapped around their necks and breasts is not in good taste. If it had been more plain and simple, the details of the faces would have appeared to superior advantage. Let Mr. de Ville continue to look at Nature for his heads; but we should recommend him to look at the busts of Nollekens for their accompaniments.

No. 340, the *Bust of J. Henning, Esq.* by J. Henning, Jun. is a good likeness, and shows that the said J. Henning, Jun. is “a wise son.” But that of *Mrs. Siddons*, by J. Henning, No. 343, is deficient in grandeur of style. The hair and other accompaniments want taste: nor is the local likeness at all striking. Our great tragedian had, and still has, a much nobler character of countenance.

We suspect that the exercise of this artist’s talents should be limited to a smaller scale; for his *Phygalian Marbles*, and *Processions of the Parthenon* are far better. These are works of great care and exactitude, and the restorations in general are ably supplied, as far as a cursory view enables us to pronounce a general remark. There appears to be a mistake in the catalogue, where all these elaborate friezes are marked as being from the Parthenon, whereas the frame at the upper end of the room is clearly filled with miniature copies of the alto relievo sculptures of Phygalia.

No. 350 is designated *Centre for the Shield of Achilles*, and bears the name of J. Henning, Jun. The Sun is here personified as a celestial charioteer—erroneously. Mr. Henning’s Apollo is a tame, imperfectly marked figure, with a short left arm, deficient in the superior portion of his head, though with the neck of a Hercules; his car sticks awkwardly against the near horse’s tail; and has no yoke, shaft, or other means of

attachment to the fiery coursers. The coursers, themselves, are by far the best part of the work, being studied from the Elgin Marbles.

His sculptured *Head of Achilles* himself, No. 349, is a work of some merit, but yet bearing but too evident marks of immaturity, and we ought rather to have said of some promise. Highly impassioned subjects (none can be more so than the present) are of all things the most difficult to treat in sculpture; the proper element of which appears to be placidity.

And now, we must make our bow and retire for the month. In justice to certain meritorious performances, we would willingly have remained longer and reviewed more, particularly Mr. Scouler's fine group of Adam and Eve, which displays his academic prowess to so much advantage; but we do not like to do things by halves, and, at present, have not time remaining to walk round it.

THE MAN OF REFINEMENT.

The publishers of the present age are an extremely sensitive set of men, and we rather incline to the opinion, that the publisher of TREMAINE is the *most* sensitive of all his contemporaries. Mr. Murray has defended himself in an acute style against the malice of Medwin, and evinced, in several well-turned sentences, a detestation of "the filchers of good names," highly creditable to him as a man and a bookseller. Even Blackwood, the Editor of the Scotch Magazine, occasionally lauds his own virtues and talents,—and at times too, when they are not assailed,—with a vehemence that recommends him at once to the scholar and the gentleman. We reverence these men of pure character and lively sensibilities, and we shall endeavour to record their good works whenever we in future shall happen to stumble upon them. A good name is every thing, and no man should easily permit it to be taken from him.

Mr. Colburn lately published a novel called *Tremaine*, as our readers know, and, by some luckily *manœuvre*, the authorship was fixed upon the poor Honourable Mr. Ryder, who did not, however, choose to bear another man's blushing honours thick upon him, and therefore flatly contradicted his own fame in the newspapers, by the following letter:

Westbrook, March 30, 1825.

Sir—It has been with great surprise, that I have read the paragraph in your paper averring "that I had openly avowed myself to be the author of the new novel of '*Tremaine*.'"

This is so far from a correct statement, that whenever I have been asked this question I have uniformly and unequivocally denied it. The fact is, *that I have not yet seen that work*, nor do I know who wrote it.

You will, I am persuaded, be glad of the opportunity I am giving you, to rectify this mistake, either by inserting this letter in your next number (which you have my full liberty to do), or in any other manner you may think more advisable.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

R. RYDER.

The above letter was addressed to the Editor of the John Bull Newspaper, and the following are the observations which accompanied its insertion in the number for Sunday the 3d of April.

TREMAINE.

This is really an age of literary mystery, and it requires a talent beyond that which we possess, to discover the truth of any reports, however positive, respecting authors and their works—Sir Walter Scott has *again* publicly denied the authorship of “Waverley,” (much to our astonishment) and we have been favoured with the following letter, from the Right Hon. Richard Ryder on the subject of *his* novel of “Tremaine.” Not only did we hear from *the publisher* and his friends *on all sides* that it was by Mr. Ryder, *but through the county with which the Right Honourable Gentleman is more particularly connected, the work circulated as his, and was called his, as from authority.* We now insert a letter containing the unqualified contradiction of the report, which we confess we had ourselves begun to doubt, from seeing it stated in the Old Times on Friday, that “Tremaine” was certainly written by the Right Honourable Gentleman.

In addition to this, we think it right to say, that *we* have heard the novel attributed to Mr. Spencer Perceval; but be it his, or be it, instead of a faithful transcript of *high life* (as the vulgar call good society) a work coming from the pen of a regular steady-going hack writer; of one thing the above letter will serve to convince the town—we mean the folly of attributing to authors an intention of portraying living characters in works of fiction. Supposing the book to have been Mr. Ryder's, and Mr. Ryder to have made *himself* Tremaine, *the puffers told us that it was full of personal anecdotes and literary portraits of individuals connected with the State during Mr. Pitt's administration, &c. &c.*—all this falls to the ground, and in another week we shall in all probability discover, that this extremely refined book is from some one of Mr. Colburn's New Monthly Contributors, of whom he has been pleased to make a Privy Councillor and a man of consequence.

Our readers will observe, that in the *proper* county papers (for by such means only can such a report, as the one in question, be circulated) was Mr. Ryder *noticed* as the author of Tremaine, and *as from authority.* We all know, that the London Papers were equally *authorized* to say as much, and judicious praise and judicious extracts were daily circulated in that peculiar type, over which Mr. Colburn reigns so triumphantly. We detect “that fine Roman Hand” in many a sly corner.

This letter, however, from Mr. Ryder, was an awkward thing, and the John Bull's remarks on Mr. Colburn push the subject in a way not very pleasant to that ingenuous young gentleman. It appears, from his own statement, that Mr. C. had been boasting of the quality of the author, as well as of the quality of the work, and had *encouraged* the report of Mr. Ryder being the man, never expecting that a person in high life would disclaim a fame so easily gotten. But out comes Mr. Ryder's plain denial, and Mr. Colburn is driven to an explanation in print,—a sort of publishing at which he is at all times less happy than usual. The bookseller had got “*a good name,*” and felt with Iago, that it was most hard to be robbed of it! The following is the worthy publisher's letter on the subject of the denial, replying, in some parts, to certain statements which never appear to have been made

MAY, 1825.

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against him, except in his own conscience. The letter, however, is a judicious and an ingenious letter,—being at once a zealous defence of wounded character,—a pleasing attempt at transferring a rejected mystery,—and, at the same time, a neat review of a work, in which, having no direct interest, he cannot but speak with strict impartiality. Let our readers mark the letter throughout, but particularly those passages we have pointed out in italics.

TO JOHN BULL.

8, *New Burlington-street*, April 12, 1825.

Sir—I was much surprised to observe it stated in your paper of last Sunday week, that you had heard from the *publisher*, that the novel of “*Tremaine*” was written by the Right Honourable Richard Ryder, and *I immediately called on your printer to protest against having made such an unqualified assertion.* No notice, however, having been taken of it in your last number, I hasten to request you will do me the justice to correct the error. *My statement respecting the author*, and which his own letters justified me in making, was this—*That he was an intimate friend, both public and private, of the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, and had taken a part in the political struggles from the time of Mr. Pitt.* Such a man could be no ordinary writer, as indeed the work itself evidently proves; and the friends of Mr. Ryder seem to have fixed the authorship at once on that gentleman. *The universality of the report inclined me also to think it might be his—but I mentioned it merely as a report*, and it could scarcely be expected that I should appear ignorant of a circumstance regarding one of my own publications, which all the world beside seemed to know.

From a passage in one of his recent letters, the author seems less inclined than ever to avow himself; and I beg to assure you that I am still utterly unacquainted with his real name. I am, Sir, your’s, very obediently,

HENRY COLBURN.

Truly, after this, Mr. Colburn must be “The Man of Refinement;”—*he* is the hero of the story! *He* is Tremaine! It is now pretty clear, that *he* has done more than quietly sanction the report of Mr. Ryder being the author, for, when it is contradicted so plainly as to induce a Journal to complain of the publisher’s volunteered statement, he rushes (in his accustomed frank manner) “to *protest against having made such an unqualified assertion.*” Unqualified!—oh!—well then, *he has made a qualified assertion* to the same effect! The printer of the John Bull, however, does not print Mr. Colburn’s delicate *errata*,—and he takes the unfortunate pen in hand to correct himself. He now, —being in a hobble about his Man of Quality,—protests he himself is utterly unacquainted with the author! The book then, we suppose, was left by some stranger at the publisher’s shop, with a letter, stating to Mr. Colburn, of ready credence, that he, the author, “was an intimate friend, both public and private, of the Honourable Spencer Perceval, and had taken a part in the political struggles from the time of Mr. Pitt.” A man,—reasoned Mr. C.—who could say this, “could be no ordinary writer;”—and Mr. C. had no interest in disbelieving the gentleman’s statements. Why should he disbelieve them?

“The friends of Mr. Ryder seem to have fixed the authorship at once on that gentleman;”—well, there is no reason why Mr. Colburn

should not be friends with Mr. Ryder. The report got well into circulation,—even in small paragraphs in the papers,—and the publisher, from the “*universality*” of the report, was “inclined,” as he says, to think it *might* be his. Indeed, he mentioned the work as Mr. Ryder’s, but only *as a report*. He could do no other than pass the tale, for it was not mentioned to him as a secret; and, as he says, it could scarcely be expected that he should appear ignorant of a circumstance regarding one of his own publications, which *ALL THE WORLD* beside seemed to know.” When *all the world* knows an author; we really think a publisher may be pardoned in mentioning a name or so!

We are glad to see that the Great Political Struggler, the Friend, in public and private, of the *Honourable* Spencer Perceval (“they are all *Honourable* Men,”) is in habits of correspondence with Mr. Colburn at this moment; though we lament his determination to keep his *title* in the back ground. Surely his Lordship, or his Grace, might be induced to own a work which all the Magazines and Newspapers detect to be from a well-bred pen.

We have only one fear respecting Mr. Colburn’s letter, and that is, that the Supervisor of Stamps will charge the poor John Bull three shillings for the benefit that paper has derived from the insertion of the admirable letter from the worthy Man of Refinement.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM’S GRANDSON.

No. V.

Paris, April 18, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We critics are really very kind and condescending to bestow our attention on the greater part of the books which are daily sent forth upon the world. It is an understood thing, that those which we praise as a little less tedious, empty, and affected, than the rest, will be utterly forgotten in twenty years. During these twenty years, however,—the time of their natural lives,—they may be pleasant reading, especially to a foreigner, who, being less intimately acquainted with our national character and manners, will be less struck by insipid common-places.

This month is pre-eminently fortunate. It is marked by the appearance of a chef-d’œuvre, which, as might be expected, is already seized by the police. This work may take its station at no remote distance from the imperishable models of our literature. The name of its author will be repeated in that lofty region inhabited by the shades of Lafontaine, Boileau, and Racine.

M. de Béranger's New Songs (although fear of a prison has deterred the author from publishing the best he has written) may bear a comparison with the works of the greatest poet France ever produced. I mean Jean Lafontaine, whose merits are probably very little understood by you foreigners. Molière and Corneille want the aid of an actor; their merit rests upon their moral philosophy,—upon a profound knowledge of human passions, &c. &c. The Frenchmen can feel all the captivation of our Lafontaine without so much trouble. Half a sheet of paper, and a little ink, are all that Lafontaine wanted to give to any perfect master of the language, the most intense pleasure that any human being can receive from means so simple. His most exquisite productions rarely exceed a page. De Béranger's song *Le vieux Sergent* belongs to the same class. These are the two first stanzas.

Prés du rouet de sa fille chérie,
Le vieux sergent se distrait de ses maux,
Et, d'une main que la balle a meurtrie,
Berce en riant deux petits fils jumeaux.
Assis tranquille au seuil du toit champêtre
Son seul refuge après tant de combats,
Il dit parfois " Ce n'est pas tout de naître ;
" Dieu, mes enfans, vous donne un beau trépas !"

Mais, qu' entend-il ? le tambour qui résonne ;
Il voit au loin passer un bataillon,
Le sang remonte à son front qui grisonne ;
Le vieux coursier a senti l'aiguillon :
Hélas ! soudain, tristement il s'écrie :
" C'est un drapeau que je ne connais pas.
" Ah ! si jamais vous vengez la patrie,
" Dien, mes enfans, vous donne un beau trépas !"

Chansons Nouvelles, p. 153.

It might have been imagined, that every dress that satire could adopt had been worn thread-bare in France. Read, however, the song entitled *Octavie*, which is aimed at the Countess du Cayla. This lady, while still young and agreeable, submitted, *for money*, (about forty thousand a year) to the loathsome caresses of the most disgusting man in France.

There are two men of considerable merit who will suffer greatly from the publication of this little volume. The old amateurs of poetry had a very distinct perception of what was wanting to M. de la Martine and M. Casimir de la Vigne to entitle them to be classed with Lafontaine, Voltaire, Boileau, &c. But many judge only by facts. Now, two years ago, the works of Messrs. de la Martine and de la Vigne delighted the public as much as the first collection of M. de Béranger's songs. The public was, of course, perfectly willing to believe that France could actually boast three great poets.

Do you recollect, my dear friend, that in one of the greatest works which modern literature has produced, Tom Jones, when Partridge is asked, after the play, which of the actors he liked best, he is some-

what indignant at the question which appears to him affronting to his judgment. "The King for my money," says he; "he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor."

Well, the French public set out with vehemently admiring Messrs. de la Martine and de la Vigne, because they talked about *melancholy, glory, liberty, death*, in the most pompous and tragical style, and this taste lasted for two years. Like Partridge, they admired the man who was dressed fine, and who spoke loud. What sort of popularity then was to be expected for a poet who does not deal in exaggeration,—who lets his pen follow the unaffected promptings of his heart and fancy. This extraordinary man was so little indebted to education, that faults of spelling and of quantity are to be found in his earliest poems. This is not astonishing when we consider that he is the grandson of a poor tailor, and that he began the world as waiter at an inn.

Even now, if you talk to certain pedants about De Béranger, they ask you *what he has done*? A song of a page long seems to them a most insignificant production, compared with a fine long poem, printed in quarto, with a large margin, and beautiful vignettes, and treating of *life, death, melancholy, glory, &c. &c.* with that pompous emphasis, without which, a stupid man thinks nothing serious or impressive.

M. de la Vigne and M. de la Martine, the one from the beginning of his career, the other from the time he acquired a reputation, are men of great talent, who deliberately seat themselves at their desks, and say Lord Byron and Greece are in fashion. Now, then, we will write about Greece and liberty, and let us be sure not to forget the shade of Leonidas. We cannot be too emphatic and grandiloquent on such subjects.

M. de Béranger, far different from his noble rivals, has from his earliest youth been exposed to the most painful anxieties and sufferings—he was extremely poor. As soon as the *manual* labour by which he gained his daily subsistence was over, he sat down and wrote a song. This was his way of fixing things in his memory,—of writing his journal. His life, like his genius, has a considerable resemblance to that of the sublime Robert Burns, whom your Edinburgh pedants suffered to die of poverty. The public of Paris, who are rather more civilized, did not wait for *influential people* and *good judges* to point out to them De Béranger's merits. Under Napoleon he obtained a place of about seventy pounds a-year, which to him was affluence, and enabled him to leave off working as journeyman in a printing office. The Bourbons, who are enemies of all true merit, of course, dismissed him. His friends then encouraged him to publish the two first volumes of his songs. They brought him in upwards of eleven hundred pounds, an enormous sum for our philosopher. The third volume, which is just published, and which the Bourbons instantly seized, has produced above nine hundred. De Béranger will probably

be condemned to four or five months confinement in Sainte Pelagie, —or, at any rate, his printer, M. Plassan, will be ruined. De Béranger suffers dreadfully from the tedium of confinement, and every thing he writes in prison is tinctured by it.

The third volume contains several songs composed in Sainte Pelagie, during his first imprisonment; they are deficient in vigour and spirit. The sight of the country, the influences of nature, and of a cheering sun, are necessary to the health of M. de Béranger, who, unfortunately, has a complaint in the chest.

The volume which has just been seized was greatly reduced in bulk, in consequence of the suggestion of M. de Béranger's prudence, which, however, was not prudent enough. He has written above two hundred songs which he calls his *Chansonnier noir*, and which will not appear till after his death, or that of the despotism. Several of the songs in this Black Book are very much in the style of Horace's "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*" This same prudence which, as it appears, has not yet acquired the requisite degree of timidity, withheld M. de Béranger from giving us more than fifty-three songs, of which, only ten appear to be worthy of the author of the celebrated song *Du Bon Dieu*.

I have already told you that when the poor little Muse of De Béranger made her début in the world, it did not enter the head of any body, except perhaps of two or three old dreamers, that there could be any competition between these slight and frivolous songs and the noble Messenians of Casimir de la Vigne, or the sublime Meditations of Alphonse de la Martine, who was at that time puffed by the ultra party as worthy to touch the harp of David, and as the inspired successor of J. B. Rousseau, and so forth. It is no small gratification to my pride to tell you, that I was one of these two or three dreamers. I wrote an article on De Béranger's songs for a journal, the editors of which were induced to insert it merely out of civility to me. M. de Béranger's style was perfectly new, and novelty is always ill received in this country. People are afraid of committing themselves by admiring it.

The history of our poets for the last two years is this. The liberal party has incessantly *proné* M. de la Vigne, who has not been inattentive to the interests of his own reputation, and whenever any event, the death of Lord Byron for instance, has arrested the public attention, that event was sure to be celebrated by M. de la Vigne within a fortnight. M. de la Martine's works, on the other hand, have sold best, for the ultras are at least twice as rich as their opponents. The ultras are the landholders, and buy books to assist them in killing time at their country houses. The rich liberals are manufacturers, bankers, &c. and are certainly not so favourably situated for reading. In the midst of all this apparent success, the fame of these two poets has certainly diminished. After repeated experiments, the public at length feels the distance which separates the man of genius from the man of talent, however great that talent may be. But before my pen is at the end

of this sentence, I feel my injustice towards M. de la Martine. The fame of this young poet would be much more brilliant, if he had published nothing since his first volume of *Meditations*. They were, like De Béranger's best songs, the *voice of his soul*. From that time, elated by the reputation which the ultra party conferred upon him, M. de la Martine has *chosen to write*. He has thus revealed the fact that, combined with great sensibility and the talent of describing objects in humorous verse, he has an empty and sterile brain. The total absence of the faculty of thought is incredibly felt in the poem of the Death of Socrates, four thousand copies of which were sold in two days. There is not a single drawing-room in the Faubourg St. Germain, of itself a large town, in which the poems of M. de la Martine are not a necessary piece of furniture. He is patronised by M. de Genoude, the editor of the *Etoile*, a paper at once ministerial and jesuitical, which you must allow is not bad management.

Our young men of fortune who do nothing, and of course are dying of ennui, and who decorate their spleen with the title of sensibility, discovered in the first *Meditations* of M. de la Martine a faithful picture of the languor and tedium of which they are the victims. This class of young men were shocked at the gay and voluptuous spirit which breathes through the early songs of M. de Béranger. They are now excessively scandalised at the song of Octavie, which certainly does a little exceed the strict bounds of decorum. Béranger has this misfortune in common with La Fontaine, to whom I must persist in comparing him; —he offends prudery.

The first volume of M. de la Martine's *Meditations* were composed when he also was suffering under poverty and ill health. He was at that time nursed by his friends in a furnished lodging-house at Paris (the hôtel de Richelieu). M. de la Vigne's career has, as I have been told, been marked by uniform success. He first distinguished himself by carrying off all the prizes in the colleges at Paris, and by gaining the especial favour of all the professors. The object of constant admiration and of constant applause; his labours, if we may judge by their results, have all been directed to his own personal advantage. His has been regular, counting-house-like work; work of four hours a day producing a net profit of eighty pounds per month.

Do not conclude from this long exposition of my particular opinions concerning our three great poets, that I am insensible to the great merits of De la Vigne and De la Martine. All I contend is, that De Béranger is the first of living French poets; the one whose works have the greatest chance of seeing the twentieth century. After the songs *Le Bon Dieu*, *Le vieux Sergent*, and a few others, I rank M. de la Martine's first volume of *Meditations*. I adjudge the third rank to M. de la Vigne. In 1820, the greater number of the readers of poetry would have regarded the sentence as preposterous blasphemy; now they condescend to discuss

it, and in two or three years, I have little doubt that it will be the common expression of public opinion.

I must, however, make an exception in favour of a case as little to be expected, as it is much to be desired, viz. that M. de la Martine, or M. de la Vigne, should publish works in a style entirely different from those they have hitherto given to the world. M. de la Vigne is at this moment preparing a tragedy founded on the history of Louis XI. suggested by Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*. The first scene represents Philip de Comines employed in writing his *Memoirs*. This is perfectly in the absurd style of our *Vaudevilles Anecdotiques*. It reminds us of *Guillaume Helvetius*, *La Maison de Molière*, and other pieces, in which an attempt has been made to bring the illustrious men of France on the stage. Our great writers are invariably introduced to the audience, manuscript in hand. M. de la Vigne will certainly produce some good verses in the style of Dryden or of Delille. Will he ever rise to the lofty energy of tragedy? This is a question which I shall be delighted to answer in the affirmative.

I have heard a few pages of a new poem, by M. de la Martine, called the Last Canto of Childe Harold. Your English vanity must be flattered at seeing two of the most distinguished poets of France avow that they draw inspiration from Walter Scott and Lord Byron. The truth is, that the influence of our present form of government is daily felt in the growing resemblance we are acquiring to the English manner of thinking and feeling. Frivolity is losing, melancholy and gravity are gaining ground. Canals are finding their way through our fields, and melancholy into our drawing-rooms. Whether this be the fact or not, M. de la Martine, being the poet of the rich and powerful party, a bookseller ventured to give him four hundred pounds for this poem consisting of two thousand lines. (This is an enormous sum in France). The speculation was very successful, for he sold the right of publishing second and third editions for four hundred and eighty pounds, so that the first edition will be clear profit.

Many of the lines I heard appeared to me negligently written. The same word is frequently repeated in two following lines, or even in the same line; faults of this kind, however, are not faults to me. The construction of French verse is become so mere a mechanical art, that M. de la Martine has very likely left these marks of negligence in order to distinguish himself from the two or three hundred poets who swarm in the drawing-rooms of Paris;—all perfectly correct and perfectly dull. There probably is not one of this tuneful band who has not ten thousand lines of French verse by heart, or who cannot command for instant use thirty or forty different *tournures* to express the most trifling and ordinary sentiment. But having them all, they could not produce one original thought or feeling.

The Last Canto of Childe Harold, is the history of the latter years

of Lord Byron's life. We in France think that, from aristocratical pride, and from a lack of *dramatic genius*, Lord Byron could never describe any other personage than himself.

I think this prevailing idea suggested to M. de la Martine the title of his poem. The sentiment with which the poem opens is nearly this, there are only two things in the world worthy to occupy great spirits, love and liberty. I have felt the power of love, I have attempted to sing it. Now I turn to thee—divine liberty ! If M. de Genoude, who has created two-thirds of M. de la Martine's reputation, by puffing him to the rich ultra-party, does not strike out this invocation to liberty, M. de la Martine will come into the enjoyment of a great stock of ideas, which he will find ready cut and dried in all the pamphlets in favour of liberty. This will be an inestimable advantage to a poet, whose grand defect is a painful sterility of ideas. M. de Béranger, on the other hand, if he were not a great poet, would be distinguished as a profound thinker. It is said that scarcely any man in Paris evinces such depth and originality of thought on politics, literature, &c. ; in a word, on all that now engages the attention of the French people, if you will condescend to give the name of a *people* to such a collection of timid and sprightly egotists.

If there are any persons in England who perfectly understand the hundred beautiful fables of La Fontaine, you would do well to insert one or two of Béranger's songs every month.

But all the English reviews print such strange blunders, whenever they pretend to quote French, that we are led to conclude that the refinements of our language are entirely lost upon you. The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, which are here thought to be full of wit and cleverness, are ridiculous as soon as they meddle with French ; as for instance, when they say *à la distance*, instead of *à distance*. These expressions convey ideas perfectly different. What will be your astonishment, and probably your *virtuous indignation*, when I tell you that we think love is described with more delicacy in Harriette's Memoirs than in Walter Scott's novels ? After such a proof of contrariety in our tastes and sentiments, have I not good reason to tremble for the fate of these letters ? We Parisians live upon *nuances*, you Londoners seem to despise them.

The Théâtre Français is like your East India Company. It is a kind of republic dependant on government, only that it produces intellectual pleasures instead of guineas. This republic was founded by Molière, in 1670. It flourished up to the year 1814. The legitimate government with that spirit of *niaiserie*, for which it is much more remarkable than for its wickedness, ceased to compel the members of the Comedie Francaise to adhere to their regulations. Talma and Made-moiselle Mars, ever since 1814, have opposed the début of any actors who gave the slightest promise of talent, or who appeared likely to become their rivals in public favour. The same motives have led them

to procure engagements for twelve or fourteen sticks utterly devoid of talent. From the time of Molière, the profits of the Théâtre Français have been divided into twenty-four shares. Several actors have half a share, others a quarter of a share. During Napoleon's reign, a whole share gave an income of eighty pounds a month. Last month (March, 1825) the profits of a whole share were something under seven pounds.

The police is greatly alarmed at the success of the *Cid of Andalusia*, in which the King, Alphonso, is a perfect representation of a young Bourbon prince. He is lively, gallant and brave, incredibly weak, and a cold passionless libertine. The continual allusions which the character of this weak and profligate monarch must necessarily suggest to the audience, occasioned so much uneasiness to the police, that Desmousseaux, a poor devil who played well for the first time in his life in this piece, received orders to fall ill. This scheme of the police brought down the value of a share to between six and seven pounds. Many actors depend entirely for subsistence on a half share. This month it has yielded them only about three pounds five shillings. So striking an arithmetical truth has made some impression on the public, and it is become the fashion, all on a sudden, to reform the Théâtre Français. Napoleon, in a transport of admiration, granted Talma a pension of a thousand pounds a year. A few months after, Mademoiselle Mars, who has attained much nearer the perfection of her art in comedy than Talma in tragedy, received a pension to the same amount. These pensions were eventually, I think, raised to twelve hundred a year. Napoleon would have done a much better thing if he had ordered a fee of three hundred francs to be paid to each of these celebrated performers every time they acted. The gifts were not conferred with prudence; they have, consequently, made Talma and Mademoiselle Mars lazy, and have ruined the theatre. Two illustrious noblemen, both very pleasant company, but both eminently absurd in matters of business, contend for the glory of reorganizing the Théâtre Français. Under such auspices, the annihilation of the theatre is generally considered certain. All our *litterateurs*, and, indeed, every class and order of society, are absorbed in the consideration of this momentous crisis. The only theatres in Paris which answer are those with which government does not interfere. Hopes are entertained that after four or five hundred thousand pounds have been paid for the folly of the two afore-mentioned Seigneurs, the theatre may come to enjoy that most advantageous neglect—Messieurs, the Gentlemen of the Chamber, will leave the managers to themselves, and all will go well, especially if the Censorship happens to be grown a little less absurd. The respectable functionaries who conduct that useful branch of public business have just cut out an hundred lines, which appeared to them to furnish some *probable allusions*, from an unfortunate tragedy called *Judith*. I went to see it, out of my desire to give you an account of all our novelties, but, to say the truth, it is below criticism. Towards the end of the performance the audience could bear it no longer, and

cried aloud for the head of Holofernes. The author who writes fine verse (in the style of your Dryden again), is a M. Comberousse.

Are you acquainted with one of the wittiest and the most misanthropic writers of France, Chamfort? He was, like his cotemporary Dëlille, a natural child, but worked his way into the society of the great people of the Court of Louis XVI. M. de Vaudreuil, one of the Queen's favourites, got him a pension of eight hundred a year; when the revolution broke out, Chamfort, although in the enjoyment of an abuse so enormous, as eight hundred a year to a man of letters, had the magnanimity to declare himself hostile to abuses. He was, accordingly, denounced by *good company* as a monster, lost to every feeling of honour. Chamfort supported this stroke, so dreadful to every Frenchman, with a strength of mind truly Roman. Adhering firmly to his own opinions, he saw *good company* cry up to the skies the Abbe Dëlille, Marmontel, Morellet, and other philosophers who had too just a value for the good things they enjoyed under the *Ancien Regime*, not to declare in favour of their system as soon as there was any serious project for putting an end to it. Chamfort furnished Mirabeau with the famous speech in favour of the suppression of the academies. A more violent party than that to which Chamfort belonged, having seized the reins of government, he gave himself twenty wounds with a razor in the region of the heart, and in the knee, in the hope of dividing an artery. He died a few months afterwards, of the consequences of these wounds.

Since the fall of Napoleon has permitted the French Revolution to proceed in its course, since it has restored liberty to thought, and the public attention to philosophical discussion, a new edition of Chamfort's works is published every other year. The fifth or sixth edition is just out, and consists of five volumes instead of four. The additional volume contains eighteen letters, written by Mirabeau, who being persecuted by his father (the famous *Ami des Hommes*, mentioned by Madame du Hausset), went to London, where he endeavoured to gain a miserable livelihood by working for booksellers. Chamfort undertook a work, tending to expose the evils of civilization, such as he beheld it, and of society such as it existed in France about the year 1780. The anecdotes of his time, which he collected as proofs and illustrations of his system of misanthropy, are what render his works popular. Nobody reads a bad tragedy, written to flatter Louis XVI. which first procured him the favour of the court. His eulogies on La Fontaine and Molière are delightful. They are among the most exquisite specimens of French writing. His two articles on the charming Memoirs of Duclos, and on the private life of the Duke de Richelieu, are here generally esteemed perfect productions. In short, I strongly advise you to buy the last edition of Chamfort's works.

On Sunday, 10th of April, M. Paul Louis Courier, the cleverest man in France, was assassinated as he was walking in a wood belonging to him at Veretz, near Tours. His body was found on the following day,

pierced with three balls. French literature could not have sustained a greater loss. M. Courier was only fifty-two. He had served with distinction in his youth, and had refused his vote to Napoleon when he raised himself to the Imperial throne. At that period, M. Courier left the army, and applied himself to the study of Greek. It is said that, in his knowledge of this language, he was only equalled by two men in France. Be that as it may, it is certain that since Voltaire's time no writer has equalled M. Courier in prose satire,—no other man has written such delightful pamphlets. His petition in favour of "The Peasants who were Forbidden to Dance" is one of the master pieces of our language. His pamphlets are but little known out of Paris. The public prints scarcely ever dared to announce them, besides which, most of the editors of journals were jealous of his superior wit and talent. At the time of his assassination he had gone to Tours to sell all his property. He had just had some disagreement with his wife, in consequence of which he had determined to shut himself up in a cheerful sunny room in Paris, and there to pass his life in writing. His death is a great happiness to the Jesuits. M. Courier would have been the Pascal of the nineteenth century. It is confidently reported that he has left Memoirs of his Life, and particularly of the two or three years he spent in Calabria. These memoirs, if ever they see the light, will materially affect the place held in public estimation by several celebrated generals. M. Courier was a decided enemy to the absurd emphasis and affectation of the intense, with which M. de Chateaubriand has corrupted French literature. The style of his pamphlets, and of a specimen of a Translation of Herodotus, frequently reminds us of the naiveté and vigour of Montaigne.

The war between the *Classiques* and the *Romantiques*, which must be extremely uninteresting to you, has this month given birth to a very amusing satire in verse, the author of which is a man of sense and wit, named de la Touche; and to two pamphlets, by M. de Stendhal and M. Artoud. The question at issue is, whether future writers of tragedy are to imitate Racine or Shakspeare. Lord Byron's tragedies, and those which have been acted with any success in London for the last five or six years, seem to us quite after the manner of Racine. The persons of the drama do little and talk eloquently. The *Romantiques* speak very highly of a comedy called *Les Espagnols in Dannemark*, which will shortly appear in print; as it is pretty certain that the Censorship would not suffer it to be acted. The author is said to be a young man of eighteen. A draft of an anonymous letter, addressed to Louis XIV. by Fenelon, has just been sold at a very high price at a public sale. The original, which consists of twenty-four pages, is in the hand-writing of that illustrious man. It is a master-piece of reasoning. If Louis XIV. ever received this letter, I should think he could hardly avoid recognizing the style of its author.

L'honnet Homme et le Niais is a novel from the pen of M. Picard. It is

rather sillily written, but it gives a faithful picture of the manners of Paris from 1800 to 1820. It is of a very different depth from M. de Jouy's *Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*. M. Picard has much less wit, much fewer striking expressions at command. The Jesuits having done him the favour to persecute his book; it has reached a second edition. It will be very interesting to foreigners. In 1800 you believed us to be monsters on the faith of a few writers in the pay of Pitt. You will see that we were then what we have always been, frivolous, consummately vain, running after the pleasure of the latest fashion, and indifferent to the opinion of other nations. Your's always,

P. N. D. G.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

WE remember to have heard a gentleman at the head of a large manufactory, employing much and complicated machinery, declare that he had made up his mind to a life of never-ceasing anxiety and exertion, for if he left all right, at going to bed, he was sure to find something wrong in the morning. We look upon the manager of his Majesty of England's Italian theatre to be pretty much in the situation of this unfortunate gentleman, with however additional evils that the living machines it is his principal business to direct are driven from their courses by prejudices, interests, ignorances, caprices, and passions of their own, to which our friend's levers and wheels were not liable; and moreover at the end of the year he was pretty sure of the general result of his concern turning out in his favour—a consequence by no means so certain at the opera.

The company removed to their old quarters soon after Easter, and occupied Novosielski's magnificent building, with assurance doubly sure to the spectators that they would not "bring an old house upon their heads," a promise which some who have entered into it would be not less glad to secure. But no sooner were space and accommodation in their accustomed amplitude and splendor restored to the public, than the attractions which were to draw and amuse "the many headed monster" suddenly fell away. Madame Ronzi de Begnis has been continually *indisposed* and so has Signor Garcia. Mr. Ebers, indeed, found it at length necessary to publish a bulletin for the satisfaction of the noble crowd that daily inquired after these singers, containing some correspondence between Mr. Ayrton, Signor Garcia, and himself. In his letter, Mr Ayrton recites some of the embarrassments he has had to contend against: it appears Mrs. Gattie was engaged, but she fell sick; an event by the way, musically considered, to be lamented by nobody so much as herself and her husband. Then, "after encountering some difficulties, Mr. Ayrton was" fortunate enough to conclude an arrangement with Madame Castelli, by which she agreed to accept the less important parts that might be allotted to her, provided she were but allowed to make her débüt as *Elvira* in *Don Giovanni*, or *Despina* in "*Così fan tutte*." Mr. A. now thought himself secure of giving an opera, but lo! the building could not support itself against such harmony, and was found to have sunk into a dangerous state. To the Little Theatre the company fled for shelter;

but, in passing across the street, it is to be presumed, Sig. Garcia took cold and his cough stopped the performance. What was worse, his disorder was probably infectious, for Madame De Begnis became ill, and "the public had to regret the loss of her services for upwards of a fortnight." The consequence was, "the substitution of that charming, though hacknied, work *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*." "By dint of forced rehearsals and resolute perseverance," Mr. A. was enabled to bring out *Adelina*, and *L'Italiana in Algieri* compressed into one act.

He then looked forward to Passion week, as a season of leisure fitting to be converted into a season of labour. But Signor and Madame De Begnis, with a piety that cannot be too highly applauded, had provided against rehearsals during that penitentiary time in their articles, and upon this privilege they steadfastly insisted. Oimè ! povero impresario ! Madame Vestris had gone to visit a sick mother at Paris ; M. Begrez was confined to his couch by a serious accident (some say he stumbled against a horse-whip), and no advance could be made.

We do not presume to state that these moving miseries suggested the rehearsal of *Così fan tutte* to the ready fancy of the manager, but it seems very natural, and accordingly upon *Così fan tutte* he fixed. He allots the part of *Fernando* to Curioni, and that of *Guglielmo* to Garcia ; but Garcia refuses the one and claims the other, and when Mr. A., *mutatis mutandis*, thinks to reconcile all differences and offers *Guglielmo* to Curioni, that singer rejects it, being as much too low for his voice as Signor G., Mr. A. fears, will find *Fernando* too high. Mr. Ayrton proceeds to show why Signor Garcia ought not to have refused *Guglielmo* and adduces the examples of Tramezzani, Crivelli, and Begrez which he fortifies by the fact that Garcia's voice is extending *downwards*, and that he has continually played *Don Giovanni*, which is written in the base clef. The dispute, like most other disputes, then turns upon the question of what is a *base part*. Signor Garcia says he will not take a base part, Mr. Ayrton says the Signor has already taken such a part more than once, and it is thus he confirms his accusation. "In short, Signor Garcia, like other singers who have been long in this country, seems now to consider the theatre as a matter of secondary importance. A salary of twelve hundred and fifty pounds for a season of forty nights only, out of which he, most likely, will not be required to sing above five and twenty times, should have prompted him to devote zealously all his talents in aid of the establishment, and ought to have induced him even to make sacrifices, if necessary, in order to manifest his gratitude to the subscribers, who contribute so very liberally towards the support of a theatre which grants him such generous terms." The public may probably be inclined to accord with Mr. Ayrton. Finally, the Signor agrees to accept the character, if allowed to retire from that in *Semiramide*, writes a billet, which Mr. Ebers styles, "tres impoli," and the latter appeals to the public.

All these distresses have been the uniform attendants of a theatre ever since the first was built and must ever be while the strain laid upon the powers of singers of the first rank is so great, and the court and attention they draw so excessive. These circumstances at once pamper the imaginary importance of the individuals and also afford frequently a just and sometimes a false pretext for the non-performance of duties. We are among

those, who wish to see both these causes of public disappointment and private loss and animosity abated; but how this is to be effected is not quite so clear. The results are obvious enough. During the present season, the opera has been very inferior to the expectations so vast an expenditure entitles the subscribers and the public to form. But who is to blame? certainly not Mr. Ayrton, who has undertaken a task of indescribable difficulty. Nor can we believe that the necessary reform can ever be accomplished, till the rate of engagements is reduced and the dangers of dispute obviated by competition. Even last year with five prima Donnas not a single opera was sustained in the best manner. This fact indicated the necessity of strong measures of reformation. At the very moment when the manager of the King's Theatre finds himself unable to compel the attendance of the performers, operas are privately performed at the houses of Nobility by some of the very same parties, and it is more than probable that the directors will in future perceive the indispensable obligation of inserting a clause in their articles to prevent the singers from embracing such engagements.

At this moment there are no performers so highly in vogue in the private parties of people of fashion, as Signor Garcia and his daughter. They sing some Spanish things, exquisite in their kind. Mademoiselle Garcia frequently takes the vocal part, and her father accompanies on the guitar. The airs have a burden in which the company often joins. These performances are exceedingly beautiful and effective. The lady is yet very young and her style by no means formed; nevertheless, she is a superior singer. Of Garcia himself, it may be truly said, he has astonishing science. His powers are failing from time and exertion, and he is certainly labouring under a severe cough, yet with what exquisite art did he vary the passages and cover both the defects of nature and indisposition on the night of the last Tuesday but one. His singing formed indeed the entire support of the piece, for Madame Vestris is a very poor *Rosina*, and Remorini makes but a coarse *Figaro*; but let us do him justice. His voice is superb, and with some allowance for the use of the lips and mouth in passages of execution, he is a fine singer. "In *Pietro L'Eremita*," on Saturday, April 23, Porto sang magnificently, so much so indeed as to leave little regret for Zuchelli, whose performance of the same character was with justice so highly extolled. Curioni appeared for the first time this season, but though a sweet singer he is a poor substitute for Garcia, by whose assistance the performance might have been rendered as perfect as possible. The acting of Madame Ronzi de Begnis was inimitable. It is hardly to be conceived how exquisitely she expressed the strong passions which agitate the soul of Agia, while grace tempered emotion. Her beauty was heightened by the varying expression. She was truly exquisite. Indisposition diminished the accustomed excellence of her singing, which was less forcible than usual.

Madame Caradori is not in her place in the vastness of the opera stage, which reduces great, and all but annihilates powers of a second order. Madame Caradori's voice and manner are, however, delightful in their kind. Elegance, precision, and delicacy, reign through all she does; and there is an innocence which sets off and enhances the polish of art. Few singers will give purer pleasure, for whatever she does is perfect in its kind.

Her pronunciation of English, when she sings, is better than that of almost any foreigner we remember. That these her attributes are felt and understood by the public, is demonstrated by her reception at Madame Catalani's farewell concert, given on the 22d of April, where she obtained far more applause than the Catalani herself. *Apropos des bottes!* — At the last but one of these concerts, the aid of Signor Pistrucci, the improvisatore, was called in, and the very last introduced a Mr. Huntley to a London audience. His voice is a low tenor, not well formed, for his throat has too much influence in the production of the tone, and, altogether, his singing is mediocre. Nature has given him some share of power, but he has much to learn before it will avail him to any considerable purpose, if indeed the habits he has formed can be overcome. Mr. Sapio also sung; and in his duet with Madame Catalani, very successfully. His style approaches more nearly to true Italian than that of any English singer of the present day. But Mr. Sapio must take care—he has advanced to the brink of a precipice, by treading the boards of Drury-lane. In his song (a patriotic tribute to the Greeks from the French Melodies, which we must believe some good-natured feeling towards the author induced him to sing, for a more ineffective composition was never selected) we perceived the proofs of his perilous situation. If he attempts to continue the course he has begun, namely, to increase force at the expense of finish, he is lost, irretrievably lost. His intonation sunk, his tone was impoverished, and his whole manner tainted with the vulgarity of the stage. We entreat him to beware. His wants lie precisely in the contrary direction. Vaughan is a fitter model for him than Braham; and this truth he will soon feel at the Ancient Concert, where whatever may be said of severe notions, the purest taste prevails.

Subsequent opportunities of hearing Miss Wilkinson, the young lady whose appearance at the Ancient Concert we noticed in our last report, lead us to confirm the estimate we gave of her powers. This young lady's talent is much over-rated by the partiality of friends. There are many finer voices by art, many better formed by nature, for the foundations have not been laid in the best possible manner, and her taste is by no means cultivated to the highest degree. We have indeed been seldom more astonished than at hearing the manner in which she sang Webbe's beautiful song "A rose from her bosom had strayed," at Mr. Greatorex's concert, the conductor himself standing behind her chair, being (as we are told) her master. He cannot have forgotten his friend Harrison in this air; and if so, how could he suffer Miss Wilkinson to sing it as she did? Mr. Greatorex suffered from the indisposition of the corps vocale. Mrs. Salmon is obviously ill or shaken by her long professional exertions, so much so as to need repose. Miss Stephens was too ill to give her songs; and the abstraction of so much talent was a sad drawback. The room, however, was filled in a way to prove in what high estimation Mr. Greatorex is held by the noble directors and supporters of the Ancient Concert.

At the dinner of the New Musical Fund, three German performers were introduced, one of whom played on a new instrument called the *Physharmonicon*, and the two others on the Spanish Guitar. The instrument with the unpronounceable name, is either the *Terpodion* which was exhibited some years since in London, or an improvement. The principle is clearly the production of tone, by the motion of a wheel, upon bars of metal

or some sonorous body. This wheel is moved by the foot, and the pressure of the finger on the key removes the damper. The music they performed was excellent in its kind, and the effect altogether extremely pleasing.

Miss H. Cawse has appeared at Covent-garden in a new opera, called the Hebrew Family; and though the piece fell, the young debutante succeeded so well as to secure, we are informed, such an engagement as demonstrates the good opinion of managers. Her powers are altogether extraordinary in one so young. She owes her musical instruction to the care of Sir George Smart, and though not now more than 14, reads music with surprising facility, is a good timist, and well grounded in the art. Her voice is of great compass, round, and clear in tone, and, for so mere a child, of full volume. But she had no music worthy of her. One ballad by Whittaker, which to us appears but a meagre matter, was raised into notice by her playful execution of it. As an actress she has much promise.

Drury-lane has brought out another production of Weber's, *Abon Hassan*, by name. The manner of the composer of *Der Freischutz* is audible in the overture, but we cannot think it contains any thing particularly estimable. Indeed the more we hear of this latter wonder, the more we are surprised at its attraction. It has, it is true, a regular place. There are traits of fancy and strong originality, particularly in the overture; but as a whole, *Der Freischutz* is dull and invocal from the absence of melody, except where it appears in slight strains, and in detached parts which have no continuity. Weber, it seems, it is decreed to succeed to the empire of Rossini. Both houses, it is said, are employed on his *Preciosa*. It were to be wished that the purveyors of our musical pleasures would bear in mind the morning gun of the critic, and not spoil a good thing by that damnable trick of iteration.

We have occasionally mentioned the Royal Academy of Music, and it is but justice to say, that the instrumental pupils manifest such a progress on public days, as to be highly creditable both to themselves and their instructors. To see an orchestra of these Lilliputians is very interesting, not only to the amateur of music, but to all who desire that the professors of a liberal art should be raised by a religious and moral education, and by a tinge of letters. The members of the committee are indefatigable in their attentions. We understand it is in the contemplation of these gentlemen to institute concerts upon the grandest and most universal scale, comprehending all the talent engaged in the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts, and to assist the pupils and the funds of this academy by the legitimate means. These concerts, however, will probably not commence until next year.

NEW COMPOSITIONS.

Polonaise Brillant, for the pianoforte, by J. P. Pixis. This is a very effective lesson, Mr. Pixis possesses much originality and strength in his general style, and this composition displays both in a considerable degree. The introduction consists of some brilliant passages of execution, requiring much precision of finger; the Polonaise itself is extremely simple, but its subsequent treatment displays great ability, particularly in a short movement in F. minor.

Brilliant Rondo, "a l'Autrichienne," for the harp and pianoforte, by N. C. Bochsa.

MAY, 1825.

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This lesson is dedicated to Master Aspull ; but let no one be alarmed at this prognostication of difficulty, for it is considerably easier than Mr. Bochsa's compositions usually are for both instruments. The pianoforte part only requires a firm touch, and strict attention to the marked contrasts which form its character ; that for the harp contains more difficulty, but nothing beyond the reach of tolerable proficiency ; the lesson is very spirited and energetic.

The Jager Chorus, from *Der Freyschutz*, with bars for the harp, by N. C. Bochsa, is in a style peculiar to this imaginative composer, and is one of superior talent. He is here at home, he is writing for that instrument over which he appears to possess an almost supreme power, and the music bears with it an irresistible attraction. The well known subject is preceded by a grand prelude of four pages, which has, however, all the appearance of a regular introduction. It is formed on the opening to the incantation scene and a passage from the Bacchanalian song, and is worked in a very superior manner. The variations on the chorus are extremely difficult, and full of spirit and buoyancy. No. 3 is the most striking, the *Andante* has great delicacy, and the *Waltz* in Weber's style, which, however, is similar in more than style, to that in the *Freyschutz* forms an elegant conclusion.

God save the King, with variations for the pianoforte, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello (*ad libitum*), by J. F. Burrowes. Mr. Burrowes's theme, though old, will always have particular recommendations to that class of pianoforte players, to whose capacities his music is principally adapted, his variations are not difficult, are all agreeable, and present considerable variety in themselves ; the lesson altogether is one likely to prove useful to the master, and amusing to the scholar.

J. B. Cramer's twenty-five new *Diversions* for the pianoforte, consist of what might be more aptly termed *Studios*, and, we suppose, that it is only to avoid the repetition of an old title, that this one is appended to the composition before us. It is almost impossible for such a master and performer as Mr. Cramer to write any thing, having for its object the improvement of the learner, which would not afford good practice, but we cannot see the occasion, or even opening for such a work as the present, after the many superior productions of this kind which this coeval artist has himself produced, besides those by equally fine masters, nor can we congratulate him on having displayed any fresh trait of genius in his twenty-five *Diversions*.

Fair little Creature of to-Day, by D. M. Macarthy.

The Maiden's Dream, written and adapted to a German Melody, by W. Ball.

Now while Eve's soft Shadows blending, written and adapted to Rousseau's Dream, by W. Ball.

Of these ballads, the first two have light and easy melody to recommend them ; the exquisite Air of Rousseau's Dream will be certain to gain for the last, many and warm admirers.

ARRANGEMENTS.

Deli per questo istante solo, from "*La Clemenza di Tito*," arranged for the harp and pianoforte, with a flute accompaniment (*ad libitum*), by Cypriani Potter.

Weber's Overture to *Preciosa*, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, by J. Latour.

Book II. of favorite *Airs*, from *Preciosa*, arranged for the pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the flute, by J. Latour.

Overture to *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, arranged for the harp and pianoforte, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.

Three more Numbers of the new edition of Cramer's works are published, containing a duet for the harp and pianoforte, with an accompaniment for the flute, *Le Joyeux*, an Introduction and Rondo for the pianoforte, and a First Grand Concerto, with orchestral accompaniments.

AGRICULTURE.

The farmers have been very busily engaged in getting in the barleys. Some of the early sown are already up, and the growing showers which have fallen during the last few days have forwarded both these and the wheats very considerably. The last look every where very finely. Indeed, some of the farmers have publicly said that they never remember to have seen them promise better. The grasses are also springing very fast. In fact, every thing appears to foretell, at present, future abundance. The markets have been excessively dull for some time past, in consequence of Mr. Whitmore's intended motion respecting the corn laws. The farmers appear to be panic struck, and are exerting every nerve to present a large number of petitions to the legislature against any revision of the existing statutes. Hundred meetings are consequently taking place every where, all tending to this object. The large cities are also convening meetings of a contrary tendency, and are not less strenuous in requesting a free trade.

The average arrivals have been, during the month, of wheat 7781 qrs.; barley 3757; oats 12,951; flour 7847; while the average price for the week ending April 9 was, for wheat 68s. 7d.; barley 38s. 2d.; oats 23s. 7d.

The beef trade is better, the prime having gone off currently at 4s. 4d. to 5s. per stone. Mutton and lamb are also free sale, at about the same prices.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

English Opium.—Messrs. Cowley and Stains still continue to grow poppies for opium, and as it would seem, very successfully. In the year 1823 they collected 196 lbs. of opium from a twelve-acre field, and such was its character in the market, that it sold for two shillings a pound more than the best samples of foreign. The expense of its cultivation was 275*l.* of which 103*l.* was paid to the labourers employed in collecting it. The whole produce of the field was 370*l.* The following remarks which they make concerning the soils proper for the growth of poppies, are important to those who may be desirous of cultivating this branch of agriculture. "A porous sub-soil appears to be a circumstance of the first-rate importance, for when it consists of clay our crops have invariably been inferior to those which have grown on such parts as were situated on the sand, although assisted with manure. So strong indeed is our conviction of the ill-effects of an impervious sub-soil, that we have no hesitation in saying, that however good the soil, or however dry it may appear, if it be situated immediately above clay, no profit can be extracted from it by the growth of poppies, so frequent will be the partial or total failure of the crops." *Trans. Soc. Arts.*

Fiorin Grass.—Experiments on the productive powers of this grass have been recently made in the Highlands of Scotland with the greatest success, and it promises to become a very important addition to the grasses of this country. A field, the property of Mr. Donald Maccoll, Lettershuna, Appin, Argyleshire, consisting of three acres, has recently given an annual produce of five thousand stones. The field in question, which, till prepared for this grass, was not worth an annual rent of 10*s.* an acre, being covered with brushwood, rushes, sedges, &c. is now considered to be worth ten guineas an acre, from the immense quantity of winter food upon it, where winter food is so valuable.—*Rep. Arts.*

Professor Barlow.—The Emperor of Russia, in testimony of the esteem in which he holds Professor Barlow's magnetical discoveries, has presented him with a valuable gold watch and rich dress chain. The East India Board has also followed the example of the Admiralty and Trinity Boards, and made him a present of two hundred pounds.

Fused Charcoal.—At last a specimen of fused charcoal, or supposed artificial diamond, has been examined. The specimen was obtained by Professor Macneven, of New York, by means of Hare's Deflagrator; it was sent to Dr. Cooper, and by him to Mr. Vanuxem, who examined it, having always been very sceptical of the fusion of charcoal. It consisted of a large and small globule, connected together by a thread; colour black, without lustre, opaque. When struck it yielded without breaking; received a polish like that of iron; when filed it gave way as iron or soft steel would do; it was attracted by the magnet, and when hammered was malleable. Nitric acid, when heated, acted violently on it; and ultimately, peroxide of iron and a little silica were obtained; the proportion of silex to metallic iron being about 11 to 5. Such, therefore, is the nature of the black fused charcoal. Messrs. Silliman and Hare, however, deny that Mr. Vanuxem had operated on a proper specimen.—*Philadelphia Jour.*

The Method of the Least Squares.—Mr. Ivory is publishing a series of papers on this very delicate problem, in the Philosophical Magazine. They are written in that spirit of sound sense which in general distinguishes the mathematicians of this country from those of the continent; and with that philosophical clearness which, in a remarkable degree, characterizes all the speculations of this very eminent mathematician and philosopher, who undoubtedly, since the death of Professor Playfair, stands in this country at the head of the mathematical sciences. The method of the *least squares* is of great practical importance, as a means of determining the elements of astronomy to the last degree of precision; it is curious as a mere abstract speculation, depending as it does on the abstrusest analyses, and the more refined considerations of the doctrine of probabilities. The method itself Mr. Ivory has deduced from very simple physical considerations, and shown its connection with Cotes's mechanical method of approximating to the astronomical elements; and this is beyond comparison the most satisfactory mode of viewing the question. He has also derived it mathematically from the doctrine of chances, undoubtedly with very great simplicity, and with as much clearness as such a process admits. This method was first published by Legendre, in his Theory on the Orbits of Comets, although it had been denounced some years previously by M. Gauss, of Göttingen.

On the Narcotic Basis of Belladonna.—Dr. F. Runge has discovered that alkalies have the power of totally destroying the narcotic power of belladonna. From some experiments which he has recently made, he found that a single drop of the extract of leaves of belladonna, produced a dilatation of the pupil of the eye, which lasted twenty hours. Milk of lime was then added to it, till the lime sensibly predominated; and after frequent stirring, was left at rest for three days. A clear yellow precipitate had then settled, and the supernatant liquid had but little colour, gave an unpleasant smell, and no longer produced any effect on the pupil. The washed yellow precipitate was then saturated with sulphuric acid, slowly evaporated to dryness, and then digested with alcohol. The spirituous solution contained a vegetable principle in combination with sulphuric acid, and was soluble in water, but was perfectly without action on the eye. A drop of the residue, untouched with the alcohol, was then applied; but it also produced no effect. Hence it cannot be doubted, that the narcotic principle of belladonna, which in its natural state so powerfully dilates the eye, loses this power altogether by solution in alkalies, even one so much diluted as lime water, and consequently, when intended to be used medicinally, should never come in contact with the caustic alkalies.—*Ann. de Chim.*

Mr. Bell and M. Majendie.—Mr. Bell, at the commencement of a course of lectures, which he is now delivering, after stating a general view of his researches on the nervous

system, observed that there might be some surprise that in detailing these researches he had not mentioned the name of M. Majendie. He could not (he said), trust himself to speak on this subject, and, accordingly, read from a written paper a statement, in substance as follows: that he had commenced these researches as early as the year 1809, that in the year 1811 he was in possession of the principal facts of our present knowledge of the nervous system; that in the year 1821, a friend of his had gone over to Paris, and shown to M. Majendie and a number of French medical men, plates and experiments illustrative of these discoveries, and that the experiments of M. Majendie in London last year were, in fact, little more than a repetition of the experiments there exhibited. What may be the relative claims of these two eminent men, may not be very easy to settle, but certain it is, that Frenchmen have always been very ready to appropriate to themselves the discoveries made in this country.

M. Majendie's Experiments on the Cerebellum.—M. Majendie in experimenting on a rabbit having accidentally wounded the *crura cerebelli*, it turned suddenly on its back, and whatever position he gave it, it rolled incessantly till some physical body arrested it. On dissection, he found that he had disordered in a great measure the *crus cerebelli* corresponding to that side toward which the animal had a tendency to turn. On repeating this experiment on another rabbit, he found the same result; but on cutting the left crus, the rotation reverted from left to right. "It struck me," says this eminent physiologist, "as being probable that the one transmitted a force which was equally balanced by the other, and that it was the equilibrium of these two forces that regulated the position, repose, and divers voluntary and involuntary motions. Subsequent experiments convinced me this was the case, for on cutting both the crura, the animal became quite immoveable, and showed not the least sign of animation. If I admitted the opinion of Professor Rolando upon the functions of the cerebellum, which he regards as the organ producing movement, I must have hesitated; but having, in the course of my researches, observed some animals completely deprived of the cerebellum, and yet execute some regular movements, I thought it necessary to make further inquiry. The first, step I took was to cut it, from the bottom upwards, in such a manner as to have three-fourths to the left and one-fourth to the right; the animal rolled on the right, and its eyes were placed as if I had cut the left peduncle. I then made a section of the same extent on the left side; the rotation immediately ceased, and the eyes resumed their natural position. It is evident from this last experiment, that the division of the crura has more influence on the lateral rotation and inverted eyes, than the union of the cerebellum itself, and this induces me to think that the impulsive force comes not from this organ, but elsewhere. An experiment it struck me would throw some light on the subject—it was to separate vertically the cerebellum into two equal parts. Several ineffectual attempts were made before I could completely succeed, the section verging too much either to the right or the left, when the phenomena already described were produced, but in a less degree. But on eventually succeeding, the most curious phenomena were observable; the eyes were to an extraordinary degree agitated; they seemed to jump in their orbits, and the animal itself seemed to be placed between two repelling powers; on its inclination to one side it was instantly repelled to the other, and it remained balanced in this wonderful manner for several hours.

Belladonna, a Preservative against Scarlet Fever.—Professor Hufeland some time ago published a paper on this subject, and his suggestions have been very extensively acted on in Germany, and the happiest results have followed. He has published a second paper containing extracts from the reports sent him, from men who hold important official situations, and which are therefore entitled to the greatest credit, "they have proved," says Dr. Hufeland, "by experiment, that this plant does render persons unsusceptible of the infection of the fever in places where it may be raging. The *modus operandi* seems to be that of diminishing the nervous susceptibility, and thus it appears, according to the old axiom, "that without a certain degree of excitement of the nerves,

and a corresponding degree of susceptibility, there can be no fever." Thirteen extracts are given from these reports, whence it appears that in all cases where scarlet fever was raging, one-twentieth of a grain of extract of belladonna, administered night and morning for a few days, operated in nearly every case as a complete preventive, and, in the very few instances where it did not, the fever appeared in a very mild form.—*Jour. der Practisch. Heilk.*

Rice paper.—The substance commonly known by the name of rice paper is brought from China; and although it has a general resemblance to a substance formed by art, yet a slight examination of it with the microscope is sufficient to indicate a vegetable organization. A series of experiments to ascertain its structure have shown, that it consists of long hexagonal cells, whose length is parallel to the surface of the film; these cells are filled with air, when the film is in its usual state, and from this circumstance it derives its peculiar softness. It is a membrane of the bread fruit tree, the *artocarpus incisifolia* of naturalists, and when the film is exposed to polarized light, the longitudinal *septa* of the cells depolarize it like other vegetable membranes.—*Ed. Journ. Sci.*

Potatoe Brandy.—Professor Oersted gives the following account of Siemen's new process for making brandy from potatoes, now generally adopted in Germany and the north of Europe, and by which one-third more brandy may be obtained than by the usual method. The potatoes are put into a close wooden vessel, and exposed to the action of steam, which heats them more than boiling water; they can thus be reduced to the state of the finest paste with the greatest facility, it being only necessary to stir them with an iron instrument furnished with cross pieces. Boiling water is then added to the paste, and afterwards a little potash rendered caustic by quick-lime; this dissolves the vegetable albumen which opposes the complete conversion of the potatoe starch into a fluid. Professor Oersted frees the potatoe brandy from its peculiar flavour by means of the chlorate of potash, which is said to make it equal to the best brandy made from wine.—*Tech. Rep.*

Black-lead.—Another black-lead mine has been recently discovered in Inverness-shire on the property of Glengary. It is situated near the top of a rocky ravine, close to the head of Loch Lochy, on the south-east side, and within a mile of the Caledonian canal. The mine is so situated, that an artificial trough or slide of simple construction like that used at Alpneck, Switzerland, for timber, might be erected to convey the black-lead ore, by its own force of descent, from the mine to the Caledonian canal; the breadth of the mine in many places, where it crops out, is fully three feet wide.—*Ed. Journ. Sci.*

Mechanics Lecture at Paris.—M. Dupin has completed his course of lectures on Mechanics and Geometry, at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. Upwards of five hundred persons, principally of the working classes attended them and listened with the profoundest attention. The progress of industry will be incalculable, when directed by science.—*Cour. Fran.*

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

Congregations for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees will be holden on the following days, during the present month, in Easter Term. Thursday, May 5; Friday, May 13; Saturday, May 21.

On Wednesday, April 13, being the first day of Easter Term, the Rev. John Watts.

MA. Fellow of University, and the Rev. William Dalby, MA. Fellow of Exeter, were admitted in full Convocation to the office of Proctors of the University for the year ensuing; after which the Rev. John William Hughes, MA. of Trinity, the Rev. Joseph Loscombe Richards, MA. Fellow of Exeter, the Rev. Frederick Charles Plumptre, and the Rev. William Glaister, MA. Fellows of University, were nominated Pro-Proctors.

The Examining Masters appointed by the Vice Chancellor and Proctors under the new Statute are,

In Literis Humanioribus,

Mr. Cardwell, of Brasennose.	Mr. Longley, of Christ Church.
Mr. Ogilvie, of Balliol.	Mr. Self, of Oriel.
Mr. Mills, of Magdalen.	Mr. Johnson, of Wadham.

In Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis.

Dr. Ogle, of Trinity, Aldrichian Professor of Medicine.
 Mr. Rigaud, of Exeter, Savilian Professor of Geometry.
 Mr. Cooke, of Corpus, Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy.

April 20.—The University Seal was affixed in Convocation to an Indenture for establishing four University Scholarships, under the endowment of the very Reverend the Dean of Westminster. These Scholarships are expressly intended by the founder “for the promotion of classical learning and taste,” and are to be holden for four calendar years, from the day of election, provided the Scholar shall keep by residence two academical Terms in each year. The candidates (who are to be elected, after examination, by three Examiners appointed by the Trustees) are to be undergraduate Members of the University, who shall not have exceeded their sixteenth term from matriculation, no regard being had to place of birth, school, parentage, or pecuniary circumstances. The trustees are the Vice Chancellor, the two Proctors, the Provost of Oriel College, and the Dean of Christ Church, and the election of the first Scholar is to take place in the full term immediately succeeding the completion of the foundation. After this first election, every subsequent Election is to take place annually in Lent Term, and one Scholar only is to be elected in one calendar year.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Bachelor in Divinity.

April 21.—John Calcott, Fellow of Lincoln.

Bachelor in Civil Law.

March 26.—Frederick Benj. Twisleton, Fellow of New College (Grand Compounder).

Masters of Arts.

March 26. G. Deane, St. Mary Hall.	F. M. Danson, Queen's.
H. G. Talbot, Student of C. C.	G. L. Hamilton, Trinity.
J. H. Gegg, Alban Hall.	R. Basnett, Trinity.
E. W. West, St. John's.	T. H. Harding, Wadham.
April 13. Hon. P. H. Abbot, St. of C. C.	W. Pyne, Pembroke.
W. Mellard, Magdalen Hall.	April 21. A. B. Mesham, Corpus.
A. W. Schomberg, Mag. Hall.	R. Walker, Wadham.
C. Tookey, Magdalen Hall.	E. G. Simcox, Wadham.
R. Tawney, Fellow of Mag.	T. Williams, Oriel.
W. Stone, Fell. of Brasennose.	W. R. Wyatt, Brasennose.
S. Maddock, Brasennose.	T. Johnson, Merton.
C. S. Greaves, Queen's.	

Bachelors of Arts.

March 26. S. Platt, Mag. Hall (G. C.)	W. Hodgson, Wadham.
April 13. W. Williams, Mag. Hall.	B. Littlehales, Oriel.
H. E. Head, St. Mary Hall.	R. Gwilym, Brasennose.
S. Lane, Exeter College.	J. G. Round, Balliol.
21. B. Kenyon, St. M. Hall (G. C.)	R. J. C. Alderson, Exeter.

CAMBRIDGE.

March 25.—Mr. Edward Herbert Fitzherbert, and Mr. John Wordsworth, both of Trinity College, were elected University Scholars on Dr. Bell's Foundation.—Thomas Crick, BA. and John Frederick Isaacson, BA. were elected Foundation Fellows of that Society.—The Rev. Nicholas Fiott, MA. was elected Fellow on the Plate Foundation.

April 1.—At a congregation held this day, the following Degrees were conferred :

Bachelors of Arts.

Henry Peter Daniel, Trinity College.	Charles Jolland, St. John's.
William Hopwood, Trinity.	Thomas Hulton, Caius.
Rev. Ferdinand Faithful, St. John's.	Thomas Fielding Baker, Caius.
Rev. Benjamin Maddy, St. John's.	Abraham Thomas Rogers Vicary, Jesus.

April 6.—The Rev. Thomas Clowes, BA. of Queen's College, was elected a Fellow of that Society by dispensation from the King.

April 12.—The Rev. John Brown, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, was elected Senior of that Society.

April 13.—Robert Cory, BA. of Emmanuel College, was elected Fellow of that Society.

April 20.—At a Congregation held this day, the following Degrees were conferred.

Doctor in Physic.

Thomas Elliotson, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.

F. T. Pratt, Trinity College.	Rev. C. B. Clough, St. John's.
E. Ware, Trinity.	Rev. C. G. R. Festing, St. John's.
Rev. T. Nash, Trinity.	Rev. C. H. Gooch, Corpus Christi.
Rev. G. Pitt, Trinity.	W. C. Walters, Jesus.
J. Evered, Trinity.	

Bachelor in Civil Law.

Matthew Scott, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.

C. Nairne, Trinity College.	J. G. Powell, St. Peter's.
C. M. Long, Trinity.	H. Pratt, Corpus Christi.
J. B. B. Clarke, Trinity.	N. Chinnery, Queen's.
H. R. Crewe, Trinity.	J. H. Watkins, Catharine Hall.
Rev. R. Deeker, Trinity.	J. S. Byers, Catharine Hall.
J. Warner, Trinity.	G. Sharland, Jesus.
W. Quekett, St. John's.	R. Cobb, Christ.
P. W. Buchan, St. John's.	T. L. Cooper, Magdalene.
Rev. J. C. Collins, St. John's.	H. P. Blencowe, Emmanuel.
B. Lambert, St. John's.	M. C. Tolputt, Sidney.
W. W. Jordan, St. John's.	G. G. Wyattville, Sidney.
C. E. Band, St. John's.	J. C. Warren, Sidney.

The Marquis of Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington, late of Christ Church, Oxford, has been admitted of Trinity College.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Dacre Barrett Lennard, BA. to the Rectory of St. Michael at Plea, Norwich; Patron, Sir T. B. Lennard, Bart.—Rev. William Creasy Drew, BA. to the Rectory of Sandringham, with Babingley annexed, Norfolk; Patron, Henry Hoste Henley, Esq.—Rev. Thomas Hawes, to the Rectory of Thorndon, Suffolk.—Rev. Samuel Lee, MA. Professor of Arabic, to the Curacy of Belton, with Harrowgate.—Rev. Samuel Carr, MA. of Queen's College, to the Rectory of Little Eversden; Patrons, The President and Fellows of that Society.—Rev. R. Duffield, BD. Fellow of St. John's College, to the Vicarage of Impington; Patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Ely.—Rev. Henry Foulis, MA. St. John's College, to the Rectory of Panton, Lincolnshire, and the Vicarage of Wragby, with East Torrington (by dispensation); Patron, Edmond Turnor, Esq.—Rev. Charles Turnor, MA. to the Vicarage of Milton Earnest, Bedfordshire, with Wendover Vicarage, Bucks (by dispensation); Patron, Edmond Turnor, Esq.—Rev. Thomas Mathews, of St. John's College, to the Perpetual Curacy of Prior's See, Salop; Patron, the Rev. N. Hinde.—Rev. Julius Deeds, MA. to the Rectory of Orlingbury; Patron, Sir Brook William Bridges, Bart.—Rev. Samuel Carr, MA. to the Vicarage of Great Eversden; Patron, the King.—Rev. George Millers, MA. to the Rectory of Hardwicke.—Rev. Temple Frere, to the Rectory of Burslon, Norfolk; Patron, the King.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

- A New Theory of Light.
 Travels of my Night Cap, by the Author of my Note Book.
 Darvan's Grammar of the Modern Greek, translated by Mr. Mitchell.
 A Dictionary of Modern Greek, by Mr. Mitchell.
 A Compendium of the Modern Words to be used as a Supplement to the Dictionary, by Mr. Mitchell.
 Conversations in Greek, French, Italian, and English, by Mr. Mitchell.
 The Book of Nonconformity, 1 vol. 8vo.
 A Collection of Scotch Songs, 6th vol. by G. Thomson.
 A Documentary Supplement to Who wrote Icôn Basilikè.
 An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture, by the late Benjamin Holditch.
 A Memoir on the Road of Cephalonia, by Col. C. J. Napier.
 Report of the Trial, King at the Prosecution of the Marquess of Westmeath.
 Dr. Jamieson's New Practical Duty of the Mechanical Science, &c.

We have received the following interesting communication.

A Lady is about to publish the Contents of an Album, placed some years in her Drawing-room, to receive the Contributions of her Literary Friends during their Visits. The Subjects discussed are exceedingly various and entertaining, and the Work under the title of "The Blue Book, or Characters and Opinions," is expected to appear early in May.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

- Formularies of Faith, put forth by Authority, during the Reign of Henry VIII.
 8vo. 7s.
 Herculanensium Voluminum Pars Secunda. Royal 8vo. 17. 5s. 6d.
 Memorials of the Public Life and Character of the Right Hon. James Oswald, of Dunniker. 8vo. 16s.

- Lambeth and the Vatican. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
 Goldsmith's Wonders of the United Kingdom. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
 Doubleday's Babington, a Tragedy. 8vo. sewed, 4*s.* 6*d.*
 Tales by the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 10*s.*
 A Key to the Knowledge of Nature, by the Rev. R. Taylor. 8vo. 18*s.*
 Travels among the Arab Tribes, by J. S. Buckingham. 4to. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
 Marianne, an Historical Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*
 A Peep at the Pilgrims in 1636. 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*
 Turner's History of England. 3 vols. 8vo. 3*l.*
 Harrison on the Arteries. Vol. II. 12mo. 5*s.*
 Travels through Russia, Siberia, Poland, &c. &c. in 1822, 3, 4, by James Holman. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*
 Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, by W. H. Keating, AM. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*
 Observations on some of the Dialogues of the West of England, by James Jennings. Foolscep 8vo. 7*s.*
 Denmark Delineated, by A. A. Feldborg. Royal 8vo. with Engravings, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
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CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

MERCURY will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th day at 18 hours in the constellation Taurus, passing within a quarter of a degree of the Sun's lower limb. This planet afterwards becomes a morning star; but on account of the close approximation to its primary, no opportunity for observation will be afforded. Venus in the early part of the month will be a conspicuous and beautiful object during the evenings, having on the 3d day only 1 digit of her western limb illumined. The cusps or horn may at this time be clearly distinguished pointing to the eastward. The inferior conjunction of this planet takes place on the 19th day at 4 hours 17 minutes, passing $2\frac{1}{4}$ degrees to the northward of the Sun. Her distance from the Earth will be about twenty-seven millions of miles. After the conjunction toward the close of the month Venus will appear as a morning star, rising between three and four o'clock, NE. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. to the southward of the Pleiades, having her cusps pointing to the westward. Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 26th day at 10 hours 30 minutes, passing within 4 minutes to the northward of that luminary. This planet will be invisible throughout the month. Jupiter, in the constellation Cancer, with a progressive motion, comes in conjunction with the 4th of Cancer on the 10th day at midnight. Only three eclipses of his satellites will be seen in our latitude this month. On the 12th day the emersion of the 1st satellite, at 9 hours, 49 minutes, 23 seconds. Emersion of the 2nd satellite, on the

7th day, at 12 hours, $10\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. Emersion of the 3d satellite on the 6th day, at 11 hours, 53 minutes. Jupiter sets NW. and W. and during the evenings will be a beautiful telescopic object. Saturn in the constellation Taurus approaches the Sun and will be lost in his rays towards the close of the month, but at the commencement will present an interesting object in combination with the planet Venus and Aldebaran, the 1st of Taurus. The Georgian, in constellation Sagittarius, rises SE. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. on the 1st day at 50 minutes after midnight, and on the 21st in the same direction, at 11 hours, 30 minutes. On the 31st day a very small eclipse of the Moon will take place, beginning at 11 hours, $53\frac{3}{4}$ minutes, and ending at 23 minutes after midnight, the greatest observation of the Moon's southern limb at 12 hours $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. At this time the Moon will be vertical near the Island of St. Helena. Her situation is in the constellation Scorpio near Antares, the 1st. On the 7th day, at 9 hours, 30 minutes, the constellations will be thus situated: NNE. is the small Lizard, above which is Cepheus. From NE. by N. nearly to ENE. is Cygnus; NE. by E. the Fox and Goose is rising; and ENE. the Arrow. Over these appear the beautiful Lyra; the head and contortions of Draco, and Ursa Minor. In the east, Taurus Poniatowski is seen just above the horizon; while, extending from NE. by E. to SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and from the horizon nearly to the meridian, are the Serpent Bearer and Hercules. In the SE. advancing to the meridian, is Bootes with its 1st Arcturus; and between Bootes and Hercules appears the Northern Crown. On the meridian are the Crow; the four stars in the body of Virgo; Coma Berenices; the tail of Ursa Major, and the tail of Draco. S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. near the Crow, is the Cup. The body of Leo SW.; Cancer and Canis Minor W. by S., Gemini W. by N.; Auriga from NW. by W. to NW. by N.; Perseus from NW. to N. by W. Cassiopeia and Andromeda at their lowest depression N.

BIRTHS.

March 20. The lady of N. S. Chauncy, Esq. a son.

— The lady of Ambrose Weston, Esq. of Guildford-street, Russell-square, a son.

21. The lady of James Moody, Esq. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, a son.

23. At Bath, the lady of the Hon. Hugh Francis Manners Tollemache, a daughter.

— At Hoddesdon, Berks, the lady of P. C. Cazalet, Esq. a daughter.

24. At Pudlicott House, Oxon, the lady of Sir Simon Stuart, Bart. a daughter.

25. At Haines Hill, the lady of Capt. Garth, R. N. a daughter.

26. In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of John Goldie, Esq. a son.

— At Vale Cottage, Green-lanes, Hornsey, the lady of Joseph Thorp, Esq. a daughter.

27. The lady of Charles Calvert, Esq. MP. a daughter.

— At Caher, the lady of George Mehan, Esq. 3d Dragoon Guards, a daughter.

28. In Upper Wimpole-street, the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce, a son.

29. At Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, a daughter.

— In Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, the lady of John Constable, Esq. a daughter.

— At Dessington-hall, Northumberland, the lady of Edward Collingwood, Esq. a daughter.

30. In Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, the lady of Captain R. J. Maclean, 65th Foot, a daughter.

31. The lady of D. Maclean, Esq. of Brunswick-square, a daughter.

— At Pattenham Priory, in the county of Surrey, the lady of Richard Sumner, Esq. a son.

— The lady of Martin Manglis, Esq. Herne Hill, Surrey, a son.

April 1. In Paris, the lady of Charles Thellusson, Esq. a son.

— The lady of Charles Ellis Heaton, Esq. a daughter.

2. In Gloucester-place, the lady of M. Macnamare, Esq. a son.

— The lady of John Barclay, Esq. of Dovonshire-place, a son.

3. In Hatton Garden, the lady of John Sim, Esq. MD. a son.

4. In St. James's Place, the lady of Ralph Deane, Esq. a son.

5. At Harperley Park, Durham, the lady of G. H. Wilkinson, Esq. a son.

6. At Mark's-hall, the lady of W. P. Honywood, Esq. MP. a son.

— At Apprington-house, near Totness, the lady of Major-General Adams, a son.

7. At Brasted Park, Kent, the lady of Edmund Turton, Esq. a son and heir.

— In Finsbury-place, the lady of George Bishop, Esq. a son.

— Mrs. Hessey, of Fleet-street, a daughter.

11. At his house in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, the lady of D. E. Morris, Esq. a daughter.
12. At his house in Whitehall-yard, the lady of the Hon. Henley Eden, a son and heir.
13. At Roehampton, the lady of C. G. Wynne, Esq. a son.
14. At Dorset-place, Dorset-square, the lady of R. Gurney, Esq. of the Inner Temple, a son.
— The lady of Capt. Slegg, of the Royal Dragoons, a son.
15. At the house of Capt. Berkeley, RN, the Lady Charlotte Berkeley, a daughter.
— In New-street, Spring Gardens, the lady of J. H. Tremaine, Esq. MP. a son.
— The lady of S. Burn, Esq. of King-street, Cheapside, a daughter.
16. At Norwood, the lady of Francis Tuke, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

- March 22. At Mary-la-Bonne Church, Warden Sergison, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. William Sergison, of Cuckfield Park, Sussex, to Editha, second daughter of the late Sir Jacob Henry Astley, of Melton Constable, Norfolk, and of Seaton Delaval, Northumberland.
- At St. James's Church, James Wittit Lyon, Esq. of Albemarle-street, to Emma Dalton, second daughter of Mrs. Edwards, Regent-street, and of Rheola, Glamorganshire.
- At St. Aldgate's Church, Oxford, Charles Willis, jun. Esq. of Cranbrook, Kent, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Macbean, Esq. of Roaring River Estate, Jamaica.
24. At Woodford, Thomas Chapman, Esq. of Mecklenberg-square, eldest son of Edward Chapman, Esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of John Hanson, Esq. of the Rookery, Woodford, Essex.
- At Farringdon, Thomas Tonge, eldest son of William Vallance, Esq. of Sittingbourne, Kent, to Sarah, second daughter of William Ward, Esq. of Farringdon, Berks.
- At Hockliffe, Bedfordshire, Thomas Tringham Smith, Esq. of Bolton-street, Piccadilly, to Emma, youngest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Gilpin, of the Grange, Hockliffe.
26. At Kensington, Richard Temple, Esq. of Kemsey, Worcestershire, to Louisa Anne, youngest daughter of the late James Rivett Carnac, Esq. Member of Council at Bombay.
- At Bath, D. H. Dallas, Esq. only son of Sir Thomas Dallas, to Marianne, only daughter of the late Thomas Whiting York, Esq. of Lincolnshire.
28. At Kilcolgan Church, county of Galway, Ireland, Captain Francis Manley Shawe, of the Coldstream Guards, to Albinia Hester, eldest daughter of Major-General John Taylor, of Castle Taylor, in the county of Galway.
29. At Horsham, Henry, youngest son of William Padwick, Esq. of Cosham-house, near Portsmouth, to Susan, youngest daughter of T. Chasemore, Esq. of the former place.
31. At Newton Ferrers, Devonshire, Philip, second son of Sir John Perring, Bart. Memland, to Frances Mary, only daughter of the late Henry Roe, Esq. of Gnaton.
- April 4. At St. James's Church, Dr. P. Leslie, to Miss Hendrie.
5. H. R. Cresswell, Esq. of Tulse-hill, Surrey, to Ann, only daughter of James Trice, Esq. Kingsdown, Kent.
- In the Private Chapel, at Shawe Hall, Lancashire, the seat of Wm. Ffarinton, Esq. Alexander Nowell, of Underley Park, Westmoreland, Esq. to Charlotte, daughter of the late James Ffarington, Esq.
- At Edmonton, the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, rector of Allhallows' Staining, London, and of the Shrubby, Lower Edmonton, to Mary, second daughter of T. L. Tweed, Esq. of Hyde Cottage, of the same place.
6. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Francis Hawksworth Fawkes, of Hawksworth Hall, in the county of York, Esq. and eldest son of Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley Hall, to Elizabeth Butler, only child of the late Hon. and Rev. Pierce Butler, and niece to the Earl of Carrick.
7. In Berkeley-square, Captain George Ferguson, of Pettour, RN. to the Hon. Elizabeth Jane Rowley, eldest daughter of Lord Langford.
- At Mary-la-bonne Church, Henry, eldest son of the Hon. John Wodehouse, and grandson of Lord Wodehouse, to Anne, only daughter of T. T. Gurdon, Esq. of Letton, Norfolk.
- In the Dock-yard Chapel, Portsmouth, Francis Baring, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. MP. to Jane, youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. MP.
- At St. James's Church, Charles Ross, Esq. son of General Ross, to Lady Mary Cornwallis, fourth daughter of the late Marquis Cornwallis.
- At Weymouth, John Gordon, Esq. of Wincombe, county of Wilts, to Maria, widow of the late Richard Oliven, Esq. of the Crescent, Bath.
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9. At Eveline, Oxon, Neville Reid, Esq. eldest son of Andrew Reid, Esq. of Linsdown, Herts, to the Hon. Caroline Napier, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Napier.
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12. At St. Pancras Church, the Rev. Daniel H. John Hopkins, Rector of Woolley, Hants, to Esther Barnard, daughter of the late John Hammond, MD.
- At Wappenbury, Theophilus Biddulph, Esq. eldest son of Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart. of Bisbury Hall, Warwickshire, to Jane Rebecca, second daughter of the late Robert Vyner, Esq. of Eathorpe, in the same county.

- April 12. At Clifton Church, William Guest Bird, Esq. of Lichfield, to Phœbe Ann, daughter of the Rev. James Olive, Rector of St. Paul's, Bristol.
- At Hornsey, Charles Morton, Esq. of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, to Mary, only daughter of John Kempson, Esq. of the former place.
13. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, J. F. Carr, Esq. of Blackheath, to Harriet Catharine, fourth daughter of Samuel White Sweet, Esq. of Dorset square.
- Lieut.-Colonel Disbrowe, Grenadier Guards, to Louisa, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Kilmaine.
14. At St. Mary's, Newington, Peter Lock, Esq. New Kent Road, to Miss Euphrosine de St. Genies, Hammersmith.
- At Barnes, Surrey, W. N. Comyn, Esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand, to Annabella, second daughter of the late Hugh Campbell, Esq. of the former place.
- At the Friends Meeting-house, Wandsworth, Waring Briddle, Esq. of Poole, Dorsetshire, to Sophia, daughter of the late W. Driver, Esq. Surrey-square.
- At St. Pancras-church, the Rev. Henry de la Fite, to Sarah, daughter of the late S. De Castro, Esq.
18. At Mary-la-bonne New Church, John Leveson Gower, Esq. of Bill-hill, in the county of Berks, to Charlotte Gertrude Elizabeth, second daughter of Lady Harriet, and the late Colonel Mitchell.
- David Solomon's Esq. of Berry-street, to Jeannette, eldest daughter of Solomon Cohen, Esq. of Grove-house, Canonbury.
- At St. James's-church, W. Tighe, of Woodstock, in Ireland, to Lady Louisa Lenox, fifth daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Long, to the Hon. Miss Stanley, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley, and Grand-daughter of the Earl of Derby.

DEATHS.

- March 12.—At Knaresborough, Thomas Prest, Esq. of Burton-house, Masham, Yorkshire, in the 54th year of his age.
14. In his 22d year, W. S. Tyner, Esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge, son of the Rev. W. Tyner, Vicar of Compton, and Rector of Upmarden, Sussex.
15. At Goodneston Farm, Lady Bridges, relict of the late Sir Brook Bridges, Bart.
- At Coham, Devon, in the 62d year of his age, the Rev. William Holland Coham, MA. Rector of Halwell.
16. At Rye, Sussex, Major Richard Hay, of the Bengal Native Infantry, aged 59.
17. Thomas Shrawley Vernon, Esq. of Shrawley, Worcestershire, High Sheriff of that county.
18. Capt. James Bullock, RN. at Prittlewell, Essex.
- At his house, in Great Ormond-street, aged 75, Thomas Edwards, Esq.
- At Brighton, Mrs. Ready, wife of his Excellency, Lieut.-Colonel Ready, Governor of Prince Edward's Island.
19. At Bologne sur Mer, Mrs. Helena Ross, widow of the late Colonel Ross, of the Chatham division of Royal Marines.
- In his 78th year, Sir Ralph Noel, Bart.
21. In the 72d year of his age, Sir James Graham, Bart. MP. for the city of Carlisle.
- At his house, in Great Cumberland-street, Nicholas Pearse, Esq. of Loughton, in Essex.
22. At his house, Bath-place, Peckham, George Maltby, Esq. in his 62d year.
- Isabella, youngest daughter of G. Scorer, Esq. of Denmark-hill, Camberwell.
- At Kirkkonnel, near Dumfries, W. Witham, Esq. late of Gray's-inn, in his 71st year.
23. In the 84th year of his age, Thomas Hardwick, Esq. of Kensington.
- Aged 76, the Right Hon. Frederick Irby, Lord Boston.
24. At his house, in Upper Harley-street, Owen Portland Meyrick, Esq. of Badorgan, Anglesey, and Morden House, Surrey, in his 73d year of his age.
- At Charlton, Kent, Major General Miller, late of the Royal Artillery, in the 68th year of his age.
- At Edinburgh, John Manley Wemyss, Esq. RN. second son of Col. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, Fifeshire, in his 23d year.
25. At his house, King's Road, Chelsea, Thomas Turner, Esq. in the 85th year of his age.
26. In Grosvenor-square, aged 14 years, Emma Catharine, only daughter of Sir George Bamfylde, Bart.
- In York-buildings, Mary-la-bonne, John Pollard, Esq. in his 83d year.
27. At Bath, in the 46th year of his age, the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert.
- Colonel Rawdon, after a short illness.
28. At his house, Pentonville, W. Church, Esq. formerly of the Bank of England.
29. At Kentish-town, aged 69, Vincent Dowling, Esq.
- In Park-street, Bristol, Joseph Orlidge, Esq. of that place.
31. In Somerset-street, Portman-square, Lady Leigh, the wife of Joseph Blagrave, Esq.
- At Woburn Farm, near Chertsey, in the 62d year of her age, Charlotte, the wife of Vice-Admiral Stirling.
- In his 45th year, the Rev. John Marriott, MA. Rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire.
- April 3.—At St. German en Laye, in her 31st year, Frances Harriet, the wife of Major-General Nugent.
4. At Watton, in the county of Gloucester, aged 87, G. C. Hopkinson, Esq.

- April 4. At Hadham Palace, Herts, R. Jacob, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.
 7. At Ham Common, Henry Wright, Esq.
 8. At his residence, Rodney-street, Pentonville, James Smallman, Esq. of Basinghall-street, aged 71.
 — At Wilton Lodge, near Taunton, Ann, wife of Alexander Thomas Cox, Esq. late of Putney Surrey.
 — At Richmond, Surrey, in his 83d year, John Rawlins, Esq. late of Englefield green.
 — At her house, in Gay-street, Bath, Catharine Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Grave Hudson, Bart. of Hanlip Hall, in the county of Leicester.
 9. Bartlett Goodrick, Esq. of Saling-grove, in the county of Essex, in the 72d year of his age.
 — In Clifford-street, in the house of her father, General Dunlop, MP. Anna, wife of Capt. Davies, of the Grenadier Guards.
 10. In the 59th year of his age, Thomas Hankin, Esq. of Stanstead, Hertfordshire.
 11. At her house, in Camberwell-grove, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Kemble, widow of the late Edward Kemble, Esq.
 — At his house, Upper Bedford-place, W. Murdoch, Esq.
 12. In Great Cumberland-place, Sir George Buggin, in his 66th year.
 — At his house, Cotmanden, Dorkin, John Hogarth, Esq. in the 77th year of his age.
 14. At his house, Widsow, Herts, Nehemiah Winter, Esq.
 — In his 67th year, Phillip Gill, Esq. of Midgham, Berks.
 15. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. H. Percy, CB. MP. fifth son of the Earl of Beverley.
 — At his house, in Fitzroy-square, W. Page, Esq. in the 71st year of his age.
 — At his residence, Baineslade Lodge, Berkshire, John Stanbank, Esq.
 16. At the house of the Countess of Guildford, Putney Hall, H. Fuseli, Esq. RA.
 — At Ryslip, near Uxbridge, the Right Hon. Lady Wodehouse.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From March 24 to April 22.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	234 ex.d..	331 $\frac{1}{2}$	233
3 per Cent. Consols.	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	92	92 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per Cent. Reduced	92 $\frac{5}{8}$ ex.d.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	92
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	100 ex.d..	98 $\frac{7}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 4 per Cents.	106 $\frac{3}{4}$	105	106 $\frac{1}{4}$
Long Annuities expire 1860	22 $\frac{1}{16}$ ex.d.	22 $\frac{1}{8}$	22 $\frac{3}{16}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	280 $\frac{1}{2}$ ex.d..	280	280 $\frac{1}{4}$
India Bonds, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	89	74	80
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	68	51	60
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{1}{4}$	99
Brazil ditto, ditto.	85 $\frac{1}{2}$ ex.d..	85	85
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	91
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	90 $\frac{1}{4}$	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{7}{8}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	101 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	101 $\frac{3}{4}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	103 ex.d..	101 50c.	102
Greek Bonds, ditto.	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	50	52
Mexican ditto, ditto	79 $\frac{3}{8}$ ex.d..	78 $\frac{1}{4}$	78 $\frac{5}{8}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto.	92 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	92 ex. d.
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	86	83 ex. d.
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	101 $\frac{3}{4}$	99 ex.d..	99 $\frac{1}{4}$ ex.d.
Russian ditto, ditto.	101	100	101
Spanish ditto, ditto.	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	24

ROBERT W. MOORE.

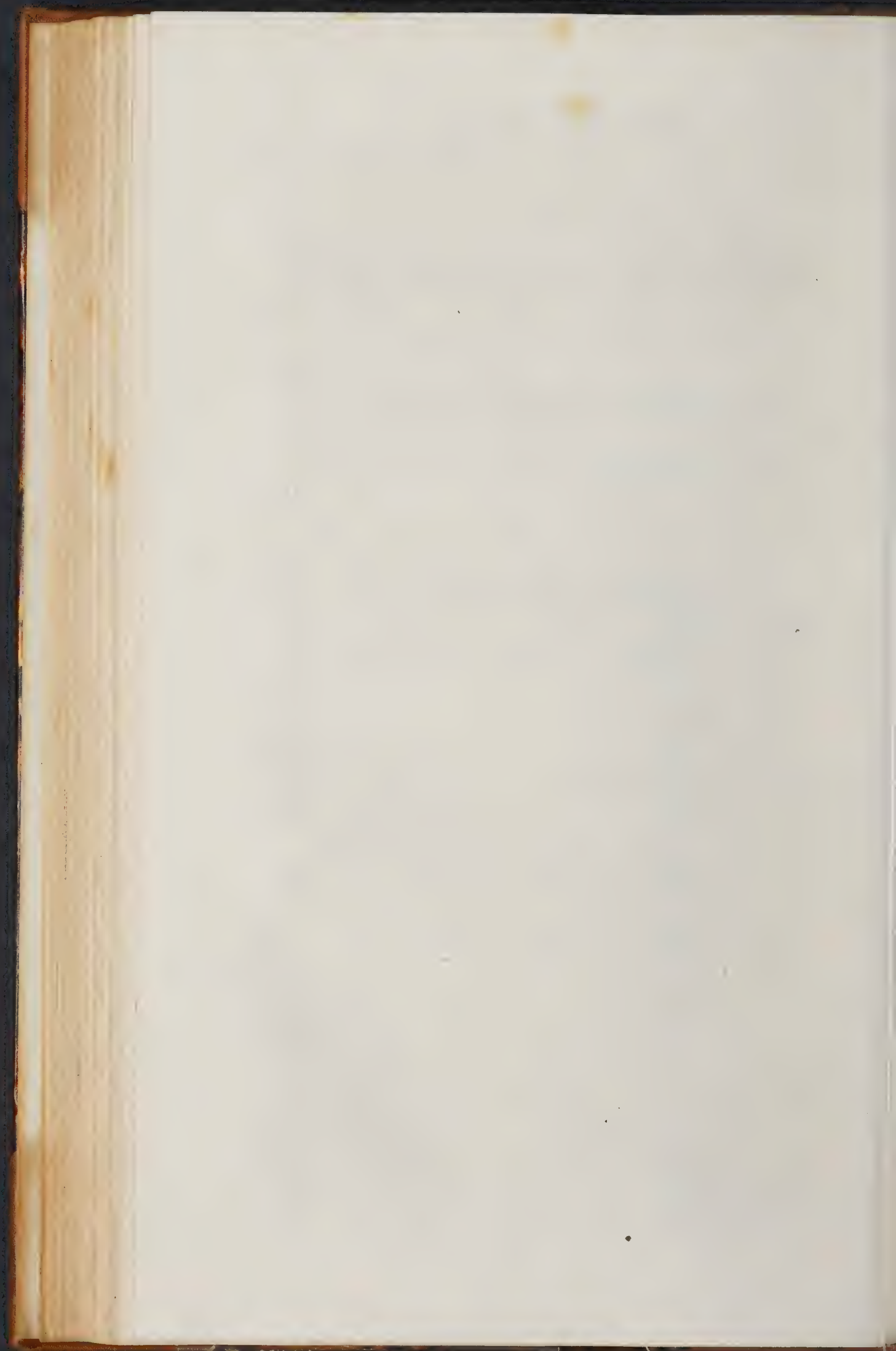
NEW SERIES. No. VI.

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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

JUNE 1, 1825.

CONTINUATION
OF
THE STRUGGLES OF A SENIOR WRANGLER.

HITHERTO the events of my life had exhibited a course of continued success. One difficulty had yielded after another, and I had been able to realize my most sanguine hopes. The success which had crowned my first efforts might have continued, had a little more caution and moderation guided my steps. But, too much exalted by my previous triumphs, I began to think that every obstacle would fall before my endeavours. I had acquired a degree of self-confidence which could not fail to be hurtful, and which, fortunately perhaps in the long run, was soon destined to receive a series of severe shocks. The period of my life which I am now about to sketch was one unbroken tissue of disaster and disappointment, varied and chequered by every species of humiliation and personal suffering. Dark, however, and gloomy, as is the page it exhibits, I have learnt to look upon it with calmness, almost with satisfaction. It opened out to my view such strange and instructive pictures of life, that I think the change it has operated in my character, both intellectual and moral, compensates for the sufferings and the privations I have endured.

I have already stated that I was originally designed for the
JUNE, 1825. M

church. I had, however, at an early period made up my mind to pursue another career: the profession of the law was more congenial with my feelings, and more flattering to my ambition. There were, however, a thousand considerations to deter me from pursuing this path. I must in the very outset resign advantages, solid, and substantial, and present, which I had purchased by a long series of painful efforts. I must tempt a field of distinction beset with candidates possessing all the advantages of wealth and family and connections, and in which even they with all these advantages fail in nine cases out of ten. I had no property, nay, I was labouring under considerable pecuniary embarrassment.

It was doubtless, in my circumstances, a rash, improvident and wilful enterprize, to expend nearly the last farthing I possessed in paying the fees of admission to one of our Inns of Court; to give up the profitable occupation I might have pursued in Cambridge, and trust for my means of support to the casual and uncertain proceeds of literary exertion. Be it so. Few men can resist their predilections and their prejudices. A college life I held in loathsome abhorrence; a country curacy, and half a dozen pupils, perhaps the stupid and insolent sons of wealth, were still more abominable. Besides all this, I had no especial desire to harangue from a pulpit. I held in equal contempt the lukewarmness of orthodoxy, and the canting hypocrisy of evangelism. The natural impetuosity of my temper, and my independent habits of thinking, were an effectual bar to my being a cordial associate of the former; my contempt of ignorant pretenders, and professors of exclusive holiness, would as effectually prevent any sincere union with the latter. I would not therefore become a member of a profession in which my intellect must be cramped and controlled in every direction. I left a profession in which, whatever might be my private sentiments, I should be obliged to frame my conversation and my writing by the line and the square of ecclesiastical canons and consecrated prejudices, and chose one in which I might not only speak and write with freedom, but in which, as an advocate, I might on some occasion or other have to defend before the world those great principles and truths on which I formed my peculiar creed. It may be said that these were very flimsy considerations; it may be so, but I thought otherwise then, and I think still it is something to be freed from the necessity of wearing a cloak of hypocrisy, and to enjoy the unfettered use of my faculties.

To explain the subsequent events of my life, I must here advert to an episode, which is necessarily much more interesting to myself than my readers. It was probably the one false step which drew on so many of the disasters I have subsequently endured. A matrimonial alliance to a man without means, at the very moment when he is beginning to prepare himself for a profession beyond all others difficult of approach, has

doubtless, at the first blush, the appearance of extreme improvidence or thoughtlessness. It was a step opposed by every consideration of prudence; by the most violent representations from my father; by wary cautionings on the part of the connections of my intended wife, that they could or would do nothing for me. This array of obstacles only strengthened my determination, and without property myself, I married a lady without property. A man always wishes to shield any unusual acts, which he cannot justify on ordinary grounds, under the cloak of example, and I found, or fancied I found, cases not very far from parallel in Curran and the present Lord Eldon.

The great advantage with which I had hoped to counteract the evils of matrimony, was habits of greater regularity, more steady and undeviating pursuits of the grand object of my life.

In this matter I must acknowledge I was not blind to possible or even probable consequences. My prudence in this instance was fairly overcome by my affection for the lady. Her connections were not opulent, though sufficiently independent, and I encouraged the latent but delusive hope, that if fortune should run me hard, they would not finally let me sink before the storm. In this, I discovered when too late that I had miscalculated; I had given them credit for a generosity of nature they did not possess. The attachment was one of the earliest dreams of my boyhood. Even now, after the lapse of twelve years, I recal with emotions of pleasure, which nothing else can inspire, the first occasion on which I beheld my future wife. My suit was then repulsed; for, not only was my condition lowly, but without any prospect of amendment. The circumstance which I have been describing occurred during a short visit to Yorkshire. Time or absence could not erase the deep and intense feeling which consumed my heart. Several years after, when my prospects were rising in college, my suit was resumed and accepted. How many an hour of solitary wandering have I meditated on this topic! how often have I tried to wean my heart from an attachment so fatal to my ambition! is this the way, I would ask, that ambition trims her wings, and soars the eagle's flight? But it was a vain and useless struggle. Despite the miseries to which this union has apparently led, the check which it has given to my career, I have never for a moment regretted my determination. Time and misfortune have only deepened and mellowed the tenderness of that affection with which I have always regarded the being whom I have chosen as my companion through life.

When we began life, our whole property amounted to less than eighty pounds. With this sum, small as it was, aided by my own exertions, I think we should have swum quietly along the stream of life, had not a series of difficulties sprung up, which ordinary prudence does not enable a man to foresee and provide for. The first of these was the illness of my

wife. We had scarcely been united eight months, when all the symptoms of consumption suddenly manifested themselves. In a few weeks she was on the very brink of the grave; she was taken by her friends into the country, she was torn from me, I may say, with a degree of savage indifference to my feelings which I can never forget: but not before they had involved me in an engagement which, in its consequences, finally led me to leave my native land. From these topics I pass hastily: they are painful in the remembrance, and not very interesting in the detail; to one who would enter into all my feelings, who would estimate all my motives, and sympathize with all my struggles, they might be interesting. But the world has other matters to occupy its thoughts than the wrongs and distresses of an obscure individual like myself, and therefore I pass on to topics less personal and better entitled to attention.

My professional studies I pursued with the eagerness and enthusiasm which had characterized my preceding efforts. A friend, a most valued and excellent friend, advanced me one hundred pounds to enable me to form an engagement with a Special Pleader for one year. One hundred pounds sterling were never more completely thrown away. The person with whom I had most lucklessly made this engagement was an Ex-Special Pleader, who had recently put on a barrister's gown. Much of his special pleading he had in consequence lost, and especially that part of it which would have been most instructive to a law student. In truth, he was at that period no way over-stocked with that sort of business, and what he had was entirely swept away by two or three of his own sons, and two or three pupils who claimed the benefit of their seniority. He was himself, too, so much engaged, that he could not spare five minutes in the course of a term to advise or inform me on any point of difficulty. It was dreadfully provoking to be thus swindled out of my borrowed money: but there was no remedy. I sat down accordingly to a very extensive course of law-reading, determined as far as possible to be my own master in this, as I had been in every kind of knowledge I had hitherto acquired. Blackstone's Commentaries I had already read over and over again, and very carefully analysed them. The next point was to fill up this outline. The first volume of Blackstone is a fine introduction to the laws and constitution of the country, but has little to do with the practical lawyer. The second volume develops a very copious outline of our artificial and complex, but beautiful system of Real Property Law. To fill up this, I read repeatedly and very carefully Coke-Littleton, with Hargrave, and Butler's Notes. Butler's Notes, in particular, I conned over till I almost knew them by memory; and I digested and abridged a very considerable portion of the Commentary of Coke, with a view at one time to publication. Fearne on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, I read with the diligence which

that master-piece of law argumentation and elegant writing is entitled to. Sanders on Uses and Trusts, Sugden on Powers, and Preston on Abstracts, completed this part of my course. The third volume of Blackstone embraces Special Pleading and Practice. To fill up this I studied principally Tidd's Practice, and Serjeant William's Notes to Saunder's Reports. I read also, but more cursorily the *indigesta moles*, which Chitty has heaped together in his clumsy treatise on Special Pleading. The last volume of Blackstone embraces Criminal Law; to supply what was wanting, I had only one book to read, Russel on Crimes, one of the very best law treatises ever written.

I read also upwards of fifty volumes of our best Law Reports, taking in general the more recent. I dipped into a multitude of others, more or less carefully, such as the Reports of Lord Coke, of Lord Chief Justice Willes, Douglas, Marshall's Reports of Cases decided under Sir Vicary Gibbs, Mansfield, and Burrow; besides these, I skimmed various other books in my hours of indolence, such as North's Life of Lord Guildford, Hale's History of the Common Law, Sir William Jones on Bailment, Eunomus, the Doctor and Student; whatever, in fact, I deemed capable of furnishing sound principles or historical illustration.

But I learnt by and bye that there is no end of reading, that a scheme of this kind, pursued beyond a certain extent, becomes useless, perhaps injurious. The extent of reading, which is necessary for a barrister, lies in comparatively a very small compass. A lawyer, indeed, is obliged, as Lord Mansfield was in the habit of saying, to read in his own defence; which means, if I understand rightly, that a man is obliged to read much that is useless, merely to be able to say that he has read it, and to be able to talk about it.

A special pleader's office might be a very instructive arena for a law-student. The science itself, notwithstanding the ridicule which is commonly thrown over it, seldom fails, I believe, to secure the admiration of those who have made it their study. Sir William Jones speaks of its "exquisite logic," and other great men have spoken of it in terms of no very measured praise. It is formal, technical, and tedious, but still, amid all this, there is a show of reason and argument, very seductive to certain classes of minds. For my own part, I may candidly acknowledge that I was at one time a great admirer of special pleading, and that I never found any thing repulsive or painful in the science itself, though I was thoroughly disgusted with the mode in which the very distinguished person I have spoken of attempted to teach it. He was in possession of a multitude of ponderous folios of precedents, many of which had formerly belonged to Mr. Tidd, whose pupil he had been, and the residue he had himself accumulated during a practice of upwards of twenty years. To copy these precedents was the way in which he employed his pupils; the most elementary of them was a volume of Precedents of Declarations on Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes. To copy out

this was the first task allotted to me, as it was, I believe, to every other pupil. It might have been very suitable employment for an attorney's clerk, whose master had no business, and it might even have done for the ignorant striplings that very commonly find their way into the chambers of a special pleader. But it did not suit me—I wished for knowledge, not an excuse for lounging away the day. I had neither the means nor the time to spend three or four years under a special pleader. I had gone through a course of discipline, and arrived at an age, when I was capable of applying my mind to any question; I was even then capable of discussing any of the questions which were laid before Mr. ———, and of making a bold effort at a draft of pleading even in the most delicate cases. Under such circumstances, it was not to be supposed that I could endure to set myself by the side of a desk, and copy out in a very illegible scrawl, the forms which had been drawn out in a nice hand writing, all the variations marked in red ink, and the whole, in fact, adapted to the understanding of the meanest capacity. Once or twice perhaps in a term I had to draw a declaration on a bill of exchange by the indorsee against the acceptor, a plea of the general issue, or a joinder in demurrer, or such-like matter that any attorney's clerk in London could do. But let me not be ungrateful. I did get something for my 100l.; I learnt, I was absolutely shown by Mr. * * * * * how to fold and indorse a draft of pleading; this is something, and I would not willingly forget such a service. Such is the sum of my acquaintance with a special pleader's office; and mine, I believe, is no unusual or peculiar case. I never yet met a man who did not describe this as an infamous system of imposture. What is it indeed but an honourable mode of picking a man's pocket?

In such occupations my legal apprenticeship was expended, save that now and then I rambled among the booksellers, and offered my intellectual wares for sale. And, in good sooth, they were unsaleable enough, thanks to Cambridge which had filled my head with no other knowledge than that of mathematics and dried up the fountains of the imagination and the fancy. I wanted to attach myself some how or other to that great leviathan, the public press, and eke out the means of support, if possible, from the reviews, magazines, or newspapers. But then I was a stranger to booksellers and editors. I was a graduate of Cambridge, but what then, they understood little, and valued less the jargon of academical degrees. Where were my writings? What had I done? What could I do? any thing, of course, was the reply to the last query, and nothing at all to the two former. Well, I must not be over particular here, lest I offend some of my friends; I formed two or three acquaintances in Paternoster Row and its neighbourhood. I contributed some trifles to a review, which was edited by a grave doctor in divinity, the rector of a pretty large living in the city, and the hero of a small college in Cambridge; it struggled on through ten or twelve months, and then died a natural death, I suppose.

I found out that Mawman, of Ludgate Hill, was largely connected with Cambridge, and under his patronage I hoped to bring out some elaborate work on science, or, at least, some translation from the French. I called on him—he was very polite—but scientific works had no sale, and he was so much occupied in the publication of the works of Mr. Bland, Mr. Whewell, &c. that he could attend to no others. There was something in all this more humiliating than was intended, but I pushed down my rising indignation. About this period, Mr. Mawman was busily occupied in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and he gave me a note of introduction to the editor, the Rev. Mr. L——l. At this time I aspired to write on two subjects, mathematics, and moral or intellectual philosophy. I had been a great reader of metaphysical speculations; and, though I did not feel myself capable of throwing another ray of light on these abstruse topics, yet I fancied I could digest what other men had written. But, unluckily, all the mathematics were distributed among the demigods of Cambridge; the editor himself was a metaphysician, and had undertaken to write this class of articles himself; and, though we parted ultimately not in the most friendly way possible, let me add, that he was no second-rate dabbler in these matters, as the articles in the *Quarterly Review* on Dugald Stewart, written by him, abundantly testify. At length he recollected that he could receive some assistance in the article on Ancient Philosophy. I was to try something on this subject. He was the editor of a monthly review, and he thought that he could spare me room for a scientific article every month. The pay (he said), was five pounds a sheet, but he could let me have a sheet. He put a volume into my hands as a trial book: I buckled to my work, expended two months, took the product of my labours, and the whole was rejected. This was trying to my patience; I said little, but could not altogether conceal my disappointment and displeasure. Nor is this to be wondered at—I had lost my time, my purse was getting empty, and my subsistence was at stake.

I engaged in other speculations; I drew up an outline of the Law of Real Property; I contracted with a bookseller for its publication. I was to have 25*l.* for the first edition. Upwards of one hundred and fifty pages of it were printed, and it was entirely approved by the publisher. At the same time, I contracted to draw up a digested index to the old Reports, for which I was to receive 150*l.* I was to finish it in six months. Six months I laboured, and, at the end of that time, I had not accomplished half my task. I applied for an advance of a part of the contract money—the letter of our agreement did not run thus: there was to be no payment till the work was printed and published. Want was pressing upon me, and I urged my claims, too eagerly perhaps. I could not pursue my undertakings on these terms; I demanded, and finally obtained my demand that our agreement should be cancelled; this business was a sad shock to me. I had expended eight entire months

in incessant labour, pursued with such eagerness, as to induce a very severe attack of illness. I had exhausted my means entirely, and had borrowed money on the credit of my labour.

Had I, at the period to which I am referring, understood as much of the London press as I do now, it is probable that I might have directed my labours to a happier issue. The magazines might have opened out a field for my exertions, but I had a vague notion that only a few of the best articles were paid for, and these I felt very clearly that I could not rival. My course of University reading, and my subsequent studies, was a preparation neither for the gay or grave sketches of this class of periodicals. I had not the tact which enables a writer to seize on the passing events of the day, and paint the manners of the age. I felt too that the range of my knowledge was too limited to handle with sufficient force and comprehensiveness the more important subjects that are occasionally discussed. I had, in fact, very little of the materials of a popular writer. I was perfectly ignorant of the chit-chat of literary coteries, and the details of fashionable life. I could not draw on my imagination, for it was barren, nor on my acquaintance with nature or mankind, for I had none.

What else could be expected. I had suddenly emerged from a country village to a mathematical University, where I had devoted myself exclusively to abstract science. From the University I had passed directly to the study of the law, a science scarcely less abstract and destructive of the powers of invention, imagination, and taste. I lived in obscurity—I mingled not with society—I saw nothing but my law books—I thought of nothing but the decisions and arguments of lawyers. What could I write that would pass the critical ordeal of a magazine-editor, whose life was dedicated to the fashionable and attractive literature and topics of the day.

Despairing of success among the arbiters of taste and polite literature, I tried to get an engagement on a daily paper. But here, as in every thing else, I failed. When I had selected a given paper for attack, my first point was to gain access to the editor. This was, in all cases, a difficult matter. The chambers of the editor are to an unintroduced stranger as difficult of access as the harem of a Turkish bashaw. I succeeded thus far only in very few instances. My reception was, in almost every case, rude and unsatisfactory. I do not speak this in displeasure or disrespect, for I doubt not that they find such deportment necessary. If I stated that I was a graduate of Cambridge, I was met by a tirade against this University; if I added that I had in some degree distinguished myself, this was still worse, and they drew the inference that I was a dull plodding man, and not adapted for their purposes. If I succeeded in making a more favourable impression, then it was the wrong season of the year, they had half a dozen more on their establishment doing nothing, but by and bye, in the course of a year or

so, some changes by possibility might take place, and they would be very happy to talk with me. But "while the grass grows the horse starves," saith the old proverb; this was my condition; I must either earn my breakfast or go without it. I tried every expedient, I wrote on speculation, and in nine cases out of ten my labour was lost. I offered my services to half the booksellers in London, and they were uniformly rejected. I descended from the haughty and supercilious publisher of the Quarterly, to the pompous proprietor of the Monthly Magazine. The first referred me to his editor, who promised fairly; the last thought that I might be able to assist in a small fragment of his monthly aggregation of nothings. He offered me some page and a half monthly, at six guineas a sheet, and twelve months' credit; acknowledged the honour of speaking with a Senior Wrangler—worried me to read his pseudo-philosophical writings, and puff his opinions—he reasoned on his favourite dogmas with all the self-complacency which a knighted citizen may naturally be expected to feel, and as absurdly as a man can do who reasons concerning that of which he knows nothing. I called on a matter of business, but his favourite dreams took possession of his brain, and I could not expel them.

Amid my hopeless wanderings, I introduced myself on one occasion to Mr. F——, the actuary to the — Insurance Office, and formerly a tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge. I found, too, that he also had his hobbies. He amused me an hour and three quarters in descanting on the errors of Newton's Philosophy, the errors of algebraists, and his own solution of Titus Oates's Problem, and seemed surprised when I expressed my ignorance of the subject matter of the said problem.

After struggling on in this way for upwards of two years, from my first admission to an inn of court, unable in any way to turn my talents or my industry to account, and threatened by creditors whom I could not pay, and whom I could not disabuse of the false conception, that I had got money by my marriage, or that I had friends who would relieve me rather than see me subjected to the rude grasp of the law, I came to the determination to leave my native land, and abandon at once the advantages which I had gained, and relieve myself from the threats and solicitations with which I was daily harassed. It was a determination which I think now might have been avoided; but I had, under the pressure of difficulties, lost my presence of mind, and I yielded to my apprehensions of want and a prison.

This determination, made in a moment of weakness and dismay, led to a series of personal suffering and privation, of which I should vainly attempt to communicate any notion; to be appreciated they must be experienced. Before leaving London, I converted the remnants of my property into cash, and started with a few sovereigns and a wardrobe reduced to a few changes of linen. For many reasons, but principally with a view of having an opportunity of making a last appeal to

my connections in Yorkshire and Cumberland, I determined to sail from Glasgow. It is needless to dwell on the failure of my efforts. I discovered that I had not a single friend. I pass on to "Caledonia bleak and wild."

I had no sooner crossed the Sark, a small rivulet that separates England from the ancient kingdom of Scotland, than a scene entirely new opened to my contemplation. The long rows of low white-washed cottages, which constitute the better sort of Scotch villages; the little clusters of clay-biggins, which are here and there seen huddled together; the extensive common-fields and pastures, and shoeless and stockingless urchins tending their cattle, soon told me that I had passed into another country.

It is strange how patiently I bore my calamities, and how buoyantly I rose above them. Though I had left behind me the bright visions which had so long gladdened my heart; though the future was dark and discouraging, no ray of light appearing in its long vista to cheer my path or direct my course; though friendless and almost penniless, I forgot as I traversed the Moffat Hills that I was a lone and deserted wanderer. As I surveyed in admiration the avenues formed by the long shady branches and exuberant foliage of the "birk," and discovered for the first time how it happened to be so favourite an illustration of Burns; as I traversed the hills consecrated by his genius, where he had often wandered as lone perhaps and far more wretched even than myself, I could not but ruminate in painful sympathy on his hapless fortunes. He, too, at one period of his life was on the point of leaving "cauld Caledonia's mountains," when he was drawn back by one of those slight circumstances which come we know not whence, but which are not for this reason the less certainly directed by the hand of Providence.

The rain fell in torrents as I passed over these hills; and, owing to my imperfect equipments, so completely was I drenched that I determined to tarry for the night at Lanark, and travel through to Glasgow on foot the following day. So ignorant was I then of the topography of Scotland, that I did not even know that my peregrination would be through Clydesdale. I paid a short visit to Mr. Owen's manufactory at New Lanark, but I am no admirer of such an artificial state of society, and I soon left it to contemplate the falls of the Clyde; Stone-Byres, and the Corra-Linn, the one above the other below, the town of Lanark. Exquisitely sensible to all the grand and beautiful in the natural world, I was intoxicated with delight, when I burst through the tangled brushwood and oaks which masqued these magnificent falls.

I reached the venerable old town of Glasgow toward the evening—made the due inquiries as to shipping myself across the Atlantic—found that the first vessel for New York would sail from Greenock on the 1st of August. This left me about a fortnight to dispose of at my pleasure, and I made up my mind to enjoy it as much as my small means would

allow, and forget, for a season at least, that I was about to become an exile, and an adventurer in a foreign land. I spent the interval in wandering over the most admired parts of this interesting country.

Oh! what a sensation of bitterness wrung my bosom as we weighed anchor, and were slowly towed out of harbour, on one of the loveliest Sunday mornings that an August sun ever shone upon. What could any other country be to me? I had travelled through the richest and most beautiful spots of England; I had ranged over the wildest and grandest scenery of Scotland; I had admired, I loved them all. I was proud to be the native of such a country. I was leaving behind me all my connections and friends, if friends I had any. I was leaving her for whom I had sacrificed so much, and whom I loved so tenderly. I was passing to a strange land under an assumed name. I was abandoning all the fruits of years of labour and anxiety. I was going where my talents would not be appreciated, nor my acquirements valued, nor my name respected. And under all this what had I to support me? Nothing, nothing at all; not even the insuperable love of travel, or the real or fancied wrongs of the patriot, or the factious demagogue, nor the expectation of realising a fortune, and the distant prospect of returning to my country the wealthy Nabob or West Indian.

But anguish, however deep, cannot last for ever. A heavy gale set in toward the evening, which blew all night, and when I staggered on deck next morning, we were careering on the wings of the storm past Ailsa Craig.

I had taken a steerage passage, for which I paid six guineas. I might have been provisioned with the ship's crew for three guineas more, but I thought that I could furnish myself more cheaply; and in my love of economy, which in this instance was a necessity rather than a virtue, soon discovered that I had put myself on short commons, a discovery the more distressing, as the sea-air had so stimulated the action of my stomach, that I could have very comfortably consumed twice my ordinary quantity. I had laid in provision for thirty days, and the first intelligence I had from the Captain informed me that our voyage would very probably occupy sixty days, or even a longer period. I examined my biscuit, and found that at this rate I had about a biscuit and a half a day, and a proportionately small quantity of beef, tea and sugar. I had, however, provided a gallon and a half of the best Highland whiskey, wherewith to console myself across the Atlantic. But, as if fate was determined to wreak her worst malice on me, we had scarcely lost sight of the Irish coast, when, one evening, while I was very calmly looking over the bulwark to see the sun sink into the Western Ocean, the ship gave a heavy lurch, threw my bottle on her side, and the cork not being water tight, the whole of her contents leaked out.

After a tedious though not unpleasant voyage, on the seventh Sunday Long Island greeted our eyes. Since we had crossed the Banks we had

rode slowly before a gentle breeze, with all the studding-sails set to catch the breeze. We passed slowly along the coast of Long Island, and soon beheld in the distance the hills of Neversink, to the left of Sandy Hook Bay, the entrance into the Hudson river. We looked and longed for a pilot boat; but it was Sunday, and no pilot boat appeared. As we approached the Bay the breeze freshened into a strong gale, and our Captain judged it necessary to stand out to sea. Just, however, at this moment, a vessel appeared to be approaching us. Her white canvass, her long slender form, her external embellishments, soon announced her to be a pilot boat. She seemed absolutely to fly before the wind; a strong breeze had now sprung up, yet she neared, shot past within a hair's breadth of us, rode round us, stood off, neared us again, and so on, performing her evolutions with the promptitude and the facility of intelligence. At length, when mutual inquiries were made, and answered to the satisfaction of all parties, she stood off for forty or fifty paces, let down her jolly-boat to bring a pilot on board us, and then sped away, and in a few minutes her snow-white sails were no longer visible. I contrasted her with the small clumsy pilot boats that we had passed in the Irish Channel; and I could not but ask myself, Is the naval architecture of America superior to our own? On a subsequent occasion, however, in passing up St. George's Channel, I had another, perhaps a better, opportunity of surveying an English pilot boat. It was off the Cornish coast. She was a rough strong piece of materials; she rode on the top of the waves like a grampus, and was manned by half a dozen of the finest looking fellows I had ever seen. I beheld her with pride, and could scarcely repress my feelings, when the American Captain, despite his prejudices, exclaimed in all the sincerity of his heart, "that she was manned with heroes, and swam like a dolphin."

Having got our pilot on board, our head was once more turned to the coast. We were all ordered down to our hammocks. I rose early the following morning. All hands were below—The vessel was riding at anchor within the bay.—The sun just rising—the waters were rippling against her sides—all around was peacefully calm—a lovelier morning, a more enchanting scene, never eye opened on; while I write my heart thrills with transport at the bare recollection. I had a distinct view of the coast all around—the harvest had been gathered—Autumn was spreading her countless tints which were finely contrasted with the white form of the cottages which were scattered round the bay. And with all this, I was associating the pure image of liberty crowning the labors and sweetening the toils of this intelligent and enterprising people.

When the morning was far advanced, we once more weighed anchor and unfurled our canvass to the breeze that swept slowly up the river. How finely did the forts, which are constructed at convenient intervals,

contrast with the peaceful toils which were cultivating the banks, and rapidly reducing the forest of the savage under the dominion of civilized and refined man. I have been navigated along the finest rivers in this country; but, in natural beauty and grandeur, I think, they all yield to the Hudson. Who indeed can forget the immense traffic that covers the Thames? who that has seen the rich champaign through which the Trent flows, or has traversed the links of Forth; or has descended the Clyde as it approaches the hills, and winds its way, like a huge serpent, amid the wild and romantic masses of mountain which guard its descent to the ocean, can be blind to their beauty! Each, doubtless, possesses features of peculiar and imposing grandeur and loveliness; but none of them in the *tout ensemble*, the entire effect it produces, can be compared with the Hudson. When we came opposite Staten Island, we hailed the Quarantine Surgeon, who came on board. We all were perfectly healthy; but he ordered the vessel to ride quarantine for two days, in consequence of a man having died during our passage. A steam boat which plies every two hours between New York and Staten Island, a distance of about nine or ten miles, was just then starting from the quay, and, weary of longer delay, I sprang into the captain's boat which was setting off for her, and in a few minutes changed the deck of the *Camillus* for that of a dashing American steam boat, with half an acre of surface, covered with all sorts of refreshments, spirits, wine, coffee, and confectionary. Among the motley group that were parading about, were niggers and nigger-wenches decked out in tasteless finery, displaying among the other colours of the rainbow, a large quantity of white, scarlet, and dark green; on other parts of the deck were scattered groups of ladies from Long Island, New Jersey, &c. showing their pale delicate features beneath the immense Leghorns which may now be casually seen in London—here a map-maker and engraver, a native of Cumberland, who had travelled every acre of the Union, was talking away to half a dozen wonderers who had seen less of the world—there was the master of the steam boat, a regular Yankee, who had been in every corner of Europe, who was master of forty professions, and had returned on the verge of the grand climacteric to his country, to ply for passengers between New York and Staten Island. His sharp American looking phiz drew my attention, and I joined his circle, to see what I could learn concerning the country I was about to adopt. "Plenty of room among our forests and swamps, plenty of employment for stout healthy young men," said the old sinner. "Have you ever been in New York?" "Then," scarcely giving me time to answer in the negative, "then you have a *ripper* of a city to see."

My residence in America was a very short one, and as unfavorable as can well be imagined for forming any satisfactory idea of the country, the people, or their institutions. I shall therefore say very little about

them. I resided principally in New York, varied occasionally by an excursion to Philadelphia or Albany, or to the towns situated on the banks of the Hudson, or into West Chester, and so on. My ideas, however, scanty and imperfect as they were, will form important *points d'appui* for future researches, should it ever be expedient for me to write or speak concerning that country. Short as was my stay, limited as was my range of observation, I gained a more tangible and distinct knowledge of the spirit of the people and their institutions, and their political distinctions, and their prejudices, than books alone could ever have conferred.

I hate the immense mixture of black population, they are a dead weight, an incubus on the energies of this great country, and will tend in some degree to counterbalance its political superiority, and reduce it to a level with the less happily constituted countries of Europe. I hate the loquacious and boasting habits of the people. I despise their morbid sensibility to all the little slanders of our periodical press,—their feverish indignation at every unmeaning paragraph of a reviewer or pamphleteer—I can only smile when they put New York on a level with London, in the suburbs of which you might transplant the whole city, and scarcely a difference could be seen—when they speak of their City Hall, the only good building in New York, and say that London can show nothing equal. One smiles when they talk of the universal spread of intelligence and newspapers among themselves, and of the popular ignorance of this country, and the partial diffusion of the periodical press—No one denies that General Jackson is a very brave soldier; but what can one say to the besotted nationality, which places him on a level with Napoleon and Wellington.—I can admit De Witt Clinton to be a very patriotic citizen, and a good statesman; but I never could discover that Canning was a mere cypher in comparison—But let me stop, for I might ring the same changes on every person and place in the country, and every event that ever occurred in it.

I must not, however, close my account without a slight sketch of my friend Adrain. I have spent some pleasant hours with him, and the best return I can make is to record his merits here. He is the Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, New York, and the only man of any abilities in the place. Dr. Moore, the Professor of Greek, and Dr. Renwick, the Professor of Chemistry, the most respectable of the residue, are a pair of the merest old women. Dr. Adrain, though, from being a foreigner, compelled to act a subordinate part, and to wheedle and caress rather than command and enforce, is a man of another calibre. Superior, certainly, in his own branch to any man I ever knew, (and I have known some pretty fair hands, the late and present professors of mathematics, for instance, in Cambridge) he possesses a vast store of general knowledge. An Irishman by birth, he combines all

the apparent cordiality of his country with the cunning and selfishness of a Scotchman. He had a hearty detestation of this nation, which even his general politeness, and his habitual self controul, could not always disguise. I have heard him with truly Irish eloquence describe how on one occasion during the late war he shouldered his musket, and belted on his sword, when an English frigate had the unparalleled audacity to pass through Hell Gate, and sail through the East river almost to the very docks and quays of New York. You could see through his agitated features that there was something beyond the mere hostility of war, that lurked within his bosom. He had been an active partisan in the Irish rebellion of 1798, had a command in the disastrous battle of Vinegar Hill, and was obliged to flee to America to escape the reward of his treason (as some would call it). He had possessed some property, which he lost. He arrived at New York when the plague was raging with great virulence, slung his small luggage over his shoulder, and went on to Philadelphia, and laboured a considerable period as hodman to a bricklayer. Attracting the attention of his employer by telling him on one occasion off hand how many bricks were wanting to complete a gable-end at which they were working, he was thought to be above his employment, and a school was provided for him, and he finally succeeded in making himself so well known, as to be invited to accept the Professorship of Mathematics in Columbia College, with a salary of 2500 dollars a year.

No tongue can express the gladness of my heart when I once more trod the soil of my native land. I had left it with some sprinkling of discontent in my political creed; my sojourn had purged away all the dross of disaffection. Poor I had left Old England, and poor I returned to her. I had a single half crown when we weighed anchor at Greenock—I had three or four American coins when I sprang from the pilot boat on Dover beach.

When I landed at Dover I expected to find there an old College friend, on whose assistance I had relied. He had removed recently, and was residing, I was told, near Canterbury. It was nearly dark, and there was no time for hesitation, and I set off on my cheerless journey, balancing as I trudged along my hopes and apprehensions, and ever and anon whistling away my anxieties, as I thought on the possibility of Mr. —— being from home. But my mind was in a happy temper; I sought rather for cheerful than desponding subjects of meditation, and I would still gather consolation as I heard some voice of my native land, some merry man of Kent trolling his rustic song, or some traveller tell the lessening miles in answer to my anxious inquiries. I arrived at —— just as mine host of the Hop-pole was closing his doors for the night. He surveyed me for a few moments, as if uncertain whether to admit at that unseasonable hour a stranger of such uncouth and equivocal appearance, and then showed me into a little parlour. He brightened up as I inquired after

Mr. ——— and absolutely melted into kindness after the appearance of my friend, and our short but cordial interview. I could not find resolution to declare the real nature and difficulty of my situation, and the whole of my wants, and, accordingly, I left ——— with fourteen or fifteen shillings, the residue, after I had paid my host, of the sovereign lent to enable me to get to London.

It is not necessary that I should describe the ways and means by which I contrived to transport myself from Kent to Cumberland. It is needless to tell how I was kicked and elbowed in my wanderings; how at one time the hand of benevolence was opened to relieve me and help me on my way; how at others I was ordered off with the gruff and savage ferocity of a bull dog; how on some occasions I was mistaken for a police officer, on others for a highwayman, on others for a Scotch cotton-weaver; how I adventured with certain persons calling themselves the ministers of a meek and benevolent religion, or with men also ministers of the same religion, but combining therewith another calling, the administration of justice; how cunningly mine hostess would query me when I turned into some mean pot-house for the night, or of the wonderment of some little squire of the village, who had perched himself by the fire-place; how I was exposed to the drenching rain by day, and the keen and biting winds of March by night; how at last I arrived on the edge of Stanmore in Yorkshire, worn out, exhausted in mind and body, my clothes in tatters, my shoes falling to pieces, my feet torn and bleeding; and how I was generously conveyed four or five stages, and brought within a few miles of my destination.

But hastening as I am to the termination of my adventures, and willing as I am to shut out the remembrance of them, I must yet pause to record one. I had reached the northern parts of Yorkshire when my resources finally failed. I was among strangers, my strength was gone, and my spirits entirely broken, and I made up my mind to submit to that last degradation of an independent man, the solicitation of parochial aid to help me on my way. I made application to the overseer of Catterick; he spoke civilly, but could give me no assistance without a magistrate's order. He referred me to Dr. ——— the rector, and I gathered hope from his profession, and thought that the mild benevolence of the precepts he taught might mingle with the administration of his magisterial duties. I went to him.

"Can I see Dr. ———?" I inquired of the servant that answered my knock at the door.

"He cannot be seen by you; he is in very bad health, and has only just risen from his bed."

"When can I see him?" I went on to the liveried minion that delivered his master's instructions.

"The Doctor is very ill, very ill indeed, and it is altogether uncertain whether he can see you to-day."

"I call," I replied, "on a matter of business, which is very important to me, and which it is Dr. ——'s duty to attend to. It is very short, and will not occupy him two minutes. Can I see him in the course of an hour or so?"

The servant hesitated and stammered, and ran back to receive farther orders, and, at length, by dint of perseverance, and a manner that perhaps had too much the air of fearless independence, it was agreed that I should call again in an hour. I stepped out of the court-yard, and paced about at a short distance, alternately uttering in silence an execration at the insolence of authority, and chewing a piece of old Wengby or Whilimere cheese, as it is called, farther north. I had not been here long when one of the Doctor's servants passed me, and told me that he believed I might now see his master. I repaired accordingly to the scene of action, and was introduced to the kitchen. Presently a short, thick-set, pompous looking man entered. His habiliments bore the appearance of a clergyman, his manner and the tone of his voice spoke of pride and lordly overbearance which his profession, if I had conjectured his profession rightly, had not yet been able to subdue.

"Dr. S—— has sent me to inquire your business?"

"My business is with Dr. S—— personally, but ——"

"What, fellow! do you speak to me with your hat on—take it off instantly."

I removed the obnoxious hat. "Now tell your story, if you can tell a true one to me."

"I should prefer speaking to Dr. ——."

"He is indisposed, and cannot be seen by every vagabond like you."

"Well then, in short, my business is this; I am an unfortunate traveller: I have just been to Mr. ——, the overseer, and at his instance, ——"

"Oh! you are begging then—a pretty fellow to be sure, to keep your hat on in my presence; we'll teach you better manners. A vagrant, aye, we can dispose of you very easily."

The word "vagrant" had operated like a cordial on Dr. ——, who almost immediately entered the kitchen from an adjoining apartment.

"Here," continued my interlocutor, "here is a begging vagabond who has had the insolence to speak to me with his hat on, and without rising from his chair."

"Do you know, you rascal you," said the doctor, "that the gentleman is my particular friend, the vicar of R——d."

"He has come here," interrupted the vicar, "to beg."

"We must send him to North Allerton tread-mill for a month," rejoined the Doctor.

"For what!" I interposed, "for sitting in your kitchen with my hat on."

"John," said the Doctor, "take this fellow into the justice-room."

I followed John into the justice-room, and seated myself involuntarily.

"You scoundrel," thundered the Doctor, "how dare you sit in my presence! rise instantly, and stand till I have examined you. John, while I am examining this man, do you go for the constable." Having made every preparation to take down my examination.—

"What is your name, man?"

"What is your father's name?"

"Where were you born?"

"What is your business?"

"My profession, Doctor, and my pretensions are little in accordance with my present appearance. I am a law-student; I was a pupil of —; I am a member of —'s inn."

"Some low copier of law-proceedings for a law-stationer, I suppose you mean. You a law-student! you a member of —'s inn!"

"I mean what I have said," I replied, "and what I have said is true; but it is very unimportant to our present purpose. I wish you would go on with something more material than your present questions."

"Where were you last night?"—"I slept at Butcher's bar, Leaming-lane."

"Where were you the night before?"—"At York."

"Where did you sleep?"—"At the house of a friend in Gilly-gate."

The constable had now made his appearance—a sturdy blacksmith; he seemed already gloating over his prey, and, at every interval, thrust in his grinning exhortation in chorus with the Vicar of R——d, to send me forthwith to North Allerton.

The reverend magistrate sat down to write his committal.

I thought it impossible that, on such an examination, I was to be sent to the tread-mill. Offence there had been none; the reverend magistrate had not even the shadow of any complaint whereon to commit me. I had merely by inadvertance omitted to take off my hat to the vicar of R——d, for which he had resorted to the vulgarest and most brutal language, and the meanest sneers to insult and annoy me. Save and except my first offence I had done nothing; I had borne every thing in meekness. As to the other ground of committal, my having brought myself within the Vagrant Act, by making an application for relief; I had not been able to give utterance to half a sentence of my application. What I said amounted to nothing, and had I said the whole it would still have been equally exempt from the operation of this act. But in the satisfied air of the Doctor as he rose to deliver his authority to the constable, and the triumphant sneer of the young parson, and the giggling laugh of the blacksmith, I saw that my fate was settled. I had thought it impossible that magisterial ignorance and magisterial tyranny could go so far. I was determined to let them know, however, what sort of a man they had to deal with; and I in-

stantly delivered a very indignant appeal, of which the following embodies very imperfectly the leading ideas.

“Dr. S——, I have attended to you very patiently, and have borne, quietly, much insult from your reverend friend, and some manifestation of oppressive feelings from yourself. I did not believe it possible that any English magistrate, and that magistrate a clergyman, could abuse the power which the laws have put into his hands as you have this day done. You have forcibly detained me in your house, and forcibly subjected me to an examination—an examination absurd in itself, and instituted without the shadow of a pretext. You pretend to commit me under Chetwynd’s Act. Of that I know very little; but I have read it, and I know that it is an oppressive encroachment upon the liberties of a free people. You pretend to commit me under that act, I say; for it is a mere pretence. Who has proved any act of vagrancy against me? Who has even alleged it? Even your particular friend, the vicar of R——d, only complains that I kept on my hat while speaking to him. The Vagrant Act is a wide act; but I defy you to bring any thing I have done or said within its scope. What act of vagrancy have I committed? Is a man who is landed at one extremity of the kingdom not to try every fair means to get to his home, which happens, unfortunately, to be at the other? I did not approach your door to beg, or to ask your charity; but simply to ask whether you felt yourself empowered, under the circumstances of my case, to order the overseer to give me relief to help me on my way. Commit me you may, if it so please your worship; for my situation cannot be much more wretched than it is. But you commit me at your peril; and on your head will be the consequences of the violated liberty of a fellow-subject.”

The young parson and the blacksmith were not liable to consequences, and they continued—the one to boo and scrape to get a job, and the other to dance and kick about the room, talking of the insolence of the fellow, to gratify his love of oppression. But the doctor began quail. He laid down his scrawl of paper on the table, and ordered me to be taken out of the room; and in a few minutes a message came that I *might* go in peace.

I sprang forward on my journey with renovated strength: weariness and hunger had given way to other emotions; and marching on, through rain, sleet, and snow, I reached the edge of Stanmore, a little before midnight.

I repaired to the home of my birth, which had become comparatively the abode of wealth by the accession of the greatest part of the property of a near kinsman, to whom I have already alluded. No joy or congratulation awaited me, but insult and mockery; trained and subdued as I had been in the school of adversity, this was beyond my endurance. Fortunately a young Cantab was desirous at this period of availing himself of my knowledge, and I retired with him to a romantic village

in Eskdale, just on the edge of the Scottish border. But this was a pursuit irksome to my nature, and alien from all my habits. I continued, however, to amuse myself for nearly two months. The beautiful scenery and legendary tales of Eskdale and Liddesdale, the antiquities of Langholm Lodge, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleugh, at one end of Eskdale, and towards the other, Netherby Hall, the seat of Sir James Graham, "the black cock of the North, with the white feather in his tail," as he is called among the border farmers; and the forays and battles of smugglers and excisemen, engendered by the absurd regulations which prevent a Cumberland farmer from sitting down to his toddy, while his Scotch neighbours on the other side of the Esk are rioting in all its luxuries: these, and such like things, amused me for a while; but when the freshness was worn off, and I had spied out every thing that was worth a look, not even the civilities of mine hostess of the Cross Keys, God bless her, or the anecdotes of my host Fergie Armstrong, which ever and anon he would repeat, or their salmon fresh from the noble stream that ran by their door, or their ewe-milk cheese, or their bannocks of oatmeal, or the bason of new milk that every night at eight o'clock stood upon my table, and all this for sixteen shillings a week, my earnings were however scarcely twenty, would detain me any longer. And this place, which a few weeks before had seemed to me a paradise, and which, after my long series of suffering and trouble, was in reality a paradise, became wearisome and tedious when the repose of a few weeks had partly recovered me from my shock. I left, therefore, this scene of rural bliss to try my fortunes once more in the metropolis.

And now occurred one of those circumstances which I have often had occasion to remark on, and which have seemed to me to spring directly from the mysterious agency of Providence. I left Canobie, for this was the village where I had been sojourning, about the beginning of July; a few days after my departure, a note came addressed to me, but nobody had my address; it travelled about, however, for upwards of three months, and at last reached me in an obscure lodging in an obscure part of London. The writer began by apologizing for a stranger's addressing me, by stating that he had a proposal to make which would be beneficial to me. He stated that he had been sent out to this country to procure professors for certain branches in the new University of Charlottesville, in America, and that in consequence of the representations which had been made of me in Cambridge, he offered me the mathematical professorship, with a salary of 1000*l.* a-year. The letter was signed "Gilmer." "Surely," I exclaimed in the first moment of surprise, "surely, I am the most unfortunate being in existence." But a moment's reflection convinced me of the folly and ingratitude of murmuring; and I put by the letter, satisfied that Providence had destined me for some other purpose. An answer was requested in a few days; no answer was of course received, and the professorship was offered to a contemporary of mine; this

proposal was a God-send to him, as it would have been to me, and was accepted; and before I got the letter, he with his young bride, whom he had married on the ground of his promotion, had embarked, and was quietly passing down the Channel on his way to the New Continent.

Thus far my life for several years had been a series of as persevering and unsuccessful efforts as any adventurer ever tried. I entered London not without confident expectations; I was gradually driven from post to post, every article of property, every slight but valued memorial of friendship disappeared one after another. I was driven to solicit acquaintance with pawnbrokers, and Jews, and usurers; I was compelled finally to occupy a miserable garret, in an obscure and discreditable part of the town; I was compelled to associate with the lowest and vulgarest of mankind; nay, I was compelled to humble myself to them, and by my submissiveness and respect compensate for my rags and poverty. It was a hard task to bear up against all this; it required the last exertion of buoyant spirits and enduring patience. But a stream of light would still break on me at intervals; and when the last promises of hope had seemed to be gone, and I appeared to be abandoned, something would still interpose and save me from the hand that was raised against its own life, or the hunger that would destroy me by the most wretched and lingering of deaths. Yet it was not merely present suffering, however great, but the sad anticipation of the future, that would oppress me; to think what I had been, to think what I might have been, to think what in all human probability I should be; to see myself in the prime and vigour of manhood, with all my faculties cultivated and vigorous, doomed to a life of inaction, ignominy, and want; that I resisted the temptations to which such complicated wretchedness exposed me, I ascribe not to my own firmness, but to the guidance of that great power, in whose hands "are the issues of life and death," which as it saw fit to hedge me in, has also been pleased in some degree to release me from my bondage.

But whether it may happen that my future life shall be dedicated to a literary or professional course, the past has not been productive of unmitigated evil. If my study of books have been less accurate and extensive, my study of man and of the world may make up for the deficiency. If I have acquired less of the refinement which constant habits of association with polished and intellectual circles confer, my character may suffer nothing in point of force, energy, and originality. If I speak in a coarser accent and a ruder dialect, I may not therefore write or speak with the less energy or effect. If I be less intimate with the sentiments of poets and the illustrations of classic erudition I may be more pregnant with imagery, illustration, and argument, drawn from the book of nature; and let it be remembered, that the most impressive passage in the finest harangue that was ever delivered in Westminster Hall, was drawn from

a circumstance that had fallen beneath the observation of the speaker in the forests of Canada.

What may be my future destiny I know not. The past has been as tinctured with vicissitudes and changes, with alternations of successes and reverses, as could well be imagined in so humble a condition as mine. Within the period I have been a shepherd on the hills of Cumberland; and, chequered as have been the latter years of this period, and much as the natural progress of my career has been retarded, should my life be spared other twelve years, and should my labours leave me at the end of that period as far advanced even above my present condition, as my present is above that from which I started originally, I should assuredly have very little reason to regret my fortunes in life. But that is all uncertain, dark, and dubious. If I have deviated from the course of my profession it has not been from choice, but necessity; and though often driven into bye-paths, I have never lost sight of the great highway on which I set out. Other men have trod as devious a track, yet have finally gained their proposed destination. I may perchance never rival their success, but I will at least follow their example. After all I am not exceedingly anxious about my future fortunes, though I must confess I am not indifferent to the rewards of successful ambition. I believe myself to be not without talents adapted peculiarly to the profession I have chosen. If it should so happen that I be condemned to a course of life foreign to my temper and wishes, why then I must submit quietly to that obscurity and penury which will doubtless be my lot; but if no circumstances should occur to force me from that course which I am now slowly and patiently following, the time may probably come when I shall show that the promise I once gave was not the sickly fruit of a premature precocity, but the healthy indication of a vigorous intellect.

N. N.

LETTER FROM AN ABSENT CONTRIBUTOR ON HAZLITT'S
SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

You ask me whether I have read Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*—I have, but, as Mungo says in the farce, "what's the use, me *read*, me no understand." In truth, half of it is Cherokee to me, it is fine, or sublime, or poetic, or eloquent, or I know not in short what to call it; but such as it is, it utterly passeth my comprehension. A considerable portion of the book, indeed, resembles a translation of poetry, not into sense, but into prose; and I cannot help thinking that the author must have had a poet's faith in inspiration when he committed to print some of the rhapsodies

that amaze me in this volume. Having myself written a pretty considerable proportion of nonsense in my time, I know well that men with pens in their hands are very apt to be mistaken about the nature of their conceptions. Whenever we fancy our heads big with any thing, we assure ourselves at once that it can be no other than Minerva, whereas it oftener turns out to be a mere wordy flatulency, generated by indigested thoughts. King Arthur, in *Tom Thumb*, shows extraordinary wisdom, and sets us all an excellent example, where he says, "I feel a sudden pain across my breast, and know not whether it be love or the wind cholic;" had he possessed an author's conceit the doubt would never have occurred to him, he would incontinently have placed his pain to the account of the sublimer cause. Where is the scribe who will say to himself, "I feel a sudden ferment in my brain, and know not whether it be wisdom or a flux of words." And yet this doubt might be attended with very wholesome consequences, and the saving of much paper. Mr. Hazlitt is undoubtedly a very clever man; but, either from too great faith in his own genius, or from too comfortable a reliance on the obtuseness of the public, he publishes a vast quantity of verbiage which overlays and smothers his better sense. He seems to think that any thing he *can* say is worth saying, or else that the public will not have wit enough to find out that he has said nothing, or worse than nothing; and, as he is a very good ear tickler, and can write sentences which sound so well that they deserve to be sense, he doubtless very often succeeds in bamming unsophisticated readers, who surrender their understandings at discretion to a power of fine words. Whether Hazlitt knows any thing of the individuals whose characters he draws in this volume I cannot pretend to determine, seeing that I am not acquainted with them myself; and if I were, not being able to follow the author in his sublime views, I could not institute the necessary comparison. He calls them contemporary portraits, and I believe it is not usual to attempt portraits without some knowledge of the party. If a painter were to exhibit a likeness of the present Emperor of China, the first question would naturally be, "has he seen the celestial countenance?" Hazlitt gives us the portraits of Scott, Byron, and other master spirits—what opportunities has he had of observing them? perhaps he will tell us that he knows them by their fruits, but this is often a fallacious method of judging of men, and were Hazlitt himself judged by his works he would be unfairly estimated.

The character that stands first in the book is that of Jeremy Bentham; and those who know this venerable philosopher say that it is about as much like Jeremy Bentham as it is like Jeremy Diddler, or any other Jeremy that can be named.

On Coleridge, Hazlitt commences in the following strain. Observe how he sets out by laying a foundation of fanciful propositions on which he builds a Babel of poetry that aspires to the seventh heaven.

The present is an age of talkers, and not of doers ; and the reason is, that the world is growing old. We are so far advanced in the arts and sciences, that we live in retrospect, and doat on past achievements. The accumulation of knowledge has been so great, that we are lost in wonder at the height it has reached, instead of attempting to climb or add to it ; while the variety of objects distracts and dazzles the looker-on. What niche remains unoccupied ? What path untried ? What is the use of doing any thing, unless we could do better than all those who have gone before us ? What hope is there of this ? We are like those who have been to see some noble monument of art, who are content to admire, without thinking of rivalling it ; or like guests after a feast, who praise the hospitality of the donor, and thank the bounteous Pan—perhaps carrying away some trifling fragments ; or like the spectators of a mighty battle, who still hear its sound afar off, and the clashing of armour, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the shout of victory in their ears, like the rushing of innumerable waters !—(P. 62.)

It is quite impossible that a man of Hazlitt's intellect can really believe that the world is at a stand, that " we are so far advanced in the arts and sciences that we live in retrospect," and do nothing. Such idle remarks as these have probably been vented in every age since the beginning of things ; and, doubtless, when Adam and Eve had stitched their respective breeches and petticoats of leaves, they opined that invention was exhausted, and said, as they laid down their needles and thread, " we are so far advanced in the arts and sciences, that we live in retrospect, and doat on past achievements ;" but their children did not halt at this pitch of perfection, and breeches and petticoats have been steadily improving ever since, and will improve till doomsday snaps the thread of tailors and mantua-makers. A subject such as poetry and Coleridge may account for many odd fancies ; but it is going rather too far to affirm that science is at a stand at the present day, more especially as the observation or reading of every boy who sweeps a shop must enable him to disprove the assertion. If the author of the *Spirit of the Age*, however, seriously believes what he says, I would recommend him to lay out 2*d.* a week in the *Mechanic's Register*, the *Chemist*, or some such publication, which cannot fail to convince him of his error ; or a few minutes' conversation with an intelligent artizan may answer the same purpose. Having hazarded a false proposition, he goes on to reason it, and asks, " What is the use of doing any thing, unless we could do better than all those who have gone before us ? What hope is there of this ?" The surest of all hopes, man's conceit. If Mr. Hazlitt is a stranger to this comfortable stimulus, does he not see its operation in his neighbours ? Where is the excellence that overawes as he describes ? Does not Wordsworth esteem himself something more than Milton ? Has not Sir Richard Philipps spent his whole life in endeavouring to prove Sir Isaac Newton an ass in comparison with himself ? But why should I waste paper on such obvious errors, which are only put forth as inducement (to use the language of pleaders) for some poetic flights. We are merely told that the world stands still, and that we do nothing, because those before us have done something, in order to give the author an opportunity of likening us to people who have been to an exhibition, to guests after a

feast who praise the donor, thank Pan, and pocket the victuals (none of which things guests do), and to "the spectators of a mighty battle who still hear its sound afar off, and the clashing of armour, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the shout of victory in their ears, like the rushing of innumerable waters." All these persons we are like, and yet these things are not by any means like each other; whence we may infer that in poetry things that are like the same things are not like each other, for it is plain that guests after a feast with their pockets full of victuals are not the least like spectators of a battle with their ears full of noise; nevertheless both of these are like the present generation, doing nothing, absolutely nothing, in the arts and sciences. We then come to Mr. Coleridge, and what is he like? Why his voice is "like the echo of the congregated roar of the 'dark rearward and abyss of thought;'" the intelligence of his eye is like a mouldering tower hid in a mist by the side of a lake; as we cannot see the tower by reason of the mist, we must look for it in the lake where we may see its shadow, and then we have an exact view of the intelligence of Mr. Coleridge's eye, and very like a tower in a lake it doubtless is; as for his mind it is like uprolled evening clouds, but Mr. Hazlitt shall draw his own likenesses.

Mr. Coleridge has "a mind reflecting ages past:" his voice is like the echo of the congregated roar of the "dark rearward and abyss" of thought. He who has seen a mouldering tower by the side of a crystal lake, hid by the mist, but glittering in the wave below, may conceive the dim, gleaming, uncertain intelligence of his eye: he who has marked the evening clouds uprolled (a world of vapours) has seen the picture of his mind, unearthly, unsubstantial, with gorgeous tents and ever varying forms—

That which was now a horse, even with a thought
The rocks dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.—(P. 62.)

To me this is indeed all as "indistinct as water is in water," nor from all that has been so finely said can I form the slightest idea what Mr. Coleridge is like. I have never seen a mouldering tower by a lake either in a mist or under any other circumstances of wind and weather, therefore I cannot form a notion of the intelligence of the eye of the author of *Christabel*. I have never heard the echo of the congregated roar of the dark rearward and abyss of thought, nor can I imagine so complicated a noise, consequently I cannot conceive what his voice is like, but I suppose it is very loud. I have, indeed, seen evening clouds rolling away, which I presume is the same thing as uprolled, and yet my recollection of them does not assist me to any very precise idea of Mr. Coleridge's mind. Thus the whole of this passage is a blank to me, it does not advance me one jot in the subject. The author describes one unknown thing by another unknown thing, and expects the reader to be the wiser. He professes to present contemporary portraits, he paints towers and clouds, and describes echoes, and bids us look at his picture of Coleridge. You will say, if you have not read the book, this is but a solitary instance. Not a bit of it; the work is about half filled with this

sort of poetic jargon, while the other half displays those indications of superior powers that appear in all Hazlitt's writings ; acute remarks and striking thoughts will be found scattered throughout the volume, but mixed up with, and sacrificed to, the baser stuff of which I complain. The author proceeds with the character of Coleridge, you will observe, in a more intelligible strain, but still he cannot disengage himself from figurative language, and consequently his meaning, when he has a meaning, is vaguely expressed, and the impression conveyed depends necessarily on the imagination of the reader. Nothing is defined, a fancy is thrown out, and we have to fill it up in our manner ; the chances are that we make more or less of it than the author intended. I know not how others may feel, but nothing can be more fatiguing to me than this eternal poetry in prose ; sometimes I find a short passage pretty free from it, then I rejoice, but my pleasure is never of long duration, for some extravagant figure is never far off. The character of Coleridge goes on thus :

Our author's mind is (as he himself might express it) *tangential*. There is no subject on which he has not touched, none on which he has rested. With an understanding fertile, subtle, expansive, " quick, forgetive, apprehensive " beyond all living precedent, few traces of it will perhaps remain. He lends himself to all impressions alike ; he gives up his mind and liberty of thought to none. He is a general lover of art and science, and wedded to no one in particular. He pursues knowledge as a mistress, with outstretched hands and winged speed ; but as he is about to embrace her, his Daphne turns—alas ! not to a laurel ! Hardly a speculation has been left on record from the earliest time, but it is loosely folded up in Mr. Coleridge's memory, like a rich, but somewhat tattered, piece of tapestry. We might add (with more seeming than real extravagance), that scarce a thought can pass through the mind of man, *but its sound has at some time or other passed over his head with rustling pinions*.

Now is this poetry or is it prose ? Never was flesh so fishified ! When the sound of thoughts pass over mens' heads with rustling pinions, we ought to have *minions* or some word of that sound in the next line, and then it becomes the very finest thing in the world—immortal verse. As it stands it is a melancholy puerility, a silly fancy soberly uttered. In another place the author says that " Leibnitz's *Re-established Harmony* reared its arch above his (Coleridge's) head, like a rainbow in the cloud," (p. 69) and, in the next page, that " Spinoza became his God, and he took up the vast chain of being in his hand, and the round world became the centre and the soul of all things in some shadowy sense, forlorn of meaning, and around him he beheld the living traces and the sky-pointing proportions of the mighty Pan—but poetry redeemed him from this spectral philosophy, and he bathed his heart in beauty," &c. &c. &c.

I have not patience to quote more, suppose *tol-de-rol-lol*, or any thing you like, it will mean as much as the text, though it may not sound quite so grand.

On Crabbe, Hazlitt has been, I see, as usual, severe, and, in my opinion, unjust ; he has got a knack of saying clever things on the faults of this poet, and he makes the most of it. Crabbe will not be the worse for

the censure, and Hazlitt may be the better for it, as it shows his parts. He seems to think that Crabbe's writings, which he terms a thorn in the side of poetry, will not survive a century; I would back them for duration against Wordsworth's. His character of the latter, by-the-bye, seems to me clever, and it looks on the whole pretty just; but, as usual, it is overlaid with those beautiful and popular flowers of style of which Mr. Hazlitt makes so prodigal a use. He begins by telling us that Wordsworth sees hearts, and then you may be sure we have *probes*, and *throbbings*, and *pulses*, and *life-blood*, and *the wounded breast*, and *pain*, and *balm*—wherever a heart comes we all know that these things follow in its train as words of course.

He sees nothing loftier than human hopes; nothing deeper than the human heart. This he *probes*, this he tampers with, this he poises, with all his incalculable weight of thought and feeling in his hands, and at the same time *calms the throbbing pulses of his own heart*, by keeping his eye ever fixed on the face of nature. If he can make the *life-blood flow* from his own *wounded breast*, this is the living colouring of which he paints his verse; if he can *assuage the pain* or close up the wound with the *balm* of solitary musing, or the *healing powers* of plants and herbs, and “skyey influences,” this is the sole triumph of his art.

If one could chop all this up into lines of the same length, beginning with capital letters, and ending in words of like sounds, what delightful poetry it would make! On the subject of Scott's poetry the author breaks out in the following manner.

What is he to Spenser, over whose immortal, ever-amiable verse, beauty hovers and trembles, and who has shed *the purple light of fancy from his ambrosial wings* over all nature? What is there of the might of Milton, *whose head is canopied in the blue serene*, and *who takes us to sit with him there*? What is there (in his ambling rhymes) of the deep pathos of Chaucer? Or of the o'er-informing power of Shakspeare, whose eye watching alike the minutest traces of characters, and the strongest movements of passion, “glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” and *with the lambent flame of genius, playing round each object, lights up the universe in a robe of its own radiance*.—(P. 137, 138.)

“De grace,” Mr. Hazlitt, “humanisez votre discours, et parler pour être entendu.” Explain to me if you can what this means. Does Shakspeare's eye light up the universe, and is the “robe” of Shakspeare's eye's “own radiance,” or of the universe's own radiance? if the latter, Shakspeare's eye was superfluous, for the universe having a robe of its own radiance, would not stand in any need of the poet's light. But it were a vain attempt to endeavour to follow these flights. If Hazlitt himself were asked for a meaning, I suppose he would assign the same cause for these extravagances, that the boot-maker in Paris did for the extremely little boot which he exhibited in his window: now like the Caliphs in the Arabian Nights, you ask what cause did the boot-maker in Paris assign for the extremely little boot which he exhibited in his window? The story is Mathews's. An Englishman seeing an unreasonably small boot in the aforesaid window, went into the shop, and asked the boot-maker for what purpose that extremely small boot was made. “Sir,” replied the Frenchman, “I made that little boot in a moment of

enthusiasm !" And doubtless Hazlitt wrote all these laborious extravagances in moments of enthusiasm. Possibly, however, as I have before remarked, he may heap words together in this manner, relying greatly on the stupidity of the public, and calculating, as Jonathan would say, that the great gull will not find out the cheat that's put on him so long as some grain is mixed up with the chaff. Indeed, I observe that whenever a sensible passage or acute observation occurs, some of this stuff is sure to follow, and many readers, no doubt, swallow one with the other. It is thus that the boys feed the swans in the Serpentine. When the bread is exhausted they throw them a stone, and the great stupid birds swallow the latter with manifest satisfaction, obviously mistaking it for the staff of life, and showing all the gratitude that a swan can show for these flinty favours. A man of Hazlitt's mind cannot write nonsense, without discovering that it is nonsense when he takes the trouble of looking at it ; but perhaps he spares himself this disagreeable examination, and perhaps also his too close communion with poets and poetry has in some measure spoiled him, and really given him a taste for that sort of writing that costs nothing but words. Out of the volume before me I could pick passages that would match Pope's nonsense verses, sounding eloquent to the ear, and seeming to have something in them, yet when you look at them more closely, absolutely signifying nothing. It strikes me that Hazlitt has been as unlucky in the choice of his subject as generally unhappy in his manner of treating it. Of all men in the world he appears to me about the least qualified to draw portraits of his contemporaries. An author so given as he is to "making effects" (to borrow the theatrical phrase) in his writings, can scarcely be just in the description of persons ; something of truth he must always be sacrificing to the striking ; and for my part, whenever I see a character nicely trimmed, and balanced, and pointed, I set it down at once as unjust. As a politician and an author, somewhat rudely handled, Hazlitt would seem to be further disqualified for the task he has undertaken, but, as for the first point, I must confess that I cannot discover any undue political bias ; with regard to the second indeed, he does not stand so clear. The character of Mr. Gifford will be placed to the account of certain articles in the Quarterly Review on Mr. Hazlitt's works. Nay, he himself strengthens this notion, by directly alluding to the treatment his works have received in that journal from the hands of Mr. Gifford—it is thus plain that the author is a party, and he is consequently disqualified for the office of judge. The sneer at Mr. Gifford, on the score of his being "*self-taught*," is most unworthy, or rather it is worthy of Gifford himself, just the generous sarcasm that would find a place in the Quarterly.

Pray what can have put it into Hazlitt's head to write down Knowles a Spirit of the Age ? surely it is using him very ill. He dubbs him the first tragic writer of the age, and I believe, on second thought, that he is so. His portrait is painted in two pages ; in such a sort, that any one may know him from ten thousand other poets in a crowd ; he is fond of

writing tragedies, and fishing, and “ he hears the anxious beatings of his own heart, and makes others feel them by the force of sympathy ;” pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pretty idea ! Lord Byron’s character seems to me the best thing in the book ; having handled the deceased poet rather roughly, or honestly I should be inclined to say, the author breaks off on learning his death, and closes the article with a very felicitous passage. Clever things you will find indeed in this, as in all Hazlitt’s works, and when you meet with them you must become the more angry with him for his faults, for it is certainly provoking to the last degree that a man of his powers should take to masking nothingness with wordy frippery, like an Irish orator. Other men resort to this miserable trick from lack of ideas ; Hazlitt, I suppose, resorts to it partly from idleness, partly from a vicious inclination for the tinkling of poetry, and partly from contempt for the public—he possibly thinks it good enough for the million “ pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;” and it serves famously to pack a book, and, like straw in a hamper, keeps the good things from chafing.

P. P.

REMONSTRATORY ODE,

FROM THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER CHANGE, TO MR. MATHEWS, AT THE
ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

“ ——— See with what courteous action
He beckons you to a more removed ground.”—*Hamlet*.

1.

Oh, Mr. Mathews ! Sir !
(If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak I find
By my inward stir)
I long have thought, and wish’d to say, that we
Mar our well-merited prosperity
By being such near neighbours.
My keeper now hath lent me pen and ink,
Shov’d in my truss of lunch, and tub of drink,
And left me to my labours.
The whole menagerie is in repose,
The Coatamundi is in his Sunday clothes,
Watching the Lynx’s most unnatural doze ;
The Panther is asleep, and the Macaw ;
The Lion is engaged on something raw ;
The White Bear cools his chin
’Gainst the wet tin ;
And the confined old Monkey ’s in the straw.

All the nine little Lionets are lying
 Slumbering in milk, and sighing ;
 Miss Cross is sipping ox-tail soup
 In her front coop.

So here's the happy mid-day moment,—yes
 I seize it, Mr. Mathews, to address

A word or two

To you

On the subject of the ruin which must come
 By both being in the Strand, and both at home
 On the same nights ; two treats
 So very near each other,
 As, oh my brother !
 To play old gooseberry with both receipts.

2.

When you begin
 Your summer fun, three times a week, at eight,
 And carriages roll up and cits roll in,
 I feel a change in Exeter 'Change's change,
 And, dash my trunk ! I hate
 To ring my bell when you ring your's, and go
 With a diminish'd glory through *my* show !
 It is most strange ;
 But crowds that meant to see me eat a stack,
 And sip a water-butt or so, and crack
 A root of mangel wurtzel with my foot,
 Eat little children's fruit,
 Pick from the floor small coins,
 And then turn slowly round and show my India-rubber loins :
 'Tis strange—most strange, but true,
 But these same crowds seek *you* !
 Pass *my* abode, and pay at *your* next door !
 It makes me roar
 With anguish when I think of this ; I go
 With sad severity my nightly rounds
 Before one poor front row,
 My fatal funny foe !
 And when I stoop, as duty bids, I sigh
 And feel that, while poor elephantine I
 Pick up a sixpence, you pick up the pounds !

3.

Could you not go ?
 Could you not take the Cobourg or the Surry ?
 Or Sadler's Wells—(I am not in a hurry,

I never am !) for the next season?—oh !

Woe ! woe ! woe !

To both of us, if we remain ; for not

In silence will I bear my alter'd lot,

To have you merry, Sir, at my expense :

No man of any sense,

No true great person (and we both are great

In our own ways) would tempt another's fate.

I would myself depart

In Mr. Cross's cart ;

But, like Othello, " am not easily moved,"

There's a nice house in Tottenham Court, they say,

Fit for a single gentleman's small play ;

And more conveniently near your home ;

You'll easily go and come.

Or get a room in the City—in some street—

Coachmaker's Hall, or the Paul's Head,

Cateaton Street ;

Any large place, in short, in which to get your bread ;

But do not stay, and get

Me into the Gazette !

4.

Ah ! The Gazette !

I press my forehead with my trunk, and wet

My tender cheek with elephantine tears,

Shed of a walnut size

From my wise eyes,

To think of ruin after prosperous years.

What a dread case would be

For me—large me !

To meet at Basinghall Street the first and seventh

And the eleventh !

To undergo (D——n !)

My last examination !

To cringe, and to surrender,

Like a criminal offender,

All my effects—my bell pull, and my bell,

My bolt, my stock of hay, my new deal cell,

To *post* my ivory, Sir !

And have some curious commissioner

Very irreverently search my trunk !

'Sdeath ! I should die

With rage to find a tiger in possession

Of my abode ; up to his yellow knees

In my old straw ; and my profound profession

Entrusted to two beasts of assignees !

5.

The truth is simply this,—if you *will* stay
 Under my very nose,
 Filling your rows
 Just at my feeding time, to see *your* play,
 My mind's made up,
 No more at nine I sup,
 Except on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays,
 From eight to eleven,
 As I hope for heaven.
 On Thursdays, and on Saturdays, and Mondays,
 I'll squeak and roar, and grunt without cessation,
 And utterly confound your recitation.
 And, mark me! all my friends of the furry snout
 Shall join a chorus shout,
We will be heard—we'll spoil
 Your wicked witty ruination toil.
 Insolvency must ensue
 To you, Sir, you ;
 Unless you move your opposition shop,
 And let me stop.

6.

I have no more to say :—I do not write
 In anger, but in sorrow ; I must look
 However to my interests every night,
 And they detest your “Memorandum-book.”
 If we could join our forces—I should like it ;
 You do the dialogue, and I the songs.
 A voice to me belongs ;
 (The Editors of the Globe and Traveller ring
 With praises of it, when I hourly sing
 God save the King).
 If such a bargain could be schemed, I'd strike it !
 I think, too, I could do the Welch old man
 In the youthful days, if dress'd upon your plan ;
 And the attorney in your Paris trip,
 I'm large about the hip !
 Now think of this !—for we can not go on
 As next door rivals, that my mind declares
 I must be pennyless, or you be gone !
 We must live separate, or else have shares.
 I am a friend or foe
 As you take this.
 Let me your profitable hubbub miss,
 Or be it “Matthews, Elephant, and Co !”

OBSERVATIONS ON MITFORD'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

PASSING a very agreeable evening some time since in the company of some friends, and the conversation taking a classical turn, one of them, a young Scotch advocate, repeated with great emphasis and feeling Hume's appropriate panegyric on the eloquence of Demosthenes. Another of the party, not a classical scholar, but a very accomplished and intelligent man, but a little inclined to take up and to support paradoxical opinions, who was pacing up and down the room, stopped in the middle of his career, and coming up to me with an earnestness of manner that characterised him, particularly on such occasions, declared his opinion in plain English, that "Demosthenes was a great rascal." Though prepared for paradoxical explosions from my friend, I was a little staggered, and smiled. A good deal of conversation ensued, and I found my friend's impressions were derived from a recent perusal of Mitford's History of Greece. The course of conversation produced also from the same gentleman a splendid eulogium on Dionysius the Tyrant, derived from the same source, in which my friend the Colonel, and Dionysius the Tyrant, remained masters of the field of battle, having silenced the rest of the company, including myself and the young gentleman from Scotland, whose preconceived notions on the subject, imbibed at St. Andrew's, were considerably discomposed from that happy state of quiescence with which we contemplate settled and unquestionable axioms.

I was naturally curious to turn to the book of this modern sophist, which had taken such possession of my friend's mind, and accordingly perused that portion of the work, vols. vii. and viii. which relates to the epoch of Philip of Macedon down to the battle of Chæronea. I did not indeed refer to the former part of the work, which treats of the merits of Dionysius the Tyrant, who sent men to prison for not liking his poetry, and still more cruelly released them to undergo the infliction of another recitation. But to revert to the principal subject, I read, and though struck with the ingenuity and research of the writer, and by no means fatigued with the perusal (for the work has all the interest of a party pamphlet), I own I was appalled at the unblushing sophistry, the fancifulness of hypothesis, and the hardihood of assertion discoverable throughout. To feel a bias probably to one side of a question or the other, is incident to human nature; but other historians have either artfully concealed it, as much as possible, or perhaps been unconscious of it themselves. Mr. Mitford is the first who has unblushingly made history the vehicle of party prejudice, and that too a history of 2000 years back; and all this with such vehemence and want of discretion, that he seems to have lost all fear of the disgrace of refutation and exposure. Acts in themselves most innocent and indifferent, and which no man in possession of his

senses would be indiscreet enough to visit with censure, he overwhelms with opprobrious epithets; for instance, so simple a fact as that of a government sending out an order to the commander of its armies to send home the hostages which he had received from a city he was treating with. Would the reader believe, that the historian actually stigmatizes this natural order, with the epithet of "*profligate?*" That he mentions the act of the general who, not complying with this order, redelivered the hostages to the enemy (which we should call an act of treason and punish accordingly), as an "*honorable act?*" And that he says of the Orator who calmly mentions the fact as discreditable to the general, that, in thus mentioning it, "*he adopted and encouraged the profligacy of the Athenian democracy.*" What, have not a government a right to the hostages delivered up to their own officers? Prisoners of war surrender immediately to the commander of the forces employed against them, but are at the disposal of the government to whose forces they have surrendered. And yet so palpable an absurdity will be found in Mitford's History of Greece, vol. vii. p. 364, where it is introduced apparently for no other purpose than that the author may have the pleasure of venting his indiscriminating rage against Demosthenes and Athens.

If our historian is so intemperate in indifferent matters, as to call a state *profligate* for sending for its own hostages, we shall see he is equally malevolent in cases of a more decided character, in recording actions unquestionably noble and meritorious. He is relating the reduction of Eubœa by Timotheus, vol. vii. p. 382. The state of the case is this:—The Athenians having reduced the Eubœans who had revolted, and being absolute masters of the country, contented themselves with expelling the Thebans, generously forgave the revolt, and restored their cities and their government into their own hands. This highly noble act of forbearance Demosthenes has extolled in terms of highly moral and Christian-like panegyric:—"And ye did nobly to save the island, but still much more nobly that when ye were masters of their bodies, and of their cities, ye righteously restored them to those who had trespassed against you, taking no account of your wrongs." We do not say an historian is called upon to praise; but if he does not praise, still less should he censure—still less calumniate and asperse. His remark on the foregoing conduct is as malignant as it well can be under such circumstances, substantially ascribing this act of generosity to their fears, or to the individual character of Timotheus. When Æschines, speaking of the same transaction, says, according to Mr. Mitford's translation, (though by the bye it is a very garbled and inadequate one, yet taking it in Mr. Mitford's own words,) "that the Athenian democracy gave freedom to the Eubœan towns which it was the purpose of the Theban democracy to enslave." On these mere words of course in the mouth of an Athenian Orator, he gravely makes the following, we must be allowed to call it, *vapid* remark: "*We shall be aware that a Theban*

orator would have given a different turn to his account of the same transaction." Now was it worth an historian's while to go out of his way to make so stale a remark on mere words of course? Is Mr. Mitford so little of a philosopher as not to know that this is the language of human nature in politics in all ages and in all countries? On this side of the Channel, England is the liberator, on the other side the enslaver. Again, an Athenian orator cannot talk of the loss of considerable dependencies of his own country, and call the interest his country had in them, "vital and most important," *οικέων καὶ ἀναγκαιοτάτων*, alluding to Cos, Chios, Rhodes, and Byzantium, (which we should think as self-evident a proposition as any in Euclid,) but Mr. Mitford must insert this parenthetical remark, "*(as if the people of Cos, Chios, Rhodes, and Byzantium, were born to live under the dominion of the people of Athens.)*" Now put the case, that one of our own members were to call our East and West India possessions, &c. &c. "vital and important interests:" what reporter of a debate, what newspaper, the most adversarious to the speaker, would ever dream of appending so absurd an observation by way of reproach to the speaker? See Mitford, vol. viii. p. 275, who cites the passage he so unfairly criticises from Demosthenes, *De Pace sub finem*.

When in vol. viii. p. 131, we find Mr. Mitford talking of "*narrow and dishonest patriotism*," and accusing Demosthenes of "*directly avowing profligate principles*," because forsooth he advises his countrymen in the oration for the Megalapolitans, saying, "that it is *not their interest to allow the Lacedemonians to aggrandize themselves too much*, but counsels them rather to keep up a balance of power;" we are tempted to exclaim, where has Mr. Mitford lived; in what age, in what spotless regions of philanthropic politics? Has he never heard of wars carried on for the balance of power, being, as he is, a citizen of a country, whose avowed policy has been, for a century, the maintenance of the balance of power? Let any one read this oration, and see if Sir Robert Walpole, or any other British minister, could have argued more sensibly on the subject. The general principle too, which this "*profligate*" Orator closes with, "*my advice is never to give up the weaker to the stronger*," must, by Mr. Mitford's new code of morality, be added to the number of *profligate* principles. The truth is, the advice Demosthenes gave his countrymen in this speech, was more moral than politic. The nullity of the Spartans in the coming crisis of the affairs of Greece was fatal to Greece, and this nullity was chiefly owing to the vicinage and power of this very Megalapolis, which operated, as it was intended by its founder Epaminondas, as a complete check upon Sparta. The historian has also, in pursuance of this his favourite position, the *profligacy* of Demosthenes, adduced a long translated passage from the oration on the subject of the Rhodians, in which the Orator says, "*I am convinced that it is just to restore the Rhodian democracy; but, even if it were not so, yet*

seeing how our enemies swerve from the strict line of right in taking advantage of us, I should advise it."

This, we admit, is not the high ground of a moralist, or of a Christian saint; but in politics it has always been acted upon, perhaps not always so candidly avowed. The argument happens to be precisely the same as that used by our own Government, to justify the measure of seizing the Copenhagen fleet.

Not content with carping at the speeches of Demosthenes in detail, he attacks the Orator himself wholesale, vol. viii. p. 113, of whom he says:—"An extraordinary deficiency not only of personal courage, but of all that constitutes dignity of soul, made respect difficult and esteem apparently impossible." These are Mr. Mitford's very words about Demosthenes. If ever sublimity of moral character was impressed on the productions of human genius, we should be bold to assert it was on those of Demosthenes. Nor are we singular in this opinion a better judge than we can pretend to be, a Stoic philosopher, Panætius, whose books, though lost to us, Horace has dignified with the epithet of "*nobiles*," (which perhaps it may be long before posterity will apply to Mr. Mitford's lucubrations,) observed, that "*Demosthenes' was exclusively the oratory of morality.*" We need not search for his character in detached and controverted passages of his life; he has stamped it indelibly on the superb monuments of his genius. Very sublime descriptive passages may be met with in his contemporaries Æschines and Dinarchus, (in the former, for instance, the passage descriptive of Alexander's progress, and in the latter that of the destruction of Thebes,) but for the sublimity of morality refer to Demosthenes.

All this is to be sure rather unfortunate for Mr. Mitford's opinion quoted above; but he seems himself to have had some *suspicion* of this, and being struck with the incongruity of the character as described by himself, and the nobleness of the Orator's sentiments on record, he has given a kind of splendid discoloration to the whole: at the expense of the Orator's character he has elevated his talents, and has represented a sort of phenomenon, a man totally destitute of *dignity of sentiment*, yet for thirty years uttering the most dignified sentiments, as if actually speaking from some inward inspiration beyond his control, an *energumen*; in short, in plain English, as if he were possessed by the Devil, the Frankenstein, or Sintram, of modern romance. Æschines de leg. 317, when very hard put to it, works himself up, in the heat of the moment, to say something of the same sort. "My hard fate," says he, "is to have to deal with a conjurer, a wicked being who has not the power of uttering truth if he wished it." Now this may pass in the violence of contending oratory, but who would expect it to be the statement of history? and that it is the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Mitford's disquisitions, we have only to refer to his work.

It really would be quite endless to point out the gross calumnies and unjustifiable reflections which indicate the strong bias of this historian, and which abound in every page. But there are some observations which seem to fly in the face of the better part of human nature itself, and which we must hold up to the moral indignation which they deserve. We allude to the remarks made on the decree of the Byzantines and Perinthians in vol. viii. p. 367.

These cities were closely besieged by Philip without any provocation on their part that history informs us of; but that is quite immaterial to the present question. We know that the *city* comprised the *nation*, and we know also the consequences that, according to the usages of those times, and the practice of belligerents, would have ensued in case of capture; most probably, the annihilation of the city, and the selling of the citizens, their wives, and children, into slavery. No mild fate that, as Mr. Mitford himself will allow. The Athenians, by their timely succour, saved them from this horrible catastrophe; and in return, full of gratitude (as what human bosom would not be on such an occasion?) they did themselves and human nature credit by publicly proclaiming their gratitude, and voting a crown of gold to their deliverers. Amidst the dreary waste of revolting transactions which history presents, this is one of the pleasant spots where the eye delights to dwell; beneficence on one side, and gratitude on the other. And yet this decree, plain, simple, and energetic, from one independent people to another, Mr. Mitford stigmatizes as a *gross piece of flattery* to the *Athenian people*, and still more ridiculously, as a document showing that *the high-spirited and successful assertors of independency no longer held the lead in Byzantium*. Does the historian mean it would have been more *high-spirited* to have shown no gratitude, or does he mean (for really any meaning is very doubtful) that it would have been more *high-spirited* in the Byzantines to have passively submitted to destruction without making an effort to save the country?

If the reader is curious to see a bold and unwarrantable supposition made a ground for a libellous insinuation, he should refer to vol. viii. p. 175, which it is really worth while extracting in the very words. "The war-party would not be wanting in disposition to support Olynthus against Macedonia; but so to support them, that at the conclusion of the war, they should *remain strong enough to refuse tribute and obedience to Athens, would be against the principles of policy which their great orator had clearly and repeatedly indicated.*" Now the intent of this paragraph is to make Athens and her ministers odious, by insinuating that they withheld effectual assistance from the Olynthians, with a view to making that city eventually fall under their own dominion, and that their orators inculcated, or, in the language of Mr. Mitford, *indicated* this Machiavelian principle. Now we only require Mr. Mitford to show this doctrine in the Olynthiacs? Is there not

there all bonâ-fide assistance, spirit, and energy? Is there any reserve, any hanging back? Any dark or ambiguous hints of temporizing policy, or prospects of any unfair advantage to be taken for the future? And as to the facts; the next page of Mr. Mitford tells us, that the Athenians actually had on foot at Olynthus an army of 14,000 men (we should rather think a pretty strong proof of their being in earnest), and besides tribute and subjection to Athens was out of the question on the part of Olynthus, the latter having been strong enough actually to go to war with, and to conquer the possessions of the former, as they had done recently in the case of Amphipolis.

But if this historian is the bitterest calumniator of Athens and Demosthenes, he is the warmest, the tenderest apologist of Philip. If that Prince razes a flourishing city to the ground, sells men, women, and children, in bondage, makes an auction of bodies and goods, "*he does no more than his interest imperiously requires, he abolishes a republic on his coasts,*" vol. viii. p. 179. If he destroys to the number of thirty cities so completely that not even a vestige remained, Mr. Mitford tells us (p. 210) in all the affected delicacy of modern diplomacy, "*it seems probable that the population of some conquered towns was removed.*" As to the taking Olynthus, he quibbles sadly, and contradicts himself. "*Support,*" says he, "*wholly fails among the Orators of the day, for the report of the annalist of three centuries after, that he plundered the town and sold the inhabitants for slaves.*" Struck, however, apparently with the hardihood of this assertion, he half retracts and qualifies, and *ifs*, and shuffles, in the sentence immediately following. But if there was *some condemnation to slavery, or some confiscation of property*. What then, if "*oh! we shall soon see,*" the Athenians *would have done as much, or more, against a city surrendered to their arms under similar circumstances.* So that he contrives to blacken the Athenians even in the act of describing the atrocities of their enemies. Is this an historian or an advocate? But "*Support wholly fails among the Orators of the day, for the fact,*"—does it? What says Dem. Phil. III. 117, "Ὀλυνθον μὲν καὶ Ἀπολλωνίαν οὕτως ὡμῶς ἀνήρηκεν, ὥστε μηδένα, &c." "Olynthus and Apollonia, and two and thirty cities in Thrace he so savagely destroyed, that it were difficult for any one approaching the site to say that they had ever been the habitations of men." There is "*support*" with a vengeance, and much more than "*support*" for Diodorus. But why disbelieve Diodorus? He cannot be accused of being hostile to the memory of Philip, and he evidently relates the fact as he had found it in the histories of the day, Theopompus, Diyllus, and others, without any remark or comment. Diodorus is more than what we have stated; he evidently is partial to Philip, though an honest historian, and is evidently biassed much by his religious feelings in favour of that wise, powerful, and politic Prince.

Was the story of the Olynthian lady, told by Demosthenes, no

“support” to the subsequent historian, the recital of which story was too shocking for the delicacy of an Athenian audience? But why not, we repeat, believe Diodorus? Mr. Mitford is quite ready to take the same historian’s word for the cruel fate of Sestos (because of course it was taken by an Athenian general); in that instance there are no whole pages of shuffling, as there are about Olynthus, no courtly phrases of modern delicacy, but he plainly speaks in the unvarnished simplicity of the ancient style, and rather hazards coarseness, than unfaithfulness to the text of his original: see p. 83. But not only as to the fate of the city, but as to the method of obtaining possession of it, is Mr. Mitford so delicate as to the honour of Philip, that he expends six pages to prove that there was no treason, that there had been no bribery to Euthykrates and Lacritus, or at least no bribery in hard cash, but in bullocks and timber, because Macedonia was poor; and a good deal of such trifling. He wishes to gloss over the whole matter on his favourite topic, the division of parties; and implies, that a great party of the state surrendered. Now we go upon the broad outline of the fact. Those who give up their country to a foreign power, whence ensues rigorous military execution, must be traitors: if indeed a mere change of government had ensued, we might be at liberty to say, “a certain party availed itself of foreign aid for the furtherance of their party views;” (as was the case with us at the Revolution,)—but here was no change of government from democratic to aristocratic, but a most cruel destruction and subversion of the whole commonwealth: and those Olynthians who brought it about, must and will be considered traitors by all, but Mr. Mitford, to the latest posterity; though he labours to prove that Philip could not have bribed them, because he had no money. Now Diodorus expressly says, that he *had* from the gold mines at Pangæa, and that he used it liberally in bribes, donations, and the maintenance of a mercenary body of soldiers. But can Mr. Mitford know so little of political economy as to try to build an important argument, discrediting the concurrent voice of history, on so baseless a foundation as the pecuniary disability of a Prince master of a large and populous territory, having at his command a regular and well-appointed army,—the builder of fleets and of arsenals?

Specimens of this sort of reasoning appear almost in every page; they are much too numerous for us to refer to, but we have thus given samples of the whole, to which indeed we are much tempted to add another from vol. viii. p. 228, (note). Certainly our optics most grossly deceive us, or this note contains as glaring a specimen of misstatement and false reasoning as we ever witnessed. Mr. Mitford criticises with great asperity Demosthenes’ reason for Philip’s detaining the ambassadors, viz. “*lest returning and reporting his measures, you (addressed to the Athenians) might have embarked, and occupying Thermopylæ stopped his passage.*” “Hardly,” says Mr. Mitford, “could

such an impudent imposition be attempted upon the mob of London and Palace Yard. Every where there would be those able to inform the more ignorant, that nothing could so effectually check hostile preparations, as *the presence of ambassadors*." To which the answer is obvious, certainly; if those ambassadors have free power of communicating with their own countries, and can send home regular dispatches; but if not, (as how can Mr. Mitford be sure of the management and direction of posts and couriers in Macedonia), their personal detention was of the most vital importance; and that there was a sort of coercion used, appears from Demosthenes stating, that "he seeing the game that was playing, endeavoured to get away in a vessel, but was prevented."

However, we will own, that there are difficulties whichever way we turn ourselves in all these transactions, that relate to the peace, and the melancholy event that ensued,—the annihilation of the Phocians. All is in inextricable confusion; never did the turbulency and inefficiency of a democracy in a difficult and delicate crisis show themselves in more glaring colours. Never was there such a triumph in diplomacy as that obtained by Philip at this crisis over Athens and her ministers. The flash of the lightning and the report of the thunder are not more simultaneous, than was the ratification of the peace by Athens, and the extermination of a nation whom it was her vital policy to protect. Impenetrable darkness rests on the fact how it came to pass, that the Phocians were omitted in the preliminaries signed at Athens; and in the Psephism drawn up by Demosthenes himself, which is given in his speech, *De Cor.* 235. This was so gross an omission according to modern views, and of such importance, that the long discussions afterwards about the detention of the Athenian ministers, and their verbal instructions on this delicate question, when they went to Macedonia for the ratification of the peace, and their subsequent altercations, the whole matter of their two eloquent speeches on the *Embassy*, appear almost puerile; perhaps, in our present ignorance, it would be more modest to say, unaccountable. The additional articles in the treaty as reported by Hegesippus, if indeed those additional articles were made at the time, did indeed include the Phocians virtually, containing a stipulation for their protection under the general name of *τοὺς ἄλλους Ἕλληνας*.

But this ground which we should think the strongest, and most natural, is not taken by Demosthenes, in his speeches *de Cor.* and *de Leg.*; but he rests the whole affair of the Phocians on the verbal instructions and representations of the second embassy sent to receive the ratification of peace. But as to the more important period when the Macedonian embassy was at Athens, and the preliminaries were agreed upon, we are much in the dark, as we have stated above. That at this interesting crisis there must have been dreadful tumults, clamour, and confusion, a whole city deliberating publicly on

such matters; that there must have been a great struggle of parties, great deception, and great corruption, we can easily at this distance of time imagine; but Mr. Mitford finds no difficulties, he has a clue to it all as if he had been present; he has always his favourite hypothesis to explain all; viz. that the Athenians were the aggressors and the deceivers, and Philip the aggrieved, though the aggrandized party; he is always sure to give us (to complete the picture) the roguery of Demosthenes, and the honesty of Æschines: of whose honesty, by the bye, history has handed down to us considerable doubts, and certainly some parts of whose conduct (one, for instance, the sudden change from being in the evening an opposer of peace, and the next morning a violent advocate) and likewise the rekindling another sacred war in Amphissa, (which, by his own account, he did), seem *very strange*; his speech to the Amphictyons, on that occasion, as reported by himself, seems too superstitious in so enlightened a man to have been sincere, and the consequences too obvious to have escaped so clear-sighted a politician.

However, whatever may have been the causes that imposed upon the people of Athens and their ministers (for the temporary breach between them and Phalæcus by no means accounts for their abandoning such permanent and substantial interests) certainly never was deception more complete, or dissimulation more triumphant: not only the Athenians, but Phalæcus and the Phocians, were equally duped. Philip commenced his march, a short and sublime picture of which we have in Demosthenes, each party contending that his appearance, as if it were the transit of a comet, portended evil to *some*, but to *whom* was differently conjectured according to the difference of parties and of interests. The Phocians, abandoned by their allies, and surrounded with their enemies, thought their best chance of safety rested on the personal character of this prince, and accordingly surrendered themselves to him. According to the forcible expression of the Greek, he *dug down* their cities, dismantled their bulwarks, and, in short, made a devastation only to be surpassed by that of Hyder Ali, in the Carnatic. And yet Mr. Mitford tells us gravely: "He (Philip) *concurr'd* with the party of Phocion in *desiring* to provide protection for that unfortunate people, and their Bœotian allies." Did he? if so, his *desires* were very weak, and he certainly could not be said to have had the *superbe volonté* of Napoleon, nor the *strong will* of transcendental modern philosophers. "But," says Mr. Mitford, "it was the Thebans who *dug down* their cities;" so they might personally. But who but Philip in breach of the trust reposed in him, gave them up to their deadly enemies, the Thebans? those very Thebans, who being almost too weak to hold their own, were completely worsted by these very Phocians, as Mr. Mitford tells us a few pages before. Subsequently, p. 401, speaking of the same transaction, and making a defence for Philip, the historian says for him, "He had *taken no cities in their* (the Athenians') *neighbourhood, and laid waste none.*"

The Phocians had surrendered to him instead of to the Greek republics, under whose hands they would have fallen (most palpably false, for the Phocians were a full match for their enemies) *and some had been laid waste, not by him, but by the oldest and most venerable judicature known to the Greek nation.*" Now really is it possible for hoaxing to go beyond this? No doubt this wise, this politic, this powerful prince, at the head of his renowned Macedonian phalanx, which in a few years afterwards conquered Asia, and, according to the sublime description of Æschines, passed into regions beyond the Northern Bear,* was the mere tool and instrument in the hands of a parcel of clownish and ignorant deputies (so described by Æschines himself, their assessor) assembled from a few obscure cities of Thessaly, Malea, and Ceta, for instance, under the immediate power of Philip, and, of course, he was not accountable for his actions. Philip, himself, gives a very different account of himself, and in his letter to the Athenians, tells pretty plainly what *he* had been doing in Phocis. What says Mr. Mitford to this? Why he plainly tells us that this *state paper* was a forgery of Demosthenes!!! What is so remarkable in all this is, that at the commencement of the sacred war, Mr. Mitford's moral feeling, as well as historical fairness, naturally leads him to consider the matter in its real light, and condemn in a feeling manner the wanton, cruel, and hypocritical attack made by Thebes on this devoted people, under mask of the Amphictyonic council. His account is positively affecting; as an historian, he could do justice between Thebes and Phocis, but when Philip interfered, the tables are turned; then all is palliation on the part of the historian, and modification, &c. and the horror of the catastrophe is lost (as it was intended to be), in subtilty of disquisition.

We are now obliged to draw to a close, and feel compelled to remark cursorily that after the period of this peace Mr. Mitford is indefatigable in his endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that the aggressions and hostilities in the peace were on the part of the Athenians, and not on the part of that great humane and *literary* character, for so Mr. Mitford describes Philip. Now what does this quiet sedentary character do immediately after the peace? We have seen his proceedings in Phocis; he instantly turns his arms against the King of Thrace, Cersobleptes, dethrones him, takes sundry cities, Serrium, Doriscus, &c.; attacks Ambracia, and gives part of that country into the hands of his brother-in-law, Alexander, not to mention his intrigues in Eubœa, &c. "But," says Mr. Mitford, "these countries were not included in the treaty." If Hegesippus' statement be true (and it is difficult to suppose a man quoting the terms of a peace, fresh in the recollection of every one, so falsely) they were included virtually by the clause above alluded to,

* The Orator means to say that Alexander penetrated so far into southern latitudes as to be out of sight of the constellations of the north.

which provided that the belligerents should not turn their arms against the other Greeks, not included by name. But, if not, does not common sense answer at once; one of the parties is not to be quiet, whilst the other is constantly aggrandizing themselves with additional conquests, and preparing, as Demosthenes forcibly calls it, *out-works* against Athens. We repeat again where has Mr. Mitford lived; to be ignorant, that in inveighing against the politics of Demosthenes, in this instance he is inveighing against those of his own country, for the last century, and never more conspicuously than in our late war against Napoleon. Were not *his* aggrandizements, particularly those during the peace of Amiens, the seizure, and remodelling, and appropriating some states of Italy, stated on our part, and stated justly too as the cause of the breach of that peace? Did not Mr. Windham use the remarkable expression that if he went on in that way, he *would grow* us up? And it is remarkable that Demosthenes uses the same expression about Philip *φυομένου κατ' Ἑλλήνων*—"growing up the Greeks." Let any one read a passage in Phil. v. 154 ed Reiske, and he will find it, in fact, as the sequel has proved, applies more to Napoleon than to Philip. *Μὴ γὰρ οἴεσθε, ὧς ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοῖς αὐτοῖς χαίρειν τε Φίλιππον καὶ τοὺς ἀρχομένους, &c. &c.*

We must now close with assuring Mr. Mitford we have no prejudice against him, nor prepossession in favour of Demosthenes, but that we sincerely give our honest opinion that the difference between him and the man whom he has conjured up as his antagonist, is this, that whilst pages of Demosthenes, a party orator, (for instance, p. 245, de Cor. ed. Reiske,) may be admitted as a genuine and unimpassioned summary of the history of that time; whole pages of Mr. Mitford must be considered as mere advocacy of the most prejudiced and inveterate description, though he is professedly an historian, and lives at the distance of 2000 years, and wrote in the retirement of his closet, with all the means of forming a cool and unbiassed judgment.

We do not, in so short a summary, wish to enter into verbal or philological discussions; but, we cannot help observing, that Mr. Mitford has made no difficulty of rendering a passage in Philip's letter quoted by Dem. de Cor. 280—*τοῖς δὲ μὴ συναντήσασι πανδημεὶ χρυσόμεθα· τοῖς δὲ συμβούλοις ἡμῖν μὴ κειμένοις, ἐπιζημίους*—Mr. Mitford's version. "Those who attend will be entitled to communication in council; those who fail in conforming to the decrees of the confederacy, will be fined."

We can only congratulate Mr. Mitford on finding a meaning in this passage, which has puzzled ancients and moderns, from the time of Ulpian down—and must observe, that he is disposed to illuminate us in Greek as well as in history.

In another passage, vol. viii. p. 424, the reader will find a curious specimen of Mr. Mitford's attempts in verbal criticism, where he launches out in a note against no less a person than Wolf, the editor of Demosthenes, for his interpretation of the word *ἄκρα*, in a passage of Æschines, de Cor.

633. Ὅν δὲ ἔνδειαν μὲν χρημάτων, ἔνεκα πέντε ταλάντων, οἱ ξένοι τοῖς Θηβαίοις τὴν ἄκραν οὐ παρέδωσαν ; on which Wolf, as any other scholar would, naturally explains ἄκραν to mean the Cadmea. "But," says Mr. Mitford triumphantly, "see to what mistakes the most learned may be liable, if they will undertake historical explanation without the trouble of historical investigation ;" and he goes on to say, it might be some other fort in Phocis, and not the Cadmea, because the Thebans themselves, nay, Demosthenes himself, was at that time holding councils in that very place. Now, Mr. Mitford commits this egregious mistake by confounding chronology. Æschines is not speaking of the time prior to the battle of Chæronea, when all the world knows the Macedonians were not masters of the Cadmea, but of a subsequent period in the time of Alexander, when there was a rising of the Greeks against the Macedonians, and, as it appears, there were certain intrigues attempted by the Thebans to re-obtain possession of their liberty, as the whole story is told at length by Dinarchus. So much for the setting right of Wolf by Mr. Mitford.

SCRAPS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL
DILETTANTE TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

MILAN.—The first circumstance connected with music, that struck me on my arrival at this city, was the exquisite fineness of ear these people possess ; it is, indeed, so sensible, that (aided by a musical memory, astonishingly retentive) it is not uncommon to hear them as they come out of the theatre after the first performance of an opera, singing the airs which have made the most impression upon them, and to find that after the second or third representation a great part of the audience know the opera as well as the singers themselves.

This keenness of organic sense, this seizing and retaining of the touching and the beautiful, renders them difficult to be pleased in musical compositions. Nothing short of inspired melody interests them. A composition, however learned and elaborate, without those flashes of genius with which their minds are stored, and to which their feelings blaze into enthusiasm, is heard with the greatest apathy, and is to them merely an agreeable noise signifying nothing. The decision of a Milanese audience is an ordeal which the young artist trembles to encounter ; it gives him a passport to reputation, or bars him from the paths of fame—indeed Milan is emphatically and justly called a *piazza di cartello*.

The operas are generally well got up at the grand theatre, *La Scala*, at least as far as the principal parts are concerned : the secondary characters here, as all over Italy, are frequently done in a slovenly manner.

There are seldom more than three or four first-rate singers engaged at a time ; nor is this to be wondered at, considering the very high salaries these artists, from their present scarcity in Europe, are enabled to exact. In the carnival of 1823, there were La Belloc, Lablache, the finest *basso* I ever heard, and Morelli, now a second-rate tenor : in the autumn of the same year there were La Belloc, La Morandi, Galli the excellent *basso*, and Mari a second-rate tenor. The orchestra of *La Scala*, excellently conducted by the veteran Alessandro Rolla, is very good : the great merit of the artists forming this orchestra, is the delicate manner in which they accompany the singing ; they catch the spirit of the vocal performer, they follow it through all its changes, and

Il suon con arte accompagnando al canto,

their notes seem to blend in, and to identify themselves with those of the singer on the stage.

It were to be desired, perhaps, that the audience of this theatre observed more silence and order ; after a first or second representation no heed is given, except to a few favourite pieces ; during all the rest of the performance, conversation is carried on in pit and boxes with as much loudness (and Milanese talk very loud) as in the streets or coffee houses. When I first arrived here from Paris, where, despite of French loquacity, the audience in the musical theatres are very quiet and attentive, I was surprised—shocked at this Babel of noise, and thought it incompatible with the musical feeling of the people. I have, however, since found the same practice all over Italy ; and from reflecting on the frequent repetition, night after night, of the same opera, the negligent style of the *recitativo*, the total absence of interest in the literary part of the pieces, and the nullity of the lower characters, I cease to wonder at it. The traveller, however, who hears an opera for the first time, and which he may never have an opportunity of hearing again, will continue to apostrophize in no very gentle terms the ceaseless cackle of those who have heard the same opera fifty times, and may hear it yet fifty times more.

Musical Conservatory.—The musical conservatory of Milan was instituted by the French, shortly after the establishment of Eugene Beauharnois as Viceroy, and a liberal endowment allotted to it by government. St. Maestro Bonifazio Asioli, whose reputation is high and widely spread in the musical world, was appointed *censore* or director. The most able masters engaged to teach their particular arts to the students, were Signor Alessandro Rolla for the violin, Signor Pollini for the pianoforte, and Signor Belloli for the French horn. The other professors were men of no name, and little talent. Every deficiency was supplied, as far as possible, by the great musical talents and indefatigable superintendence of Asioli ; this able professor laid out judicious plans of study, wrote valuable treatises on almost every branch of his art, enlarged

the students' views of music by making them execute the instrumental compositions of Haydn and Mozart—authors, whose works, it is astonishing to say, are very seldom performed in Italy; and, in short, he used numerous and efficient means to form his pupils in this exquisite and difficult science.

The Conservatory of Milan was thus thriving under the fostering management of Asioli; and he was reasonably flattering himself that after some years he should have the satisfaction of seeing his almost fatherly cares rewarded by the success and reputation of some of his pupils, when the political changes in Italy interrupted his endeavours, and induced him to abandon the institution which may be said to have existed but in him, and which, since his secession, has dwindled away into non-entity. The French evacuated Lombardy—the Austrians again entered Milan—Asioli had enjoyed great consideration and encouragement under Beauharnois, and had contracted a partiality for the French—the Austrians talked of reducing *unnecessary expenses*—the predilections and pride of the professor were wounded; and taking an emphatic Italian farewell of the Conservatory and Milan, he retired to his native town, Correggio, where he now lives.

A Signor Minoja, little known, was afterwards made Director; but alas! what a change! how unlike his predecessor! He is a dull old man, upwards of sixty, whose musical acquirements are rather questionable. I have frequently seen him, at the weekly practices, fall sound asleep in a corner, whilst the poor students were performing as best they could—unheeded and uninstructed. The consequent laxity of discipline and regular study may be imagined.

The Conservatory of Milan, from its first institution to the present day, has not produced *one* composer of any note. Maestro Soliva is the *only* student belonging to it that has come before the public. His first opera, "*La testa di bronzo*," written for the Scala, was thought to indicate talent, and gave hopes of improvement; but his second and third operas *facevano fiasco*, so that out of Lombardy he still remains unknown. Of late years, however, the institution has produced some young female singers of promise, as La Bonini, La Fabbrica, and a few others.

Music is much cultivated at Milan as an accomplishment, particularly singing. It is the general and favourite entertainment of the evening parties of the polite circles. The amateur performances consist chiefly of selections from popular operas; and the company listen with an attention, not forced or affected, as is often the case in *some other countries*, but with evident signs of the real enjoyment music affords them.

That species of female voice called *contr' alto*, so rare in other countries, is very common in Lombardy; it seems to be one of the products of the climate.

Notwithstanding the prevalent taste for singing, and the preference

given to it, instrumental music is by no means neglected here. There is a Dilettante Society, composed of about forty members, who meet every Sunday morning, and perform the most classical instrumental music for a full band ; for correctness and taste I have not often heard these performances surpassed.

Ballets d'action.—I must not leave Milan without saying something on these performances. They are, perhaps, what the Milanese can boast of most exclusively ; they are, certainly, nearer perfection than their operas, and by far the best entitled to unreserved praise. This species of *spectacle* was here brought to a degree of excellence before unknown, by the late Salvatore Viganò. His “Prometheus” drew crowds from all parts of the Continent, and impressed itself on the minds of the spectators with a force that was thought to belong but to the highest efforts of the tragic muse. Italian enthusiasm denominated him “*Il Dio de balli.*” Viganò, by his wonderful productions, awakened in the Milanese a great taste for pantomime—a taste which, thanks to the delicate susceptibility of these people, soon spread as wide as their musical tact, and now it is not rare to see ragged children in the streets take up a subject, and play it in a fine, expressive style of mimicry. The truth and vividness of colouring with which some of the actors in the serious *ballets d'action* give the passions and emotions of the heart, are indeed surprising. Confined as they are to the limited means of gesticulation, they yet so artfully supply the use of speech, that the spectator does not for a moment feel the necessity of its intervention to interpret their sentiments. The most distinguished of these actors are La Pallerini and Molinari, pupils of Viganò ; they are inimitable—they stand in pantomime where Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble did in tragedy ; what Simonides said of dancing may well be applied to the pantomimic action of these two ; it is indeed a “mute poetry.”

Viganò, who may be said to have created a new art, was succeeded by Gaetano Gioja. Although Gioja has not the genius of Viganò, he is perhaps the artist in Italy best worthy of supplying his place. His “Niobe” and “Gabriella di Vergy,” brought out at Florence ; his “Castello di Kenilworth” and “I Baccanali di Roma,” brought out at Milan, and lately reproduced at Naples, may be adduced as proofs of his merit.

The ballets of Viganò and his school are essentially different from the French *grand ballets* : the French are merely *actional* (to make a word), the pantomimist being unconfined by the musical composer ; but Viganò's are rigidly *metrical*, every gesture, every movement, being measured to the music of the orchestra ; or, as a recent Italian critic says, “the body of the *mimic* is agitated ; his arms are now extended, and now withdrawn ; his feet make paces now solemnly slow, now rapid ; the features of his face partake in these varying movements, and all his person corresponds with positions, attitudes, and starts, to the sounds of the music which touches his ear.” This *marriage* of music with action was well

known to the ancients, and serious historians have not disdained to relate the deep effects it produced ; effects which, I would almost venture to say, have been equalled by some of Viganò's best pieces. Another material difference between the French and Milanese ballet is, that the latter has much less dancing. Viganò not only diminished the quantum of whirligigging and kicking of heels, but found out the means of introducing dances in their proper places, and thus made them contribute to the telling of his stories. In his ballets you do not see at the end of every act the stage covered with dancers without any discoverable reason ; you see no half hour's flirting between a young man and a young woman about a nosegay or a ribbon-knot ; no pair of *primi ballerini* rush on, as if they had fallen from the clouds, in the midst of the action. No ; poor Salvatore Viganò understood things much better !

AN EPISTLE TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

You must not hurt my little *Premium*.—*School for Scandal*.

SIMON, for twenty toilsome years,
Chequer'd with hopes, and cares, and fears,
Thy soul has sigh'd for gold ;
In various trades, and various shops,
Tea, coals, tobacco, blacking, hops,
Thou hast, or made, or sold.

How hast thou slav'd from light till dark,
Risen at morn, *without* the lark,
Swept, water'd thy own door ;
Twice married, twice in the Gazette
Thy bankrupt name has been, and yet
My Simon, thou art poor !

Poor to a fault, for 'tis a fault,
When like a Turk thou might'st exalt
Thy profit, to lack pelf !
But cheer up, Simon ! only grope
To London, and there still is hope
Ev'n for thy simple self !

Thou need'st not write like Walter Scott,
Thou need'st not forge, nor yet I wot
Like Catalani sing ;
To line thy pockets with a plum,
Thou need'st not steal, nor yet become
A tradesman to the King !

Thou need'st not in Pactolus' stream
Bathe thee,—but hast thou ne'er a scheme

For draining Irish bogs,—
For Indian sugar free from blacks,
Coals in associated sacks,
Or docks i' the Isle of Dogs!

Plans to facilitate the mail-way,
Steam-coaches,—on a post and rail-way—

A firm to foil the tricks
That centre in the Baker's head,—
A Dough-Co. for retailing Bread,—
Or one,—for baking bricks.

Tea-partners to compete with Bish—
Monopolies of Joint-Stock-Fish,—

Some Equitable Loan ;—
Tea-chandlers, dealing in salt dips,
Pluckers of coral from the lips
Of Syren babes unknown.

Divers to rob the seamaid's curls,
And strip Queen Thetis of her pearls,

Bell's System in the seas,—
The very prospect will bewitch,
The world-subscribers must get rich,
And Divers make *Dives*.

Or art thou rich enough to bear
The Chicken-hazard of a share,

The "London Poultry" begs
Thy first subscription to decide
A likely venture to divide
A goose with golden eggs!

Or would'st thou join a firm of scrubs,
Behold the new steam washing tubs,

It may not be improper
To state that they have lately plann'd
To form a junction with the grand
"Consolidated Copper."

Farmers to farm Australian plains,
(Ev'n now no barren field remains)

This plough has scarce a share—
O sell thy stock in trade, and come
To London and invest the sum
Before our Scrips grow rare!

Aye,—sell thy foolish wares of tin,
 And deal in something lighter—in
 The fumes of coal and coke—
 The “Glasgow Oil,” or “Gas Compress’d,”
 The grand “Cork Portable”—*id est*
 The Irish Bottled smoke!

There’s Steam—in *Packets*—has a sale
 Like James’s powders—horses fail
 Before the powers of steam—
 Or has thy soul ne’er learn’d to stray
 As far as London’s milky way
 To deal in cows and cream!

Salt sellers with prospective plans
 Invite thee—future vats and vans,
 Are freely bought and sold;
 But chiefly,—lease some Pasco part
 Some *mine* make *thine*—for that’s the art
 Indeed of getting gold.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF RICHARD WILSON, ESQ. RA. *

THIS is no bad specimen of book-making. We have here a handsome quarto containing two hundred and sixty-four pages, one hundred and eight only of which profess to treat of the Life of Wilson, the larger portion of the volume being filled with stories about nothing, accounts of divers terrible adventures in which the author has been engaged, and a variety of nonsensical reflections in which he has thought proper to indulge for the especial edification of the public. The fact seems to be, that Mr. Wright, who is a vehement admirer of painting, desiring to do honour to Wilson, determined in an evil hour to write his life, without considering that some materials are necessary to a work of biography; and having, as might be expected, in a few pages, exhausted all his knowledge of his subject, he has been compelled, possibly nothing loath, to favour the world with a considerable quantity of foreign and impertinent matter, in order to plump up the quarto to a respectable size. The first eight pages contain some few particulars of Wilson’s birth, parentage, education, and so forth, such as we might not unreasonably hope to find in a newspaper obituary;

* Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. RA. by T. Wright, Esq. 1 vol. 4to. London, Longman, 1824.

the author having in this short space arrived at the death-bed of the subject of his work, at Colomondie, in Denbighshire, wanders into all sorts of digressions, and bores us with some touches of refinement, and an interminable story about Loggerheads, for which he appears to have an exceeding relish. He is grievously troubled, it seems; because stage-coaches and other vehicles daily pass through the village of Llanverris; "This *may* be well," he says, "in a commercial point of view; but to the lover of the picturesque, travelling for no other end than the search after enjoyment, these coaches come upon him with an intrusion so discordant with the feelings of his heart that they produce a shock"—but the author shall describe this terrible shock in his own words, he shall tell the whole tale of his delicate distress in his own way.

"Colomondie is in Denbighshire, on the borders of Flintshire, and not far removed from the turnpike-road leading from Chester to Ruthin, which passes through the adjoining village of Llanverris, or, as it is now almost universally called, Loggerheads. The rural simplicity and quiet seclusion which this spot formerly enjoyed, have of late years undergone a very sensible change; the road through it having become the daily route of several stage-coaches and other vehicles, little consistent with ideas of tranquillity and repose. In a commercial point of view, this may be well; but, to the lover of the picturesque, travelling for no other end than the search after enjoyment in the delightful scenery with which this interesting country abounds, such objects come upon him with an intrusion so discordant with the feelings of his heart, that they produce a shock almost as violent and offensive as that which the harsh sound of an instrument out of tune, in a full orchestra, does to the ear of an intent connoisseur."

A very terrible shock indeed; but, all things considered, we are inclined to think that the utility of these conveyances makes amends, in some measure, for the affliction which they carry to the soul of the sentimental tourist; and so long as the pain to romantic minds does not exceed that of the jar of a false note, these vehicles may perhaps be tolerated; when any lover of the picturesque has his heart fairly broken by the sight of a dusty stage, with six inside and twelve out, in a retired village, we will reconsider the matter, and see what can be done for the relief of sweet sensibility. From the grievance of coaches, the author proceeds to expatiate, at some length, on the great comfort and advantage which the tourist will derive from making sketches of the country through which he may pass; "The recurrence at some future period, to a series of memoranda so made," he observes, "is like travelling the country over again, with the additional advantage of being exempted from the fatigue or inconvenience which, in his journey, he may perhaps have experienced." Thus a well-sketched journey will save a man of taste the expense and trouble of much posting, and he may enjoy the pleasures of seeing the country in his portfolio, without having his finer feelings agonised by the appearance of stage-coaches,

in retired villages. From sketches, Mr. Wright relapses to Loggerheads, a name, the facetiousness of which fills him with wonder and perplexity ; on this interesting subject he twaddles in the following vein :

To return, however, to the subject we were considering, viz. the interesting village of Llanverris. On the occasion alluded to, having finished my sketch, I enquired of a countryman, who happened to be passing at the time, the name of the village before us, and, as it may be supposed, was somewhat surprised by his answering in a broad, blunt tone of voice, and without the least apparent intention of passing a joke, "Loggerheads."

Though aware that Welsh was the language then generally spoken, the term seemed so remarkable, that I was induced to repeat my question. Still the answer was precisely the same ; I, therefore, without further hesitation, inscribed at the foot of my drawing, notwithstanding the oddity of such a title, in plain English, *Loggerheads* ; nor did I, until a considerable time afterwards, find out the real meaning of the word, always supposing that it must have been some Welsh appellation, assimilating in sound with our own language, and which at the time appeared a very curious and laughable coincidence of terms.

To unravel this mystery about Loggerheads, we must travel back to the sixth page of the book, in which Mr. Wright has thus explained the subject of his endless wonderment. Having announced his arrival at the village of Loggerheads, he informs us that, "This singular appellation owes its origin to the subject of the sign painted by Wilson for the village ale-house, and upon which are exhibited the heads of two very jolly-looking fellows, grinning and staring out of the picture towards the spectator : underneath are written, in very legible characters, the words, 'We three Loggerheads be.' The painting retains its elevated situation to this day, though, perhaps, little of the original colour may remain, it having been more than once re-touched since Wilson's time. The innkeeper, nevertheless, sets a high value upon this appendage to his house, which, no doubt, has induced many a traveller, *perhaps from motives of curiosity alone*, to step in, and try what sort of entertainment might be found, notwithstanding the extraordinary mode of salutation which greets him on his arrival at the door." How nicely imagined is this possible demand for a pot of beer ; the writer will not do the traveller the injustice to presume him thirsty ; he banishes every idea of a toping animus, and brings him into the ale-house, "*perhaps from motives of curiosity.*" Mr. Wright, is, indeed, evidently a gentleman of a very discreet and sober imagination. Our author, having fairly exhausted the subject of Loggerheads, favours us with a few particulars concerning Wilson. Among his personal peculiarities, a large nose is numbered, which Mr. Wright is inclined to set down to the account of his fondness for a pot of porter, which ungenteel drink he preferred to the more expensive beverage of wine, we are told, "*even though it might be placed before him !*" In another place, we are further informed, that on occasions when a tankard of porter, with toast in it, was put before Wilson, *he said very little !*

In person, Wilson was somewhat above the middle size, of robust make, and rather corpulent, his head, at the same time, being large in proportion to the rest of his

figure. During the latter years of his life, his face became red, and was covered with blotches; he had a remarkably large nose, and was much displeased if any one appeared to observe it. This, perhaps, may be attributed, in a certain degree, to his fondness for a pot of porter, to which it was his custom not unfrequently to resort, and which at all times he preferred to the more expensive beverage of wine, even though it might be placed before him. He wore a wig tied or plaited behind, into a knocker or club, and a triangular cocked hat, according to the costume of the time.

On the subject of Wilson's works, Mr. Wright very indiscreetly inserts a long passage from Edward's *Anecdotes of Painters*. The latter author quotes Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Strictures upon Wilson's picture of Niobe*, with the design of showing that the observation, though generally just, did not apply to the particular painting under consideration. We shall extract some remarks of Sir Joshua, and the answer of Mr. Edwards.

Our ingenious academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake, in a very admirable picture of a storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures are introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning, had not the painter injudiciously (as I think) rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the sky with his bent bow, and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe.

To manage a subject of this kind, a peculiar style of art is required, and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation.

This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a mind thrown back two thousand years, and, as it were, naturalised in antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it.

In the picture alluded to, the first idea that presents itself is that of wonder, in seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which the Apollo is placed, for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him; they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of a human figure, and they do not possess in any respect that romantic character which is appropriated to such a subject, and which alone can harmonise with poetical stories.

For our parts we must confess, that considering the thing critically, we cannot imagine what possible occasion gods and goddesses can have for clouds at all. Why should they be supposed to need this sort of support? The fact seems to be, that men are so little accustomed to see divinities taking the air, that they would feel an uneasiness were they to picture to themselves gods or goddesses in the sky, without some article under their feet just to break the idea of a fall. No painter would think of describing a bird as resting on a cloud, because we know that birds are very much at home in the air, and in no sort of danger of breaking their necks; but as we are in the habit of seeing men and women always resting on something more solid than air, when we carry our own likenesses into the skies, we put clouds, resembling feather beds, under them in order to give an appearance of repose and

security to the figures. The Dutch carry this sympathy still further, and their artists have painted heavenly choirs performing concerts in the clouds with music books before them, some of the angels scraping away on violoncellos, others vigorously thrumming double basses, and others blowing bassoons with all their might.

Mr. Edwards's answer to Sir Joshua's objections are droll enough; he says that the cloud in Wilson's picture is fully equal to the weight of the figure which it is supposed to sustain; it follows then that he must have some precise idea of the weight of an Apollo in the sky, and we should be glad to know what it is.

Sir Joshua next observes, that "the figure of Apollo is placed in an uncommon situation, the clouds on which he kneels not having the appearance of being able to support him." By this remark it seems that Sir Joshua did not recollect the picture, or examine the print, when he wrote his critique, for the figure in question is by no means so disposed as to give the spectator any idea of pain from its want of support; and the size is perfectly suited to its place, or representation upon the picture, as *the appearance of the cloud is fully equal to the weight which it is supposed to sustain*; and, indeed, the figure appears to be floating upon that species of cloud, which is often seen rolling along in a thunder-storm, near the surface of the earth, while the rest of the atmosphere is loaded, and uniformly obscured, by those dark and heavy vapours that occasion the storm.

We pass over some forty pages to anecdotes of Wilson collected by Mr. Field. Under this head we are told that Wilson's nose became very large and red, and that the boys in the street called him "nosey," whereat he was annoyed. We meet with the following as a characteristic anecdote. "The Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, was celebrated for two clubs or societies, the one literary, the other of artists; and Wilson would, in his characteristic manner point out to a brother artist any unknown member of the former who chanced to pass, by whispering, 'There goes one of the Sapientia.' Trivial as such expressions may appear, they are indicative of the character and manner of the man; they are often free notices of internal feeling." The deuce they are! At one of the meetings at this club, one gentleman styled another a monkey, and Wilson complimented the speaker by calling him a bear, which wit unspeakably delighted the company and reconciled all parties. Whereupon the narrator goes into an ecstasy, and asks, "Does not this speak volumes in favour of the feelings of all parties? Is it not the way to that communion of minds which, by *gentle collision*, promotes the *polish* and sharpens the wits of man?" Possibly it may be so, but the experiment is hazardous, and might provoke disagreeable *collisions*; at all events, the admired words, bear and monkey, should not be applied until the retorts of bottles and glasses have been removed from the table. We give another singularly piquante anecdote. "Wilson's pupil, Mr. Jones, having invited him to view a large landscape he had painted, Wilson went to see it. "Well, Mr. Jones," said Wilson, "what have you been doing?" "Here is my picture, sir," replied Jones. "Stole my temple, Mr. Jones," said Wilson. "Do you think

it too dark, Mr. Wilson?" inquired Jones. "Black enough of all conscience, Mr. Jones," replied Wilson. "Good morning, Mr. Jones," and away he went; for Jones's sacrilege had offended him."

This is sad stuff indeed, but there is nothing better in the book and inasmuch as this twaddle does relate to Wilson, two hundred and fifty pages out of the two hundred and sixty-four contain matter less to the purpose, though full as dull and pointless. The second and larger part treats de omnibus rebus. 'Phrenology,' 'Singular Adventures,' 'Curious Occurrences,' 'Virtuous Employment,' 'Masquerades,' 'True Source of Happiness,' 'General Suwarrow,' and divers other subjects. The heading of one page tells us that sorrow is the lot of all; and the next intimates, that 'True happiness is of a retired nature;' further, we found it affirmed, that '*Happiness is best sought in landscape painting;*' and shortly afterwards we were startled by the proposition, "RELIGION AND LANDSCAPE PAINTING INSEPARABLE," which the author establishes to his complete satisfaction, by force of a syllogism; both the major and minor of this syllogism are somewhat crazy, but nevertheless the poor gentleman evidently regards it with infinite pride, as the very perfection of sound logic. "True genuine religion, the author will venture to assert, must ever be found the inseparable companion of landscape painting; that is to say, such a study of the art as is here meant to be understood; and it is totally impossible that the one should be pursued, without not only prompting, but implanting and nourishing those sentiments which the other inspires. *Will the whole science of logic furnish a more scholastic syllogism than this? The love of nature is religion; painting is the love of nature; therefore painting is religion.* Milton, Gray, Thomson, Cowper, Beattie, Mason, were, every one of them, painters in this sense of the word; and, at the same time, in consequence in a great measure of being so, deeply impressed with the sacred truths of our most holy religion, as their respective works, together with the biography of each of them, sufficiently testify." p. p. 221, 222. The page in which this beautiful specimen of reasoning stands is headed, "PAINTING IS RELIGION." Really this is an affair rather for the *prochain ami* of Mr. Wright, than for his critic. In the very next chapter, the author holds forth on the following variety of matters. "Scepticism.—Religious Enthusiasm.—Rational Religion.—Cheerfulness the Companion of the Lover of Nature.—The Author's Religion.—Difficulty of judging of the Feelings of others.—No Happiness without Tranquillity of Mind.—Study of Nature and Landscape Painting highly conducive thereto.—These Pursuits never failing Resources under Calamity.—Example in Proof.—Anecdote of the Duke of Marlborough.—Pleasures and Advantages to be derived from the Study of Painting."

We shall conclude our notice of this bad book with a *jeu d'esprit* of one Mr. Elliot, which the author has had the friendly malice to record in his last chapter by way of a *bonne bouche*. This ingenious epigram, it will be seen, is flat enough for 'a person of quality,' and coarse enough for a coal-heaver.

Happening one day to be so engaged in the gallery at Dresden, in company with Mr. Elliot, our then resident minister at the court of Saxony, *a gentleman possessing a singular talent for wit and happy repartee*, we came near the easel of a young foreign practitioner, a smart, pert-looking disciple of the brush, who was copying a fine picture of the Italian school, the subject of which was the Three Graces. Nothing could be much more wretched than the presumptuous attempt which this genius had made; bad drawing, and worse colouring, with no one pretension to any thing good. After looking attentively at the young man's performance for a few seconds, Mr. Elliot turned to me with a significant look, and uttered, in the readiest manner imaginable, the following lines:—

“ Three graceless Graces
Did their graces hide,
Two show'd their ——
And the third her side.”

thus giving the attitude and appearance of these beauties with the greatest possible truth.

Having mentioned the name of Mr. Elliot, Mr. Wright feels himself compelled to protect the character of that facetious gentleman from certain reflections on it, which it seems may be found in Tweddel's Remains. We do not at all understand the merits of the story, for the author has not the clearest way of making himself understood; but, in spite of our lately formed resolution to close the book, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a passage eminently fulsome and absurd, in which a curious parallel is drawn between the ways in which ministers at foreign courts and landlords of inns receive travellers.

Taking it, however, even for granted, that the lamented Mr. Tweddel was so unfortunate as not to meet with that attention which he might have expected, still does it follow that gentlemen, officiating in a high and important function of the state, the very representatives of majesty,—does it follow that characters so exalted are to be exposed to the mire of every disappointed and mortified itinerant on the road? Let us but look for a moment at the situation in which such persons are placed, and consider how totally impossible it must be that any traveller, however distinguished his fortune or his abilities, can reasonably expect to be noticed by a minister abroad, unless a proper introduction has been received, and which there is no intention to insinuate Mr. Tweddel was without. *The opportunities, indeed, which these gentlemen possess, of distinguishing the claims of each individual as he happens to arrive, are, to compare small things with great, little different from those of the landlord of an inn.* How very absurd, for instance, and how altogether unfair would it be, for the traveller who rattles in a noisy hack-chaise, to complain because he had not experienced the like ceremonious attentions with him who comes rolling along in his own carriage and four? In the one case, the outward appearance alone is the sole criterion upon which the inn-keeper can with safety rely; so, in the other, letters of introduction, from quarters of respectability, furnish the only guide by which a minister can be governed in showing that courtesy and protection which he may feel it either his duty or his inclination to bestow.

It appears in the title page that this book is published for the benefit of the Artist's Fund. Mr. Wright's bookseller will inform him that he would have given better effect to his benevolent purpose had he subscribed to the fund the sum which so much good print and paper must cost him. No Charity will ever gain by the sale of such a work as this; for the charity of its design cannot cover the multitude of its sins:—the straight course to charity is always the best.

THE WEDDING.

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good humour for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family; I feel a sort of cousinhood, or uncleship, for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.—

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been protracted—upon the propriety of putting off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardours, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral ——, having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J——, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child. To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hard-heartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance-writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no more of

it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the parental stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father. Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mothers' scruples are more easily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbeseeming artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving, shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue. But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office; I am preaching, while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of both parents. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*.

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time for a little *dejeune* afterwards, to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress of the bride-maids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but, while *she* stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* assisted in robes, such as might have become Diana's nymphs—Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live all together so happy with their remaining parent, *that* the hearts of their lovers are even broken with the prospect (so inaus-

picious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home-comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and *give away the bride*. Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson—and the rector's eye of Saint Mildred's in the Poultry is no trifle of a rebuke—was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was the only misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss Turners, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colours—a pea-green coat, for instance, like the bridegroom's—would have raised more mirth at my expense, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!), would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets' wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak, because “he had no other.” This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shakings of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly observing, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have “none left.”

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c. can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season, as custom has sensibly ordained, into the country; upon which

design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
The eyes of men
Are idly bent on him that enters next.

So idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipt her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean, a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour; and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight—dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease; no where, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs unsymmetrised; candles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself, and neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautical matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs

seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

ELIA.

DON ESTEBAN.*

THIS book is from the pen of a Spanish Exile, who in the shape of a novel has given us some spirited sketches of the manners of his country, and many forcible descriptions of its troubles and political convulsions of late years. The plan of Don Esteban is the only part of it to which we object; the materials are good, but the vehicle contrived for their introduction is heavy and clumsy, and often serves very considerably to impair the effect. The machinery of the work is fiction of a very common-place order, and it is often by no means easy to distinguish the matter of fact from the romance with which it is interwoven. Don Esteban is perpetually shifting his character in a most perplexing and provoking manner; at one moment he is the historian, at another, the cavalier of romance; and what makes the matter worse is, that in the former capacity he delights us, while in the latter he is exceedingly tedious and uninteresting. His love adventures, for example, of which we have an abundance, are exactly those that may be found in the well-thumbed marble-covered volumes of the circulating library; he gets knocked on the head and finds himself sick in a fine bed, attended, according to the custom of novels, by a beautiful female, who of course turns out to be his mistress, whom he is perpetually meeting with by those surprising chances which are common as dicers' oaths in romances. This is the rubbish of the book, and we wish it had been spared, for there is in these volumes plenty of matter, which, communicated in the driest form, could not fail to please. The author is evidently an intelligent man; and, having had opportunities of seeing much, and with powers of describing what he has seen, he could not set down the events which have passed under his observation in Spain during the long troubles of that unhappy country, without producing a book of considerable interest. It, therefore, annoys us to find good materials mixed up with very poor fiction by way of embellishment; but this defect ought probably to be placed to the account of the publisher, or, let the blame of it attach where it may, the general merits of the work make ample compensation for the blemish in question.

The author's description of the guerilla warfare is extremely ani-

* Don Esteban; or, Memoirs of a Spaniard. Written by Himself. 3 vols. London, Colburn, 1825.

mated, and we regret much that we cannot afford space for extracts from it. He also paints with great force the tyranny of the French, and the variety of ways in which they provoked the people of Spain to bloody retaliation. In England we have happily no notion of the irritating petty annoyances and vexations to which an insolent soldiery are accustomed to subject the inhabitants of an invaded country; the subjoined passage gives a spirited and we believe faithful picture of these minor evils of war; the gallantry and bienséance of the army of the self-declared politest people in the world certainly do not shine in the description:—

Unfortunately (for so I must consider it,) my eldest sister, Marienne, was now blooming in all the loveliness of youth and beauty. This could not escape the too discerning eyes of the officers who lodged in our house; and who imagined, that in a conquered country they had a right, not only to every thing possessed by the inhabitants, but also to their persons. That we might not be molested by them, we confined ourselves entirely to our own apartments, and avoided as much as possible appearing before them; but notwithstanding all our precautions and retirement, they found means to break in upon it, and to intrude almost every instant, even into our chambers.

I ought to remark here, that in general there are in every house two suites of rooms, which are alternately inhabited and deserted in the seasons of winter and summer. About the beginning of October the large ones are shut up till the beginning of June, and the smaller ones opened. These have the brick or stone floors covered with mats, made of sedge and bass-weed, dyed in a variety of colours, and which serve instead of carpets. As fire places are not common in the houses of Spain, we make use of a *brasero*,† raised about half a foot from the ground by a circular wooden frame, placed in the middle of the room, and which contains the embers of the burnt wine-shoot, the fumes of which are not at all injurious to the health, like those of the charcoal made of brush-wood, which latter is used only by the poorer classes, who from habit feel no inconvenience from its choking smell. It is round these *braseros* that the people of the house and their visitors sit, resting their feet on the wooden frame; the men to talk politics, and the women scandal.

About the beginning of June, the large closed apartments are thrown open, and the small ones stript of their mats, and winter clothing. The balconies assume outwardly their white dress, or curtains, which, soaked in water several times a day, not only keep the sun off, but refresh the air. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning to sun set, admitting just light enough for persons to see one another, and the floors are irrigated several times a-day to make the apartments cooler.

All these comforts, however, we were obliged to forego, as it often happened, that the billeted officers drove us from one part of the house to the other, just as they thought they were likely to be nearer to my sister's apartment. Those who dared not do it on their own authority, brought a polite note from the French governor, requesting my father to allow the officers, under the penalty of five hundred dollars in case of disobedience, to choose their own apartments in the house, to which we were obliged to submit. They would then choose for some of their bed-rooms, those next to my sister's, which of course compelled the family to move to another part of the house; but whither they would quickly follow, and from thence back again, hunting us up and down the house as if it had not belonged to us. Not contented with this, they would bring all their friends, and make a sort of barrack of the house, while we were obliged to supply them with fuel, lights, and every little et cetera that they pretended to want.

At night, too, whilst we were in our apartments, enjoying a little peace with a few

† A flat and open brass pan, about two feet in diameter.

friends, the whole party of officers, who had dined with our lodgers (sometimes amounting to thirty), would enter, *sans ceremonie*, and, establishing themselves there as sovereign lords, order our servants to bring them the best wine from our cellars. The glass would then go briskly round, and these polite visitors would entertain us with the exploits they had performed against the *brigands*, as they were pleased to call our troops; telling us the number of those they had killed, hanged, and quartered; the churches and houses they had robbed, and even the number of women they had violated; enlivening the recital with some hundreds of *sacres, pestes, matins, &c.*

We pass over a good deal of fighting and adventure to the establishment of the *beloved* Ferdinand on the throne; of the gallantries of this respectable sovereign, we find the following account:—

Every day the king gave audience to those who had any thing to ask, in summer at about five, before he went to the promenade, and in winter after his return from it. In the six years of absolutism, the usual number of petitioners who came daily, amounted to about forty, and there remained almost every week about a hundred and sixty persons, who had not succeeded in seeing the king. In the time of the Constitution, the number of those who came weekly never exceeded thirty. In these audiences the king stood behind a kind of balustrade; the captain of the guards a little further on his right hand, a gentil hombre on his left, and a garzon behind the captain of the guards. The memorialists came in by one door, and as they knelt down to deliver their petition into the king's hands, were at liberty verbally to explain the contents of it, and then retired by another door. The king in taking the petition, gave it to the captain of the guards, who handed it over to the garzon, and, if he formed on the spot the resolution to grant the demand, he first doubled one end of it. All these petitions were afterwards read to him by the secretary of decrees, and if he granted their request, he would write the letter 'C' otherwise an 'N.' ‡

Many of those amorous intrigues, which he carried on in a most scandalous and notorious manner, sprang from these audiences. Whenever he saw a lady at them who pleased him, he nodded to the captain of the guards, who in his turn made a sign to the garzon, who never failed to go and meet the fair petitioner as she left the hall, and inform her he had orders from the captain of the guards to desire her to call at his apartments, on the following day at such an hour, to receive his majesty's answer. Hither the king came, and granted or refused her request, according as he found her disposed to grant or oppose his wishes. Some of the most abandoned women have through similar means, and under various pretences, obtained large sums of money.

A titled lady, of Castille, whose house I visited almost daily, was once singled out in the above manner. Calling upon her one morning about eleven, I was surprised to see almost every pane of glass in her apartment, the looking glasses, vases and chimney ornaments, broken into a thousand pieces, and a beautiful breakfast china service scattered about the ground. The lady herself was reclining on a sofa, her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping most bitterly. I begged her to explain the reason of that extraordinary sight: she wept and hesitated a long time, and at last told me, that having had occasion to demand a favour of the king, she had gone with her daughter to his audience and received an intimation by the garzon, to repair on the following day to the Duke de Alagon's apartments, where she had met the king, who told her, in no very delicate terms, that he had become enamoured of her daughter, and must see her next day, for which purpose he would go to her own house to breakfast. As it was impossible for her to refuse him admission into her house, she made the necessary preparations to receive him, but desired her daughter not to appear. In fact he came that morning accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, and finding that her daughter was not called, notwithstanding his repeated commands, became so outrageous, that he, assisted by the Duke, broke every thing in her apartment, as I saw it there, and after loading her with

‡ *Concedido*, granted; *Negado*, denied.

abusive language, retired fulminating threats against her ! Disgraceful as the above transactions, and many others related in the sequel may appear to an English reader, the author can vouch for the truth of them.

A terrible affray, it appears, resulted from one of these amours. The Infante Don Carlos informed the Queen of her wrongs ; she accordingly tore the beloved Ferdinand's hair out by the roots when he returned to his palace, and the King thrashed the Infante for telling tales, who on his part acknowledged the royal favours, by shaking the fire-shovel at the Lord's anointed ; the monarch took fright at the shovel and fled incontinently, but in revenge he wished much to banish Don Carlos for having taken up fire irons against his sovereign :—

Another night, while I was on guard at the door of the king's apartments, I received the order not to call to arms if I saw the king come out. Soon after he made his appearance, and all my comrades, as was customary on these secret occasions, hastened to their apartments behind the screen. Before he went out, he gave the queen to understand that he was going to the office of the Minister of Finance to transact business, a thing which he was in the habit of doing both at night and in the morning ; but the Infante Don Carlos, who had particular reasons to be displeased with his brother, and who had heard him make an appointment with the duke and Chamorro, came soon after into the queen's apartments, and informed her of it. At first she would not give credit to it, but the Infante, the better to convince her of the truth of this, took her to the king's cabinet, where he ought to have been, and then caused the duke and Chamorro to be called to her, who also of course could not be found.

Her jealousy thus excited, she became excessively irritated, and waited the king's return. No sooner did he appear, than she received him, not with her usual blandishments and smiles, but with sharp nails—tearing handfuls of hair from his head, and at the same time saying in Portuguese,—“ So you've been with the Captain of the Guards to see your mistress, eh ?—Well, take that ! ”

Ferdinand, surprised at this unusual reception, tried to learn who had given her this information, and having found it out, went in a rage to the Infante's apartments, and striking him on the face, told him angrily, that no one but a tattler like him would have been guilty of such a trick.

The Infante, seizing a shovel, shook it at him, saying that at that moment he neither considered himself as the Infante, nor him as the King, and challenged him to fight a duel, as he would not brook such an insult. Ferdinand, who to his other good qualities joins that of cowardice, was quite alarmed at seeing the Infante seize the shovel, and ran away, vowing he would send him into exile, and have his life if he could. In fact, on the following day he caused a decree to be drawn up for the banishment of the Infante to Aranjuez, till he could be tried ; and called upon his council to sign it. One of the counsellors, a man possessing more prudence and foresight than his master, and a little more boldness than his colleagues, said, that although he knew he himself were to be condemned to death, he would not sign such a decree ; for he considered the throne as already tottering to its foundation by the discontent which was daily becoming more general, and which could not fail to be considerably increased by such a step. This, and the prayers of the other Infantes, obliged Ferdinand to sacrifice to policy his thirst for vengeance.

Many pleasant anecdotes of this kind, and interesting descriptions of events and national manners, are to found in Don Esteban, which we do not hesitate to recommend to the attention of our readers, whose pleasure in the perusal of the book will not be diminished by the reflection, that a Spanish Exile profits by the gratification he affords them.

THE NATURAL AND MEDICAL DIETETICON.*

THERE is nothing so easy as canting ; and no cant much more dull and much more worn, than that about temperance. Mr. Gay says that gluttony is “ of the seven deadly sins the worst.” We should be thankful to know the reason why. It is because the road, the monastic and ascetic road, to heaven is through an empty stomach. The soul, divested of its earthly incumbrances by fasting, says St. Francis Xavier, wings its way,—to the seventh heaven—says the Mollah Abdulfazel ; and, contemplating the divine essence unclogged by the weight of worldly flesh, says Tertullian, becomes wrapt, say the Sufis, in all the ineffable love—and thus, and thus. And Mr. Forsyth, “ surgeon, &c.” says that “ so much does the health of the people in general depend on temperance and simplicity, as well as on the right ordering of their diet, that, were more attention paid to this subject, fewer of those disorders which are the scourge of the human race would be met with in society.”

There is a more intimate connection between the doctrine of Tertullian and Mr. Forsyth than the author of the *New Domestic Manual*, &c. &c. imagines. It is but the Saint or the Yogi dressed up in the outward fittings of the apothecary. It is the ascetic intrenched in gallipots and blisters ; preaching “ long, loud, and damnation ” against beef and porter ; terrifying his audience with pitchforks and brimstone in one age, and, in the other, with gout, measles, liver, stomach, hysterics, and “ perplexity fits.” Thus are the people frightened. Thus is anxiety taught to lie in wait for us, even in the most natural of all our “ non naturals ; ” to intrude itself into our dish ; to throw its gloom over our social, as over our misanthropic and solitary hours ; to prepare repentance for us in the midst of our enjoyments ; to poison our meat and corrupt our drink ; and to convert kind nature’s gifts into physic.

We have no doubt that the St. Anthonies and the St. Simeons did occasionally visit the seventh heaven ; since it is the property of “ wind in the hypochondres pent,” to blow up the brain too, with visions “ more than all hell can hold.” But our business at present is not with them. We are merely bent on showing that the medical and pharmaceutical cant of the day is cant, and that it is but the dregs of the ascetic system, revived under a new form ; by some, because it is always easy to cant ; by others, because it brings business to their shop ; and, by the world at large, because it is among the “ dampnable ” propensities of our nature to be discontented, to seek for causes of fear and anxiety when they do not choose to come uncalled, and to act and feel as if this bountiful world, brilliant in beauty and overflowing with blessings, was a collection of steel traps and spring guns, set to catch the body and shoot the soul.

* The Natural and Medical Dieteticon, or Practical Rules for Eating, Drinking, and Preserving Health (and so on for half a yard). By J. S. Forsyth, Surgeon, &c. Sherwood, Jones, and Co. 1824. One volume duodecimo.

When Gay discovered that gluttony was the ultra-mortal of all the mortal sins, he was "eating baked meats," at the Duke of Queensberry's table, it is to be presumed. "Pleno laudat jejunia ventre." Or, did he abuse the man who was dining on the venison and turtle which he could only scent along the afternoon air while holding his way to a cowheel in a St. Giles's cellar? Which ever was the poet's situation, Mr. Forsyth will perhaps explain in some future work, being a surgeon and an author, what are the diseases which are "the scourges of the human race," and which are produced by want of temperance and simplicity.

In the mean time, we may ask him whether the plague is one, or the typhus fever, or the yellow fever, or the scurvy, or the dysentery, or the endless diseases which thin the ranks of the poor in childhood, and by which their numbers are reduced to less than the half of what they might be, had they the means of "gluttony and intemperance." The population of England is increasing in a ratio which œconomists (political œconomists is the phrase) call fearful, because the people eat and drink more and better than they did, even fifty years ago. It has gradually increased with their increase of food, with improved food; it was kept down by want of food, by bad food. The disorders which we have glanced at, are the great "scourges of the human race;" and those to which our own country was once as subject as others, have diminished or disappeared—by increase of food; among some other matters. The people have *eaten* them out of date. The British navy and the British seamen have *eaten* out the scurvy. The starving highlanders have *eaten* themselves into a double population within less than a century. The "land of famine" has eaten itself out of that disorder which the British Solomon thought too great a luxury for a subject; or, at least, that which was in the skin has settled itself in the mind. The first medical school in the world has even covered the angles of its cheek bones, *eaten* itself into novel writing, and spawned joint stock companies.

But we need not select good Mr. Forsyth as the champion of this ascetico-medical faction. There is a Doctor Pedro Snatchaway at every corner where a blue bottle blazes to the evening street, as well as in Warwick Lane—that was. If we are to throw down the gauntlet, we must therefore challenge the three colleges of physic, surgery, and pharmacy, as well as the hermaphrodite, heteroclite, race which brings us into this gluttonous world, to produce one disease which is caused by the neglect of "temperance and simplicity in diet." We will not give them even the gout or the apoplexy; unless they will show that all gluttons have gout, or apoplexy, or both; and that gout and apoplexy never attack the temperate or the poor. The facts are all against them. There are more palsies among the poor than the rich, fifty fold. There are more diseases of all kinds; and we will appeal to their hospitals and their experience. The "scourging" epidemic and contagious diseases scourge the poor to spare the rich; and the average of life is far in favour of those who live best—who eat most, if the College pleases. We may ask the

College what connection there is between intemperance and the most wide spread, the most devastatory, the most accursed of human plagues, the blackest of Pandora's store, marsh miasma. Whence comes the cholera of India? Roast beef can be measured and weighed, but the yellow fever, the remittent, the intermittent, the dysentery, are the produce of that which is invisible, imponderable, inapprehensible, which strikes in a moment, wafted along the perfume of the tropical grove as through the fogs of a Hollander's canal. And the Hollander knows too, that if he does not eat and drink well he will die. So does the West Indian.

We must ask Mr. Forsyth whether inflammation, inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy as the College calls it, arises from eating. If it does, why is it most common among soldiers, whose diet is most rigidly temperate; or why is it most prevalent among the poor generally. And when it does attack and is to be cured, physicians know very well that it is most difficult of cure among the temperate and the water drinkers, and that these are the very patients who require most bleeding. We may say the same of all the inflammations. The noted ophthalmia is not a disease of intemperance. The class of contagious diseases is among the most deadly and wide acting, and no one needs be told that the whole of these are counteracted by good living, and not attracted by excess of good living.

We may ask also what connection there is between consumption, that heavy scourge of the youth of Britain, and intemperance. On the contrary, it is notorious that the tubercular consumption is often brought on by poverty and deficiency of food, as it is by the fashionable practice of bleeding. It is equally notorious that scrofula, in all its horrible forms, is also thus excited, where its seeds might have otherwise remained dormant; that it is thus produced among the poor, in constitutions which would not have betrayed it among the rich; and that, in this disease, an improved diet is often the only cure. If the scrofula ever appears in the dark complexion, among the upper classes, it is where the mother keeps an apothecary or a medicine chest, and the child is dieted on calomel and salts; to diet itself, when it becomes a miss or a master, in the same manner, and to end in being a nervous, hysterical, pale-green, hypochondriacal repository of drugs, blue devils, and bad temper. Rheumatism is not the produce of gluttony; nor sciatica, nor cancer, nor epilepsy, nor hysterics, nor insanity; and these take an ample share in the operation of "scourging the human race." If stone and gravel are thus produced, we must ask Mr. Forsyth and his friends to explain why they appear in children, even in infants; why every fiftieth inhabitant of Norwich, or of the banks of the German Rhine, is the subject, and among the especial ones, of these fearful disorders.

But there is no end to this, unless we were to go through the whole nosology, which seems to have been contrived to show us how many

crooked roads there are to lead us out of the world. And if we did go through it, we should show, with equal ease, that no one disease could be fairly and safely traced to ordinary intemperance in eating, not even in the cases of acknowledged gluttons. A man may occasionally have called down an impending fit of apoplexy by extreme or coarse excess; he may even have habitually nursed such a tendency; a fact which we do not mean to dispute. Yet this very disease does occur equally in the temperate and the water-drinker; and it is familiar that, in women, who, compared to men of equal ranks, are notably temperate both in eating and drinking, there are ten cases of palsy for one in a man.

That gluttony, in the real and vulgar sense, is not a common vice, we surely need not say; yet, however disgusting, its immediate evils are seldom more than the temporary and well known derangements, which, for the sake of our general readers, we do not choose to state in technical language. If the glutton suffers further, he deserves it; but he is a monster whom no one will pity, and for whose sake it is not necessary to alarm and starve the whole world, and to fulminate diseases and terrors against the human appetite.

But there are two species of anathema wielded by the Snatchaways. The one is against quantity, and the other against quality. He who is not suffocated by beef and pudding, is to be poisoned by pepper and pickles; by a drachm of Harvey's sauce, or a spoonful of anchovy garum. And the Hunters and the Kitcheners write nonsense, because it makes their books sell. These "death in the pot" gentlemen, and their medical abettors, are even less honest than Mr. Frederic Accum, who threatens only with lead and copperas, while their minatory denunciations are levelled against *vol au vents*, *sautés*, and *salmies*.

Now, our neighbours the French are of a very different opinion, and so are we. It is the very essence of the French *cuisine*, that, by means of cookery and variety, it is a medicinal *cuisine*. No man ever dined at Beauvillier's or at the Café of the Chaussée D'Antin, without being sensible how much more he could eat than of English beef and mutton, how much lighter was his digestion, brisker his faculties, and easier his slumbers. Need we quote the Almanach des Gourmands in support; need we quote every Homme de Bouche that has written in aid of this divine science?

But if we are really to defend the necessity of eating in this world, we ought to proceed logically and categorically. In the first place, it is an eating world, and seems to have been made on purpose for eating and being eaten. As yet indeed, we have not learnt to eat stones; but, with the aid of modern chemistry, perhaps we may in time arrive at that also; and population and political economy will be subjected to new calculations. Every thing else is eaten, or eats; and really the greater portion of the animal creation seems to have nothing else to do, and to be sent down for no other purpose. Man, indeed, writes books; but even the

end of these is that he may eat, or, rather, that his publisher and bookseller may. This is the ultimate object and purpose; even where he tries to frighten his neighbours with starvation or gout.

It is moreover true, that every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinners o'er again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down, to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live, they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to the sciatica.

Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with tooth ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcase of Cape Cochrane's Siberian friends, who eat forty pounds of meat, with twenty of rice porridge, and heaven knows what more, at a sitting?

It is the universal law of nature that every animal eats as long as it can, and as much; and when it has eaten, it sleeps, to begin again if it can. Man, who writes books to prove that Nature is wrong, makes laws of his own, and we believe and tremble. However mysterious may be that provision in our physiological system, by which Nature has contrived, that whatever superfluous food be taken, should be without effect, the fact is unquestionable. The man who eats five pounds of beef is not one jot better nourished than he who eats one; nor, except in particular cases, does he gain additional weight or strength. He does not always even become fat; although this is a substance into which the system sometimes converts a part of that food which is not required for the ordinary repair of waste. But, not to enter into medical and physiological details too deeply, it is notorious that, in animals as well as in man, superfluous food may be used without producing superfluous effects, and without inconvenience. The singing bird in a cage will eat, and during the whole term of its natural life, ten times as much as it could procure in the wild state. The voracity of the cormorant is proverbial; and the same is true of all the fishing birds. It is the same in man in the wild state; as some savage nations are eternally filled with food, while others are in a perpetual state of starvation. Nothing can be more unlike to each other in this respect than a Greenlander and an Arab of the desert, a New Hollander and an Otaheitean; and yet the average of life and disease does not in general differ between these different nations of savage people.

If indeed it does differ, that difference is always in favour of excess. And thus also it is in the civilized state. Nature has no means of reme-

dying the want of food, while it has a steady remedy for excess, or for superfluity, and finds other occasional remedies, to which we will not allude, for occasional grosser exceedings. There can be no question, that if we assume the medium of merely sufficient food as a standard (and this standard cannot be better chosen than at that by which modern boxers are, and the ancient *athletæ* were, trained), there is far more injury and disease produced by feeding below than by feeding above it.

The effects are obvious in the diseases and the premature old age of the poorer and ill fed classes, when compared to the richer. In general, the working people, even of our own country, are under-fed when compared to their labour; and the consequences are obvious even in their appearance. It is extremely striking in those parts of the country where the food is chiefly or entirely vegetable, and therefore least nutritious; as in Ireland, Wales, Cumberland, Scotland, and so on. If a soldier is an old man at forty, it cannot be from labour; as, even in war, his labour is not severe or constant, and, in peace, is nothing. If we compare the apparent age of the working classes at forty with that of the idle and luxurious at the same term of life, the difference is enormously in favour of the latter. In the female sex, it turns the scale between ugliness and beauty; and beauty, need we say, like youth, is health. That other causes conspire in favour of the rich against the poor, we of course admit; but the leading cause is better and more food, and, as we have no hesitation in stating it, excess of food, or more food than is rigidly necessary. That such excess is not, on the average, injurious, is a consequence even more clear; and, on this point, we are therefore at issue with Gay, Mr. Forsyth, and the Snatchaways.

But there is another crime in the eyes of these minatory and phagophobic philosophers. There are two crimes, two terrors; cookery, and variety. Man is a cooking animal, for the same reasons that he is a tailoring one; and if he has been sent naked into this north east world that he might make himself a coat, so he has been furnished with flint and steel that he might learn to boil his potatoes. If a monkey had wit enough, he would be glad to roast his chesnuts at the fire where he warms his black fingers; and if he had talent enough to construct even a Highland kilt, we should soon find him drinking cocoa nut wine, distilling rack, and dressing his pignuts "a la daube."

By cooking, it is supposed that our animal food is rendered more digestible, as well as more acceptable; and as to our vegetable food, with the exception of garlic, cucumbers, and a few more, it is certain that we must cook it or leave it to swine. We do not exactly see how a mutton chop is rendered poisonous because it is wrapped up in paper, "a la Maintenon," or fried with crumbs of bread and parsley into "a cotelette," or kabobed, or curried, or chopped small and moulded into a "boudin a la Richelieu." The half of our most refined cookery is cookery but to the eye; the other half is produced by the most trifling additions, to communicate flavour, of substances which are either neutral

or innocent, or salutary. An atom of vinegar, of sweet herbs, as Mrs. Glasse calls them, of pepper, or cinnamon, or sugar, or what not, turns the scale between cookery and plain food; for the meat itself, and the vegetables like the meat, can be but roasted or fried, boiled or stewed. Whether the beef is to be swallowed first and the carrots afterwards, or whether the beef and the carrots are to be eaten together *à la mode*, or in any mode whatever, does really seem a case of *bonnet blanc* and *blanc bonnet*; yet the one is virtuous plain living, and the other is pernicious cookery.

The whole is a question of chemistry, and not of cant and words. There is meat, vegetables, condiment, butter, egg, flour, and gravy, not to state the elements more chemically and minutely; and, though these are cooked little or cooked much, there can be nothing but combinations of these elements, on any table or in any *cuisine*. The stomach receives all and manages all; and, whether it receives them ready mixed, or mixes them after reception, seems truly a matter of indifference. He is a terrific glutton indeed who eats soup, fish, beef, mutton, fowl, tart, pudding, and cheese; who eats round the table “*ab ovo usque ad mala*,” ending with strawberries and pine apples. But, after all, he has only eaten words; for eat as he may, he can eat but animal matter, vegetable matter, and condiment, cooked by the heat of water, or by the heat of fire, roasted, fried, boiled, stewed, and broiled; figure or disfigure, serve, arrange, flavour, or adorn it, as the cook may, be he my Lord Stair’s cook or the Marquis of Hertford’s.

With respect to extreme cookery, we will however admit one fact, and it is that the gravy or *gluten* of meat, taken in large quantities and in too condensed a state, does often disagree with the stomach, as if that organ required to do this portion of the work itself. Hence the inconvenience which sometimes occurs, and particularly among those who are not habituated to such diet, from ragouts, as they are called, or from all that class of cookery where the animal substances have been too far resolved into their constituent gluten and fibrine by long continued and gradual heat. The cause of this is far from apparent; but although we admit the fact as occasional, we do not admit that it is common or necessary, nor do we suppose that it is productive of more than temporary inconvenience. Yet that effect is counteracted by the use of dry and bulky matter; and hence the large quantity of bread consumed at a French table. Nor is it a necessary consequence; as those who are familiar with turtle soup, know that it is by no means generally difficult of digestion; but is esteemed quite the reverse.

There are many popular mistakes, even among medical men, respecting the immediate effects of many kinds of diet; and though we are not about to rival Mr. Forsyth in a medical dieteticon, we are bound to notice this circumstance, among some others; though our principal object in this slender essay is to defend the common practice and opinions

of mankind, and of animals too, against the nonsensical cant of the ascetico-medical faction.

We hear every day, and particularly when we are sick, or when our friends are, of light diet and delicate stomachs, and of being allowed a bit of fish, or a boiled chicken, or a jelly, or what not ; to every one of which the unlucky patient would object if he could, while the apothecary goes on in the old routine which he has heard from the apothecary before him. Generally, it requires a powerful and a healthy stomach to dispose of such trash as boiled chicken and veal broth. As to jelly, it is a mere deception ; it is as if a man expected to be fed better by ice than by water, because it is solid, and can be eaten instead of drunk. Jelly is broth, and nothing more. If the broth is good, the jelly is good ; yet the latter is replete with virtue, new virtues, derived from the glass and the tea-spoon. Such it is, not to think, not to analyse. And thus also, while a quart of good broth would be but a moderate allowance, the nurse and the apothecary both would faint with horror at the convalescent who should devour the same dose in the shape of a dozen jellies. The whole College would be reproved at the renegade who should prescribe turtle soup to the man recovering from pleurisy ; and yet the same soup is but the jelly in the cut glass, wine, lemon, and all ; the only difference being salt in lieu of sugar. Such are the discoveries of chemistry and common sense.

The convalescent and delicate stomach requires stimulant, not mawkish, food. A red herring is more appropriate than a fresh whiting ; and generally, indeed, it requires an able stomach to treat at all with boiled fish. Let the convalescent be fed with mutton chops, with beef steaks, with game. The proper restriction lies in the quantity. Nothing but extreme ignorance, with the facile habit of following dull and old routines, would have thought of still further debilitating the stomach already weakened. It often wants stimulus, and seldom more so than after diseases ; and if it be to digest to any purpose, the food must be calculated accordingly. But this is as much as Mr. Forsyth and the subject at present demand, as to dietetics : we may return to eating.

The great purpose of cookery, of refined cookery, is to please the palate ; pleasing the eye at the same time, and rendering that elegant, and conformable to the general refinements of furniture, dress, manners, and so on, which would otherwise be a merely necessary or coarse expedient for satisfying the animal appetites. Without refinement in the table, the society which depends so much on its meetings, could not long exist. It removes from our sight, and diverts from our attention, the gross pursuit or occupation which, after all, forms its essence. But it is also necessary that the palate should be pleased and the mind gratified ; it is necessary for digestion and health. The association between the taste, or the mind, and the stomach, is a most powerful one ; and that which the palate likes, the stomach digests. No one digests disgusting food ; and a mere idea, a disgusting association, a suspicion alone, is

sufficient to derange the whole process. If we even tell a man who is tranquilly enjoying the concoction of woodcock or venison, that he has eaten magpie or jackass, the process immediately stops, and the whole system is deranged.

It would be easy enough to say much more to this effect ; but, even with the authority of Horace before us, we must not say all that Ofellus might say. But, as we are threatened too with “ rich sauces ” and spices, it is as well to see what virtue is in these *words* ; what poison rather. The richest of sauces is gravy ; the gelatine or glue of meat, infusion by heat or solution in water. If it be cooled to jelly, and mixed with wine and sugar, why then, forsooth, it is a light and delicate substance fit for sick people and delicate stomachs ; invigorating, and heaven knows what more. So that it is poison as sauce, but full of virtue as jelly ; destructive when liquid, sanatory when solid. As to the other sauces, they are nothing but what we eat in some other shape every day ; butter fried with flour, butter boiled with flour, an atom of lemon juice or vinegar, of salt or pepper, the grating of a lemon peel, or of an anchovy, or the water of a mushroom. Such are the “ rich sauces ” which lay their “ poison in ambush in every dish.” “ Men have died, and worms have eaten them,” but not of rich sauces.

As to condiments, salt and spices, they are a want of the human stomach. They are stimuli to its action ; and it does not require the experience of all the world at all times and places, and of the inhabitants of hot climates and of vegetable eaters in particular, to prove that they are not only salutary but necessary. A man may, perhaps, indeed pepper his stomach into inactivity, just as he may ride his horse to death ; but he may also eat forty pounds of pork, like Captain Cochrane’s friend (if he can), or drink a bottle of whisky before breakfast ; in either case we have nothing to do with him, for abuse is not use.

Should the objector be thus beaten out of all his entrenchments, he retorts that cookery and variety are bad things, because they cause a man to eat too much. “ We doubt the fact.” Most people know that they eat more of a plain dish, or of a single dish which suits their taste, than when they dabble in variety. Every one knows that he can eat more, and does eat more, of cold meat than of hot. Cold beef is therefore the true poison.

But we have answered the question as far as relates to unnecessary, or superfluous, eating, already. We do not think that this is a source of much evil at any time ; and still less when it is occasional or casual. Unquestionably, the stomach may be deranged by excess of variety as by excess of any kind ; and we do not deny the power of temptation, arising from the excellence of the food or the cookery, in causing a man to eat more than is necessary. Nor will we deny that, in a gouty disposition, and particularly when gout is actually impending, excess may produce the fit. But, in this case, it acts but as any other debilitating cause would do ; like fatigue, or anxiety, or Cheltenham. If a glass of

champagne or claret produces an attack of this disorder, it is from the existence of *idiosyncrasy*, and because the fit is only waiting to be excited. The excess is the match; but the train was laid, and would have been fired by some cause.

But we will dismiss a branch of the subject which we can scarcely be persuaded to treat very seriously; believing that it is in vain to argue rationally with those who are governed by words and habits, by sentiment and cant. We might easily have written much more, and much more gravely, but we are at present as little inclined to weary ourselves as our readers. We must therefore inquire what the faculty says about drinking, since this is also a subject of standing hostility, even independently of eating. Drinking has been condemned by Solomon, it was condemned by Mahomet, it has been condemned and re-condemned by every man who could hold a pen to repeat what others had written before him. And it is a bad thing, because it deprives a man of his senses and burns his nose.

And therefore wine is poison. This corollary indeed was reserved for the present age. It is not only a fashion to preach down wine, but a merit not to drink it. Not to "drink wine" is a claim to modern distinction and modern virtue. Greater men than we reviewers have pronounced that a good glass of "Sherris sack" comforted the heart and aided digestion. The world must have gone widely astray in this matter for the last six thousand years; but we should go astray also, were we to say all that might be said in defence of wine. We will therefore ask the doctors to inform us what are the evils, what are the diseases, produced by the common use of wine, or of any strong drink. We could much more easily inform them how many they kill by their fashionable Sangrado practice of bleeding and water.

We certainly do believe that it is a very bad practice to drink drams in the morning; and we are not quite sure that it is a very good one to swallow a glass of chamomile whisky before breakfast, like the men of the mountains in Scotland. Yet perhaps even this last doubt may be doubted. The Hollander knows that he shall die and be buried if he even quits his house without a previous glass of schnaps. Assuredly we do not recommend a man to drink a "bucket full" of gin a-day, like the *commissionaire* at the Bricklayer's Arms, nor three bottles of Eau de Cologne a-day, like Lady * * *, nor brandy, arquebusade, and Eau de Cologne altogether, like poor Sheridan. But we really cannot see the infinite horror of *spirits*, as the phrase is, unless a man is determined to turn drunkard, and add daily to his daily dose; in which case he does not fall under our cognizance. But the finest refinement of all this is, that the man who drinks only a bottle of bad port wine a-day, or perhaps two, fancies himself a virtuous and cleanly drinker, while he condemns the poorer wretch who must regale on brandy and water; quite forgetting, good easy man, that his grog is composed of brandy and bad wine, while the profligate brandy drinker is drinking

but brandy and water, and does not drink half as much, even of the former.

But all this has nothing to do with the reasonable and moderate use of wine, which was given to us to regale man's heart, and which we hold, in spite of Mahomet, to be a most *virtuous* invention. But we must always be discontented; and he who does not quarrel with wine at large, still has his private spites against claret or champagne, or madeira, or malt liquor, or punch, or something or other. It is instructive to listen to the reasons why. "I declare," says the man who has eaten of twenty dishes and drank of ten wines, "that *that* glass of champagne has given me my gout,"—or what not. "I never drink malt liquor," says another philosopher, "as it always disagrees with me." The three bottles of wine are accounted as nothing, of course, in this reckoning. Wine, cyder, malt liquor, punch, all is wholesome in moderation, and nothing is wholesome without it, always excepting idiosyncracies and previous disorders. But abstinence is not moderation; and fashions and fancies are not truth. His Majesty (God bless him) fancies that Madeira is acid, and therefore, as happened to the left shoulders in the court of Alexander the Great, every man now drinks sherry. We suspect that no one can discover any other reason for drinking a bad wine in preference to a good one; to the very best of the strong wines. The acid in Madeira is an atom of cream of tartar; and a man may take ten times as much of this poisonous acid out of the apothecaries' bottle every day of his life, with impunity or advantage. This is the very acid itself which causes wine to be wine, and not cyder or brandy; and, thus far, the man who drinks sherry is one stage nearer to the horrific brandy drinker.

As to punch, we are inclined to maintain that it is a most admirable invention, and a most salutary drink—though it be vulgar. It is by means of its acid and its sugar and its water, that it becomes the rival of wine in salubrity. There is not one among those who drink to drunkenness, who knows how it is that he becomes sober. It is our duty to inform them, and, as we very much suspect, the medical profession also. This is a piece of chemistry; and it might prove for the benefit of their patients, as well as of the medical science, if physicians were really acquainted with that chemistry which they are kindly reputed to know: and apothecaries also. We will therefore tell them, that the alcohol which produces the intoxication, is digested by the stomach into an acid, or is converted into vinegar. This is the chemical solution of the difficulty; and hence the addition of a fermentable acid, like that of lemons, determines and accelerates this process, in which the sugar aids. Hence the readier change, and the less permanent effects, of wines than of spirits. Moreover, it is the property of acids to correct the effects of narcotics. Lemon juice is the remedy, even against opium; and thus too it constitutes the virtue of punch.

However, if *we* are to drink any thing, let it be French wine. If we must choose from other lands and other drinks, we would rather drink

brandy, and still rather Dutch gin, than black port or fiery and bitter sherry. There is no deception here; a man knows and sees what it is that he is drinking. But we are at last going to drink French wines, thanks for ever and ever to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There are two ends in drinking, and thirst to quench is one. The Englishman, reversely, drinks his black wine as he eats a salt herring, to make himself dry. "Drunk at night and dry in the morning; hey, Barnaby, take good warning."

Did the devil possess Sir Paul Methuen when he made that lauded treaty, the like of which exists not in Rymer? Certainly at least his infernal Majesty's progeny have walked into the herd of swine, which has ever since been praising the political economy, and drinking the villainous port of this miraculous diplomatist. How else should they have been silly enough to go on approving and drinking down to the present days of universal illumination; paying in purse, stomach, and senses, for the honour of clothing Portuguese backs with British wool, all for the honour of Sir Paul Methuen and political economy. Thus have Port and Bull become entwined, identified, as effectually as Bull and Beefsteak; and thus has it become a moot point whether a valiant Englishman is most touchy on his port or his porter.

A generation must yet pass before Cockayne and its dependencies will be reformed on this point, before they shall discover that they may get drinking and intoxication both for the same trouble and expence; and that it is pleasanter to become drunk in regular gradation, pleasing the palate at the same time, and saving small beer, than to poison themselves with bitter blackness, to lose their senses in an hour, not recover them in twenty-four, and to gain, with stupidity, thirst, head-ache, and Epsom salts.

The Exchequer, all praise be to it, says that we may now drink French wines. That is, as far as we can pay for them. We must, yet, not drink too much, lest the French should rejoice and become rich. The taylor in a country town quarrels with the butcher who has called him snip, and determines to live on cucumbers to punish him. That is highly meritorious, and very laudable. The butcher, in return, refuses to wear a coat, and clothes himself in a bull's hide; and thus the village prospers, and thus the Gaul determines to cut his meat with his fingers, and thus Sheffield thrives and commerce flourishes.

We have regiments, battalions, armies of doganière, commissioners, Treasury, Exchequer, Excise, tidewaiter and landwaiter, riding officer and gauger, and all the combined intellect cannot invent a duty *ad valorem*. This is wondrous strange. But it will arrive on some lucky day, and it will then be wondered why it did not arrive before, and our babes will doubt of the wisdom of their ancestors, and the generation that quits the nipple will take to the graceful bouteille, fit envelope of its graceful contents, and the black sturdy Bull bottle will be forgotten, with its black Stygian liquid, and wit and health will wonder at themselves, and Chancellors of the Exchequer shall drink three or six

bottles a-day, as well as Lord Chancellors, and shall not die at forty-six with red noses and Promethean livers. It used to be supposed, that the object, the purpose, the existence, the soul of commerce, was interchange; the giving of iron and cotton, which cannot be eaten and drunk, for corn and wine that can; by those who have more razors for shaving than they want, and more muslins than their wives can wear, to those who have more corn and wine than they can swallow, while they go unshaven, and their wives are clothed in linsey wolsey. In short, it was once thought that commerce was commerce, and nothing else. There could not have been a greater fallacy, as Customs and Excises have shewn. But fashions revolve, and perhaps a day is coming when commerce will really be the thing which it pretends.

If the French had eaten ten hundred Marechals d'Ancre, committed a dozen of St. Barthelemy's, and twenty revolutions, they have atoned for it all by inventing claret and champagne. It is claret which is the real "*Ami de l'Homme*;" nectar which Jove never knew. If a man wishes to be happy all the evening, and sober in the morning, let him drink claret. If he wishes to be merry for an hour and sober in the next, let him drink champagne.

We shall perhaps be accused of preaching in our cups, and yet this is worth another paragraph. The people drink, and the people become drunk; each, high and low, in their several ways, and each according to their fancies, purses, habits, or philosophies. But the drunkenness of the one is not the drunkenness of the other; nor, whether for drunkenness or for drinking, are gin and claret, porter and champagne, equivalents. There is a mighty difference between the drinking of a count and a cobbler, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a tinker. There is a mighty difference in the results. Unquestionably there may sometimes be slight differences in their educations, as well as, now and then, in their capacities and turns of thinking; but in investigating this calculus by a true method of differences, the more important elements are the drinks drunken.

If the whiskey of a Highland savage evaporates in dirk and claymore, it is as much because of the whiskey as of the brute tenement, which is thus fired by this ferocious liquid; and hence also the "tug of war," when Pat meets Pat at the fair of Bally O'Shaugnessy. It is, indeed, a serious truth, and let the Exchequer perpend it, that ferocity is the produce of drunkenness with spirits; and that, while occasional violence is the result of accidental intoxication from them, habitual and confirmed brutality is the consequence of their continued use. And were it here proper, we could give medical and physiological reasons why it should be so. Let the Admiralty perpend it also. But

Th' Excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away."

If ferocity is the produce of gin and whiskey, so is heavy stupidity the child of porter and ale. The moral effects, the metaphysical produce of these and of other drinks, is not immaterial. And it is not immaterial on what a man becomes intoxicated, or of what he drinks, habitually, and short of intoxication. Horace would not have praised the *facundæ calices* and their effects, had his Hippocrene been Meux's brewery or Booth's distillery. Is there a poet who would preface his sonnet with porter, unless indeed he wrote Cockney for Campbell's Magazine? What drink gave birth to Theodric, let the poet himself tell. Every man knows, if indeed he has any seeds of wit at all, how they germinate under claret, how they expand, like bamboos at the first sprinkling of the monsoon, before champagne. If we would open a man's heart and empty his pocket at a charity feast, we must give him good wine: *generous* wine, it has been well called: and we are confident that, for every bottle of claret we should obtain three times its value. He is a dull beggar, an unphilosophical swindler upon man's heart, who inundates his stomach with the black strap of the Crown and Anchor, and then hopes to reap. As he sowed, so shall he reap—sulkiness and stinginess: let him sow claret and reap guineas; let him sow champagne and reap five-pound notes.

But we begin to suspect that our readers will suspect us of having a bottle of this divine liquid at our elbow. Alas! would it were so; our bottle is out, and our essay cannot hold longer.

We shall therefore conclude our rejoinder to Mr. Forsyth and the Snatch-aways, by recommending to all anxious gentlemen, to "live pleasant," to eat their meat and drink their wine "like gentlemen," and not to plague themselves about their stomachs and their healths, and gluttony and abstinence. As surely as a man thinks or talks about his stomach, so surely will it go wrong; and if he doubts of his good digestion, he may as well surrender the very chance of it. The organs of our body do not choose to be thought about and talked about; and so certainly as they are made subjects of anxiety and discussion, do they refuse to perform. We cannot see what right a man, or a woman either, being non-medical, has to know that they even possess a stomach; and we are sure they would be much freer of its troubles if they would not trouble themselves about it.

But it is time to tell our readers what the remainder of Mr. Forsyth's book consists of, and we have really nothing to say for or against it. It is a compact little compilation, full of information, which happens to be of little or no use, from Parmentier, Geoffroi, Cullen, and other writers, chemical and medical; and if it does not render hypochondriacs and *stomach* people more stomachy and more anxious, it will amuse them and teach them what perhaps they did not know before; what people eat snakes and lizards, how to boil an egg, why pork is not veal, and other such things. If there is abundant nonsense, we cannot see that the author is responsible, since he has only copied from greater authors; if there is any sense, we are quite willing that he should have all the credit.

That it "smells of the shop" will be a recommendation to those who delight in impeding their own digestions; but who will thank us for analysing a work on bile, crudity, and the like? The author, too, will doubtless excuse us if we do not give any extracts from his work, as we shall thus better induce our readers to buy it and extract for themselves.

We have, indeed, both as eaters of dinners and physicians, a private interest in the sale; as we hope it will take off the edge of the fire of stomachy guests from us, and direct it to where it will annoy no one, or to Mr. Forsyth himself, to his profit and consolation. If there be any jargon, any selfishness, more detestable than another, it is that of the man who talks about his bile, and his liver, and his stomach, and who talks about them at table; of what will agree and of what will not; of this being bilious and that heating, of his gout, and his champagne, and his digestions; who spoils your appetite and his own, converting your dinner into physic. Let him physic at home, and eat at home, if he likes: he, or she, is unfit for human society; he should eat his dinner out of gallipots, and drink his water out of phials. But if the common guest feels this, what shall we say of the unhappy Doctor; consulted at table, and consulted without a fee, to know whether this dish is salubrious and that wholesome. He must smile yes, or smile no, while he secretly wishes Accum in their pot and ratsbane in their porridge. Chesterfield has no law against this crying evil, for it was not the fashion of Chesterfield's day. Let the apothecary jargon be confined to the apothecaries' secret vessels, and let us at least eat our dinners in cleanliness and peace.

ECONOMIC FUNERAL SOCIETY.

A very oddly worded prospectus of an Economic Funeral Society has been circulated during the last month. It informs the public that the projected institution to bury them has been formed anticipating *the most happy results*; and assures the world that the heavy expences on these melancholy occasions have long been *deeply lamented*, for which position the Society would seem to have classical authority, for does not Juvenal say,

—— majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi, quàm funera. *Nemo dolorem*
Fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.—(Sat. xiii. 130.)

But here it will behove the society to take an important point into consideration. We have no reason to believe that there is more of lamentation than is decent and proper at funerals, and if those 'heavy expences' which have long been '*deeply lamented*' are saved to the mourners, we must necessarily expect a consequent falling off of genuine grief on these occasions, a good part of the melancholy of which will,

according to the showing of the company, be done away with by the reduction of the charges. Has the society considered this? and is it prepared to supply the deficiency of regret which it will thus cause? and by what means does it propose to make up the usual and becoming portion of sorrow?

The prospectus tells us, that the profits of shareholders will be fifteen per cent. "arising from circumstances" [i. e. funerals] "with which the public will be *well satisfied*." How is this? Who are they going to bury? Who are the persons whose inhumation will give *satisfaction* to the public? Name, name, as they cry in the House of Commons. A list of these personages whom the public will be "*well satisfied*" to see put under ground, at a profit of fifteen per cent. to the society, might give popularity to the scheme.

We cannot conclude without drawing attention to the amiable disinterestedness of the parish clerks, who, from the pure passion of burying folks in a desirable manner, have cheerfully given up their own private business to become agents for the society.

ECONOMIC FUNERAL SOCIETY.—Capital 150,000*l.* in 6000 Shares of 25*l.* each.

This Institution has been formed, anticipating *the most happy results* in favour of every class. There will be a scale of prices,* whereby the Society itself will be prevented from taking advantage of public approbation; and each individual may ascertain, when giving instructions for a funeral, the amount of the debt about to be incurred.

Considered as a protecting compact, whereby the Subscribers can secure themselves, their friends, and dependents, from unreasonable and extravagant charges, the concern must be extensive; but when regarded as the means of saving to the community, in almost every case, one third and even half compared to the present prices, there can be no doubt of its success. *Long have the heavy expences on these melancholy occasions been severely felt and deeply lamented*, and no other way presented itself to the Committee of correcting the evil but the present measure; namely, that of forming an Association, which, by its respectability, would overcome vulgar prejudices. The foundation of the Society has been long laid, and the Company have at command Funeral Carriages, Horses, Feathers, &c. &c. and many Parish Clerks have consented to give up their private business and become Agents for this Society. The Profits to Shareholders are calculated at 15 per Cent. per Annum, arising from circumstances with which the Public will be *well-satisfied*. The amount expended upon Funerals annually in London, amounts by the calculation to nearly two millions of money.

A Deposit of 2*l.* per Share will be required to be paid immediately after the allotment of the Shares.

Prospectuses may be had of the Solicitor, Mr. James Carden, jun. 35, Abchurch-lane, Lombard-street; where, and at the Bankers, Sir Walter Stirling, Stirling, and Hodsoll, Strand, applications for Shares (post-paid) may be addressed.

Parish Clerks, Sextons, and others, who have hitherto acted as Undertakers, as well as those who are accustomed to the business of an Undertaker in any of its branches, and who may be desirous of being connected with the above Society, as well as all other persons who have been in the habit of supplying, at wholesale prices, the various articles required in Funeral Ceremonies, may apply by letter, post-paid, directed to the Solicitor, as above, it being the intention of the Directors to distribute the business as much as possible throughout each district.

* It appears a similar plan was established in 1809 for the whole City of Paris, and which continues unaltered.

THE CLAUQUEURS OF PARIS.

THIS singular species of profession is altogether unknown in England, its invention and adoption being, I believe, strictly confined to France. These dispensers of dramatic success, are known under various designations—they are indifferently termed *Claqueurs*, *Romains*, *Cabaleurs*, or *la Cabale*; *Bandes*, or *Chevaliers du Lustre*. The last denomination they owe to the spot where they chiefly congregate, namely, the middle seats of the *parterre* immediately under the lustre. Before the institution of these doughty knights, the great majority of dramatic authors were as unwilling as they are at present to trust to chance alone for the success of their productions. But they then confined themselves to the efforts of their friends, whom they sent in as large a body as possible to the theatre, having for the first nights of representation a considerable number of tickets of admission at their disposal. But it was soon discovered that friends were often either dull enough not to perceive the beauties of the piece they were requested to support, or too unenthusiastic or genteel to express in a sufficiently obstreperous manner their applause. Besides, they were too easily deterred by the first symptoms of opposition, and often abandoned the field without fighting the battle. It was then surmised, and wisely, that the only means of having a zealous, determined, and efficient support, was to base it upon that great *primum mobile* of exertion, constancy, and devotion—money; to turn what had been a matter of complaisance into an affair of trade, and instead of trusting to the uncertain voices and weak hands of friends, to purchase the throats of the needy at so much per shout, and pay their applause at so many francs the round. It was, therefore, resolved, in imitation of those managers of larger theatres, called kings, to raise, organize, and keep in pay a standing army of sturdy admirers, who should have no will but that of the stage director,—no judgment but that furnished them by the author,—fellows

Who take suggestion, as a cat laps milk,
Who tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Thus then was instituted with the common consent, and for the common interest of theatrical managers, authors, and actors, the order of the “knights of the lustre.” It was from the *corps de perruquiers* that the first bands of these critical *condottieri* were taken, and even at present it is this body that furnishes the greatest number of recruits to fill up the places of those who have clapped their hands for the last time. Each theatre has its chief of cabal, and corps of clappers. The chief is chosen by the manager of the theatre, and he then selects and disciplines the myrmidons who are to act under his orders. It is he alone who is in direct communication with the administration of the theatre, with the authors and actors. His place, which is a very lucrative one, is eagerly sought after, but it requires considerable intelligence, *tact*, and

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not unfrequently great bodily strength, and skill in arms. Indeed, of late days, these latter qualities have become almost indispensable, and a diploma from a fencing master is almost a *sine qua non* to secure admission into the band. Those of the knights of the lustre, who are fortunate enough to have a couple or so of duels on their hands, resulting out of a contested representation, are certain of being rewarded both by money and promotion. The clapper-in-chief, who is generally dressed in an elegant suit of black, is present at the rehearsal of the pieces in preparation. He takes down notes of all the scenes, *tirades*, couplets, &c. where it will be necessary to applaud or cry *bis*. These passages are pointed out to him, sometimes by the authors, but more particularly by the actors, which latter thus know beforehand when they are to be so agreeably interrupted, and prepare their *play* in consequence. This fore-knowledge is of great importance, particularly in tragedy, because the applauders not only encourage and animate the actor, but also afford him an interval of repose so necessary after the violent and lung-tearing delivery of the scarcely ever-ending tirades which beset French tragedies. The chief of cabal, from his knowledge of the weak parts of the piece, knows at what moment it will be necessary to *chauffer* (technical) the inert mass of the public; and also being acquainted with those passages in which an actor is likely to limp or come tame off, he gets ready the bravos and encouraging expressions that are to help him over the *style*. In fine, he takes special note of all those words meant to produce effect, and marks the points and humorous hits, upon which the author reckons for the success of his piece. His enthusiasm, to which is most strictly subjected that of his subaltern agents, commences and terminates exactly at those passages marked upon his paper, which is fixed in the crown of his hat. At certain signals known only to the band, his Aids de Camp, who have ready their *battoirs* (their hands are thus called from their ponderousness and percussive force) second his clapping, and the author—and the delightful sound is propagated through a nicely regulated series of gradations by the rest of the clan, till, from the masterly manner in which they are disposed almost through every part of the house, the applause appears to be general, though probably every male spectator present, except the hired ones, have, like the crocodile mentioned by the Irish judge, “their hands in their breeches pockets.” The force, loudness, number, and duration of these prepared bursts of applause depend upon several circumstances. In the first place, they follow in a most rigid ratio the quantity of money given, or tickets distributed by the authors or actors. The heavier the sum, the more loud and frequent the clap. It also happens that the *Claqueurs* sometimes regulate their movements according to the more or less favourable disposition of the veritable audience. When they perceive that the performance pleases them, and that some genuine applause is mingled with the base coin of their approbation, they redouble their zeal, and instead of one or two rounds of clapping, they give three and

sometimes four, in order to still further excite the public, and produce a complete success, 'a success of enthusiasm' (as it is called), in which case they become entitled to additional remuneration. If, on the contrary, the public should show symptoms of dissatisfaction or impatience, and that the piece should be really *damnable*, they then observe somewhat of *management* and moderation in their approbation—they endeavour to avoid urging the audience to opposition by exaggerated or ill-timed applause. But, nevertheless, they are up in arms at the first hiss that is hazarded—they rise like one man, and yell forth with stentorian lungs *à bas la Cabale, à la porte*.

This cry, as appropriate from the lips of these horn-palmed and brazen-throated amateurs, as that of "stop thief" from a detected pick-pocket, has but too often the effect of silencing the first opposition of the decorous and paying part of the audience. However, on some occasions, which, unfortunately for the independence of the French theatre, are like "angels' visits, few and far between," the veritable spectators do "screw their courage to the sticking," or rather "striking" place, assert their undoubted right to damn a worthless production, and drive from the house these miserable mercenaries. A remarkable instance of this happened at the *Odeon* theatre some weeks back, when a regular row took place that would have done honour to the pit of either Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden. The occasion was the first representation of a tragedy called *L'Orphelin de Bethléem*, founded upon an episode of the Murder of the Innocents under Herod. The audience were listening with their usual equanimity to the drawling Alexandrines of this pitiful piece, when a ludicrous accident aroused them, and brought on the catastrophe not of the tragedy but of the author. In the second act, when the two year old hero of the tragedy, the young Eleacin, was to make his appearance, the shrill squealing of a child was heard from under the stage; the business of the play was necessarily interrupted, the actors "frightened from their propriety," and the audience held in a state of surprise half ludicrous, half pathetic. At length Herod, whose sole business in the play was to murder this very baby, came forward to announce that the *Orphelin de Bethléem* had in his progress to the stage vanished through a trap door and descended to the regions below, and that he was, in consequence of the fright and the fall, incapable of appearing before them. This *pendant* to the "part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire," was followed by a scene of most "admired disorder." Some most *mal apropos* plaudits from the mallet-handed supporters of Herod, caused the indignation of the paying spectators to explode, and they replied to the bravos by a well-sustained fire of groans and hisses. From sounds the adverse parties proceeded to more substantial tokens of hostility; a regular row commenced, and raged long and loudly, during which blows fell "thick as the leaves in Valombrosa." The unpugilistic portion of the *parterre* rushed in wild confusion and alarm into the orchestra; the scared musicians snatched

up their fragile instruments, scrambled light of foot over the foot-lights, and executed in double quick time a fugue over the stage. After half an hour's hard knocking, the glory of the knights of the lustre burned dim, their roaring throats were hushed to silence, and Herod received what he merited—damnation. Even this dire ceremony terminated in a manner characteristic of the French; the closing scene, owing to the ludicrous mistake of an actor, having produced an universal shout of laughter. The child (the son of Mary), whose destruction Herod chiefly aimed at, having been taken into Egypt, a messenger was despatched to overtake and destroy him if possible. The messenger shortly after returned, and said to Herod, “*L'Enfant s'est embarqué malgré la diligence,*” *ma* diligence, he should have said; but the ludicrous substitution of the article for the pronoun elevated the audience into the highest heaven of hilarity; even the vanquished *Romans* were seen to “grin horribly a ghastly smile.”

But to return to our history of the *profession*, a very important improvement has been recently made in the discipline and tactics of the *claqueurs*, the honour of inventing which appertains to the manager of the *theatre du Gymnase*. These success-insurers no longer confine their efforts to mere applauding; they now weep, whimper, smile, laugh, and let escape *involuntary* exclamations of admiration, delight, ecstasy, and enthusiasm, as the case may require, or the reward justify. In the sentimental passages, these tender souls draw forth their pocket handkerchiefs to dry up imaginary tears; and, on the other hand, when a piquant sentence, or pointed *bon mot*, is pronounced by the actor, they are the first to perceive the wit, or catch the allusion, and to burst into a fit of well-dissembled laughter, which is sometimes like that of the gods, almost inextinguishable. At other times they utter in a tone of the deepest conviction, *C'est sublime! c'est charmant, délicieux, admirable! quelle actrice parfaite! quelle connaissance profonde du cœur humain! inimitable acteur!* The poor provincial, who happens to be near these actors off the stage, and who takes every thing for gold that glitters at Paris, catches fire from the spurious enthusiasm of his neighbours, and is gulled into applauding the most spiritless trash, or the most detestable acting.

At the little theatres on the Boulevards, to the *parterres* of which women are admitted, some of the melodramatists, who furnish these establishments with the required quantity of murder, arson, injured innocence, and triumphant villany, keep a band of female weepers in their pay, who are able, in a given time, by the mere force of sympathy, to set a whole audience snivelling, and “drown the stage with tears.” On the day of a first representation, the chief of cabal and his *familiars* assemble in a cabaret, or inferior café in the neighbourhood of the theatre. He there gives them his instructions, appoints them to their different places, and acquaints them with the change of tactics he has resolved upon in case a vigorous opposition should be demanded. But of this there is seldom much danger, as there are but comparatively few tickets delivered

at the doors the first night of a new piece, the greater part of the house being reserved for claqueurs, who are introduced by a private door (called *la porte de secours*) before the public is admitted. One, if not the least curious peculiarities observable in these hired applauders is, that from constantly seeing the pieces which they support, succeed, they acquire a firm conviction of their own critical acumen, and attribute the judgment of the public, when it differs from theirs, to ignorance or jealousy. They therefore consider themselves as persons of very grave importance, whose countenance and support are even necessary to productions of merit, and actors of talent.

A just outcry has been raised, and is frequently repeated, against this shameless abuse. Indeed, more than one theatre has made, or has pretended to take measures for the extirpation of these weeds. But the task is almost a hopeless one, there are so many persons interested in their continuance and propagation; it being to the advantage of authors, actors, and managers, that the suppression should not take place. Actors and actresses are desirous of being *soignés* (this is the technical expression) on their coming on and quitting the stage. Even those actors and actresses who enjoy a well merited reputation are weak enough to follow this degrading example. They subsidize the chief of the cabal, and give him, on the days they perform, all the tickets to which they are entitled. They are persuaded that these hired applauses give an impulse to the paying spectators. As to the *debutants*, woe to them, should they disdain having recourse to the *claqueurs*, who, in such a case, would crowd to the theatre and hiss the unfortunate delinquent from the stage. Hence it happens that a *debut* is an affair of considerable expense, and in more instances than one, it has been known that a poor young girl about to commence her theatrical career has been obliged to sacrifice her honour, to enable her to meet the exorbitant demands of these shouting ruffians.

Authors are not less interested in the continuance of this disgraceful institution. Many authors dread the *claqueurs*; others stand in need of their support, and all have recourse to them. Besides, several of the theatres are in the hands of monopolist authors. The minor theatres particularly have a few exclusive purveyors of novelty, who will not allow any piece to be received, no matter how meritorious, unless the author consents to give them a share both in the fame and profits. This must perforce be acceded to, unless the author is willing to throw his piece in the fire, for the clappers for a considerable time back have been sold, body and soul, to these monopolists. It is well known who the chief of cabal is that is charged with the success of Mr. Such-a-one's productions. This circumstance offers an almost insurmountable obstacle to their suppression—notwithstanding the public reprobation, they have maintained and will maintain themselves in all the theatres, one only excepted, the Italian Opera. The sale of the tickets, to which authors and actors are entitled, is one of the principal sources of profit

of the chief of cabal. Each morning he repairs to the theatre to which he is attached, or to the author whose success he undertakes to secure. He there receives a certain number of tickets, which he immediately takes to Madame Bolivar (*Rue Montmartre*), a woman well known in Paris by this name, and who sells tickets at half price for all the theatres in Paris. The chiefs of cabal make their bargain with her, and thence a part of their profits. In several other streets in Paris there are little obscure *cafés*, where tickets under price may also be procured; but these depôts are merely *succursales*, or branches from the grand establishment in Rue Montmartre, Madame Bolivar being the sole farmer-general of half-price tickets. Nor are Madame Bolivar's contracts confined to *claqueurs* alone; she is sometimes honoured with the visits of dramatic authors, who come to offer her for sale (*proh pudor!*) the tickets that remain to them after having satisfied their *claqueurs*. There is one well-known author, whose tickets she farms at the rate of thirty francs per diem, which sum is regularly paid to him. It thus appears that a chief of cabal, who understands his business, has his pockets full, every morning, of tickets, which, by the ingenious alchymy of Madame Bolivar are transmuted, before evening, into precious metal. The chiefs of cabal of the first five or six theatres of Paris are known to have large sums in the funds, and to be owners of houses and other property, which they have gained by the sweat of their hands. The following anecdotes may give some idea of the serious and business-like manner in which these theatrical traders carry on their *metier*. A young author, who had written one or two dramatic productions, but was not yet initiated into the mysteries of the craft, received, one morning, a visit from a grave *Monsieur*, wearing *besicles*, and dressed in a very respectable suit of sables. This *Monsieur*, after a very brilliant flourish of compliments, made an offer of his services. Our author begged him to explain himself, when he said, "It is I who make the pieces (*qui fais les piéces*) of Messrs. so and so." "What do you mean to say?" "Yes, Sir, it is I who *make* them succeed," accompanying the words with a very expressive and not to be misunderstood motion with his hands. The author then saw through the object of his visit; but *cætera desunt*——. It is confidently asserted that M. Guilbert de Pixencourt, a famous melo-dramatist, and at present manager of the Opera Comique, allows a very comfortable pension to the widow of a perruquier, who had mainly contributed, by his exertions and great *savoir faire*, to the success of his melo-dramas. To conclude this sketch of the *claqueurs* of Paris, take the following *trait*. The chief of cabal of one of the principal theatres, whose daughter has just attained a marriageable age, being asked what fortune he intended to give her, replied, "If I should find a son-in-law to my mind, and possessing the *talents* requisite for the profession, I should give him with my daughter the *Theatre Français*, and perhaps the Grand Opera too!"

FOOLERY AT CHELTENHAM.

NOTHING can be more laudable than the great care which the journals take to record with the utmost particularity any sort of foolery which may come to pass in any part of our pre-eminently reasonable land. The more silly a thing is, the more popular it is with the newspapers; and a very signal absurdity is sure to go the rounds of the press, copied from paper to paper, and for a very excellent reason—the journals, which, with reverence be it spoken, are our great moral instructors, perceiving that the country has grown immoderately wise, prudently foresee that there is some danger of our waxing conceited, and forgetting that there is such a thing as folly extant; they therefore take every occasion to admonish us of this curious fact. As the sole end they have in view (Heaven bless them) is the training of the public mind, (ever so dear to them!) they go to an immense expense to gain the earliest tidings and most particular details of any foolery, and lay the fruits of their kind care before us with the design, though they never confess it, of shewing us that we have not yet attained to absolute perfection, even though the privates of the Grenadier Guards have learned their letters, and reading, writing, and arithmetic are commonly studied, from the Land's End to Johnny Groat's house. 'Remember thou art mortal' was the admonition of old; 'Remember there are fools,' is the practical lesson of every newspaper. Public meetings, which fill half of the journals, are sufficiently dull and uninteresting affairs, it must be confessed, and they are merely reported because men, if they have any of the fool in them, always make a point of displaying it on these occasions. For our parts, we must confess that, crammed as we are with wisdom, it is quite refreshing, as the Cocknies say, to turn our eyes to the accounts of these exhibitions, where we see a fatuity that relieves the mind dazzled by the broad glaze of our enlightened age. Last month some pranks at Cheltenham furnished a delicious treat of this kind, and the report of them, for the reasons we have already stated, found its way into almost every paper; and, setting aside its other claims to attention, it is indeed entitled to distinction as a fine specimen of newspaper eloquence. The occasion of the foolery to which we allude was the laying of the foundation stone of an intended pump-room, in which people are to drink a quart or two of purgative water every morning, and in which they will talk scandal and plan the pleasures of the day before breakfast. The commencement of a building dedicated to these purposes called for extraordinary solemnity, and the Rev. J. Portis, we find, invoked a blessing upon the undertaking in very energetic and solemn language. Mr. Wintour Harris, P. G. S. W.—the dear gentleman as Pamela says—made a speech that has drawn tears from our eyes. He admonished the architect, that by *a right* use of his tools *he would raise a superstructure on the foundation stone!* and as-

sured him that, inspired by the beauty of the ladies, he could not but build a good pump-room. He quoted that excellent mason, Pythagoras, at some length, and invoked the choicest blessings upon the pump, the pump-founder, the pump-maker, and upon every individual connected with the town of Cheltenham. The spout was, on the whole, in every way worthy of the pump.

CHELTENHAM.

GRAND MASONIC PROCESSION ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE
PITTVILLE PUMP-ROOM.

The interest that has been so generally excited throughout the county by the announcement of this ceremony, which took place on Wednesday, was manifested by the assemblage in Cheltenham of as numerous a concourse as we ever remember to have witnessed on any occasion. Notwithstanding the gloomy apprehensions occasioned by the rainy weather of the previous week, the day proved most favourable, and at eight o'clock a peal of joy-bells, rung out by "the Painswick youths," gave "note of preparation." During the morning, the brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge, and of other Lodges in the province, assembled, and repaired at ten o'clock to the Masonic Hall. At eleven o'clock the procession commenced, the band playing a favourite masonic air, and the Lodges walked in the following order:—

The Wotton-under-Edge Lodge of Sympathy,

The Foundation Lodge of Cheltenham,

The Royal Gloucester Lodge,

The Royal Union Lodge of Cheltenham,

The Lebanon Lodge of Gloucester,

and

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Gloucestershire.

The order of the latter was as follows :

Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies with Gold Wand.

Provincial Grand Pursuivant, with Drawn Sword.

Banner.

Provincial Grand Stewards, two and two, with Wands.

Provincial Grand Organist.

Provincial Grand Senior and Junior Deacons, with Wands.

An Officer of the Provincial Grand Lodge, bearing

THE SACRED VOLUME.

Provincial Grand Chaplain.

Provincial Grand
Treasurer
with his Staff.

}

Provincial Grand Secretary
with the
Book of Constitutions.

}

Provincial Grand
Registrar.

Provincial Grand Senior and Junior Wardens, with their
Columns.

Provincial Grand Sword Bearer.

Provincial
Grand Steward.

}

Provincial Grand Master, supported on
each side by

}

Provincial
Grand Steward.

Never, certainly never, were our streets so crowded by spectators, anxious to behold a scene which had all the charm of novelty, and which was truly brilliant. The inspiring sounds of music—the decorated banners of the Lodges floating in the sunshine—the varied paraphernalia and *jewels worn by the brethren*, gave an animated effect to the procession, which we would vainly attempt to describe. Every balcony and window was thronged with ladies, elegantly attired, and all evidently gratified by the novel display. On entering the churchyard, the band immediately commenced playing the national anthem, and *the members entered the church in an inverted order*. After hearing a most impressive sermon delivered by the Provincial Grand Chaplain, the

Rev. J. Portis, the procession was resumed, and passing through Winchcomb-street, crossed to the turnpike-gate on the Evesham-road, and reached the site of the building at half-past one o'clock. Extensive preparations had been made for the accommodation of visitors, and two large stands commanded complete views of the ceremony. Thousands had assembled on the grounds long before the hour at which the procession arrived, and Pittville presented a sight that, in point of gaiety and animation, has never been surpassed in Cheltenham. At the most moderate computation not less than twenty thousand persons appeared on the grounds, and the view from the hill to Cheltenham was magnificent. The ceremony commenced by the Deputy Provincial Grand Master expressing to Mr. Forbes, the Architect, his high approbation of the design and ground plan, which was then exhibited to the spectators and received with universal acclamation. Several coins of the present reign were placed in the cavity, which was covered by a silver plate bearing the following inscription :—

“ In the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, when Cheltenham, in consequence of its celebrated Mineral Waters, had, during half a century preceding, increased from an inconsiderable village to a town containing a Population of upwards of twenty thousand souls ; and from its continued prosperity justified the most sanguine expectations that its importance would still advance in an unprecedented degree, the first stone of this edifice, the **PITTVILLE SPA PUMP-ROOM**, the property of Joseph Pitt, Esq. MP. and a principal feature in the projected buildings of Pittville, over one hundred acres of land, a part of the estate there belonging to that gentleman, was laid by Thomas Quarrington, Esq. Deputy Grand Master of the province of Gloucestershire, acting by delegation from the Most Noble Henry Charles Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, K. G. Grand Master of the Most Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, in and over that province, on the 4th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1825, and the æra of Masonry, 5825 ; Mr. John Forbes, of Cheltenham, being the Architect. May the undertaking promote the general prosperity of the town of Cheltenham.”

The stone was then slowly, and at appropriate intervals, lowered, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers, the band playing “ God save the King.” The ceremony was performed by Thomas Quarrington, Esq. D. P. G. M.

The Rev. J. Portis, in very energetic and solemn language, invoked a blessing upon the undertaking. [i. e. upon the pump.]

Mr. Wintour Harris, P. G. S. W. in handing to the architect the instruments of the craft, admonished him that by the right application of these tools he was to raise a superstructure upon the foundation stone then laid, and which, from the great talent he had displayed in the elevation submitted to the inspection of the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, whose decided approbation was re-echoed by the brilliant assemblage then present, he was sure would be alike honourable to himself and creditable to the craft—and that under the auspices of so much beauty as then surrounded him, he could not but be inspired in the prosecution of this great work. That on the inscription plate, which had just been deposited, it was stated, that a very few years since the town of Cheltenham (which was now in their view) was a mere village, but that at present it exceeded in its importance, in its population, in its revenues, in its amusements, and above all, in its charities, every other town in this county. He again hoped, and felt confident, that the structure now about to be raised would establish the fame of the architect, that it would be profitable to the proprietor, and beneficial to the whole neighbourhood. After the admirable discourse they had just heard from the Rev. Brother Portis, it would ill become him to enter on a discussion of the principles of Masonry—but to those who were not present at that discourse, he would sum up the whole of the Masonic creed in the words of that great philosopher and excellent Mason, Pythagoras, that “ it is a system of the greatest perfection of virtue and wisdom which can be observed by man in the present state—that it exhibits piety unadulterated with hypocrisy—moral virtue uncontaminated with vice—science unmingled with

sophistry—a dignity of mind and manner unaccompanied by pride—a sublime magnificence in theory without any degradation in practice, and a vigour of intellect which elevates its possessor to the vision of divinity, and thus deifies whilst it exalts.” In conclusion, he invoked that great Architect of the Universe to shower down his choicest blessings upon the undertaking thus commenced—upon the generous founder of the building, with every portion of his family—upon the architect—and upon every individual connected with the town of Cheltenham—and sincerely prayed that its springs may impart new life and vigour to those afflicted individuals who may resort there to partake of them.

* * * * *

To give all due celebrity to the auspicious day, the purchasers and proprietors of land on the Pittville property dined together at the Imperial Hotel, where John Gardner, Esq. was called to the chair, and presided with his wonted kindness, liberality, and good fellowship. The entertainments, which were in Mr. Joseph's best style, we are assured, afforded general satisfaction, and the wines were particularly mentioned.

At half-past nine o'clock the exhibition of fire-works attracted a numerous assemblage to the vicinity of the Evesham turnpike. One circumstance appears to us too singular to pass unnoticed :—The fire-works had scarcely commenced, before the most astonishing and almost supernatural effect was given to the scene by the vivid flashing of lightning, unaccompanied, however, by any sound of thunder; and some of the flashes, evanescent as they were, burst through the dense dark clouds with a brilliancy and splendour far indeed beyond human description. Many who witnessed the reflected gleams that shot “like meteors through the troubled air,” imagined the light to be some delusion of the mechanist. [A miracle! A miracle!]

DIARY OF HENRY TEONGE.*

THIS is the diary of a jolly dog who served as Chaplain in the Royal Navy, in the years 1675-6-8-9, and who has detailed with infinite method and minuteness every thing that came to pass in the course of his voyages. Mr. Teonge was rector of Sperrall, in the county of Warwick, and the same causes which now-a-days send forth so many gentlemen on their travels seem to have made him a voyager; for his finances appear to have been in that state which renders home about the most disagreeable place in the world. The commencement of the Diary describes him as setting out on his journey, slenderly equipped, and lacking every thing but a light heart. How touching a picture would a modern sentimentalist draw of a worthy and learned clergyman, compelled by poverty to quit his family and to go to sea—in such hands we may be sure that at the departure of the rector all the parishioners would line the road shedding oceans of tears, the family would be in the last agonies of affliction, the cat wringing her hands, and the good man, all resignation, casting his eyes up to the skies, and blessing every thing that came in his way. But no scene of this kind does honest Mr. Teonge

* The Diary of Henry Teonge, Chaplain on board His Majesty's Ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak; Anno 1675 to 1679, now first published from the original MS. London, Charles Knight, Pall Mall East, 1825.

present. As one who leaves care behind him, he jogs merrily on, mounted on a carrion jade, and never once stops to invite Heaven to witness the decayed state of his coat and breeches, or the attenuated condition of his purse; but, on the contrary, he makes himself merry with his own beggarly equipage, and turns his misfortunes to mirth. It is a rare thing to find a man treating his own petty distresses as lightly as the rest of the world (which is always as hard-hearted as Lance's dog) would treat them. We, of the present day in particular, who are all egotists, play the crying philosopher when we consider our own insignificant troubles, and the laughing philosopher when we consider those of our neighbours;—thus if a man chance to trip in his walk through life, he lies on the ground and roars vehemently like a fallen child, but the mob laugh as mobs always do when they see any one tumble down. Sick as we are of hearing the whines of men hanging over their own sorrows in prose and poetry, and tenderly sympathising with their dearly beloved selves under their own vexations, it is quite delightful to observe how our jolly chaplain, Teonge, digested griefs that would furnish a modern sentimentalist with tearful eyes and heaving sighs, and woes and throes for half a dozen of Murray's quartos.

Thursday, May 20, 1675. *Deus vortat bene!*

- This day I began my voyage from my house at Spennall, in the county of Warwick; with small accoutrements, saveing what I carried under me in an
 21 olde sack. My steede like that of Hudibras, for mettle, courage, and color, (though not of the same biggnes;) and for flesh, one of Pharaoh's leane mares,
 22 ready to cease (for hunger) on those that went before her, had shee not beene short winged; or rather leaden heeled. My stock of monys was also proportionable to the rest; being little more than what brought me to London, in an
 * (23) old coate, and britches of the same; an old payre of hose and shooes; and a lethern dublett of 9 yeares olde and upward. Indeede, (by reason of the suddenness of my jurny,) I had nothing but what I was ashamed of; save only
 24 An old fox broade-sword, and a good black gowne;
 25 And thus Old Henry cam to London towne.
 26 Hither was I no sooner arived, but I was courteously received; first by Leiutenant Haughton, with bottells of claret &c.: and after, by Capt. William Houlding, with entertainment of the same fashion.
 27 Thence to the Longe Reach; where I was that morning entred on board Chaplen to his Majesty in his Frigott Assistance, of 56 gunns, and under the commaund of Capt. William Houlding; and returned againe that night to London.
 28 And now a small sea-bed is my *unum necessarium*, (though I wanted almost every thing else:) a thing that I could not bee without; nor knew I how to compas it. I sent for som bedding into the country; and I try som friends-to borrow som monys; but all in vaine; and all to retreeve my cloake, left longe since (*in pawn*), not at Troas, (as Saint Paule's was,) for his was recovered only with demaund; mine could not be got by fayer or foule meanes. Seeing no other meanes I rem'bred the poet:—

αργυριας λογχαισι μαχου και παντα κρατησις.

- I sum'on all my forces, and I borrow 5s. of my landlady; and thus I redeemed
 29 my cloake: lying only for 10s. Haveing done thus, my leane mare, with saddle,

* The Sundays throughout the Diary are distinguished by the date being encircled.

bridle, and bootes, and spurs, I sold to my landlord for 26s., upon condition that if 26s. was sent to him in a fortnight's time, the mare might be redeemed, but the other things lost. And my cloake I pawne againe for 40s.

With this money he tells us that he paid for his quarters, and bought some bedding, and having still "a small parcell of monys left and being loath to goe to sea too rich for feare of pyratts," he betook himself to Blackwall, where he took leave of his friends, and doubtless also of this painful superfluity of riches. From Blackwall he went to Long Reach, and embarked on board the Assistance, bound on a cruise against the pirates in the Mediterranean; he closes the history of this day by recording his share in "three boules of punch, a liquor very strainge to him," and by entering some complaints, touching the disordered economy of his bed, which probably should be placed to the account of the "strainge" punch. We shall not follow our voyager down the river, nor do we think that the log of the ship's progress into the Downs would be particularly acceptable to our readers; we cannot, however, omit the mention of certain treasure which fell into the Rev. Gentleman's hands by the way, or which, as he expresses it, were put into his hands by Providence, and, of a truth, the appropriation seems to have required this high sanction.

June 5 Wee com to an anchor in the Downes this morne about 4. And here I might tell you what Providence putt into my hands; which though littell worth of them-selves, yet were they of greate use to him that then wanted almost every thing. Early in the morning *I mett with* a rugged towell on the quarter deck; *which I soone secured.* And soone after, Providence brought me a peice of an old sayle, and an earthen chamber pott: all very helpfull to him that had nothing.

Such was the bounty of Providence to a chaplain in the navy, in the year 1675!

The following case of resuscitation which fell under Teonge's observation at Deal seems worthy of note, the process appears to have been rude indeed, but sufficiently effective.

June 12 Fayre weather on Satterday. But so tempestuous on the Sunday that many (13) sayd they never saw such weather there at that time of the yeare. This day at Deale Beach a boate was over turned with 5 men in it: 3 leaped out, and swam to shoare with much a doe; the other two were covered with the boate, wherof on was dead and sank; the other, whose name was Thomas Boules, (when the boate was puled offe him, which had layne on his head and neck a longe time,) was carryd away with the violence of the water; yet in sight, and by that meanes was at last hauld out, and there lay on the stones for dead; for his fellow was dead longe before. A traveller, in very poore cloathes, (coming to looke on, as many more did,) presently pulld out his knife and sheath, cutts off the nether end of his sheath, and thrust his sheath into the * * * * * of the sayd Thomas Boules, and blew with all his force till hee himselfe was weary; then desyred som others to blow also; and in halfe an howers time brought him to life againe. I drank with him at his house, April 28, 1678. This day also I preached my first sermon on ship-board; where I could not stand without holding by boath the pillars in the steareage; and the Capitaines chayre and others were ready to tilt downe sometimes backwards, sometimes forward. All our women and olde seamen were sick this day; I was only giddy.

Here our Chaplain, who is manifestly neither a man of sentiment nor of gallantry, begins to observe rather freely on the demeanour of the ladies who are about to part with their husbands.

And now may you see our mornefull ladys singing *lacrimæ*, or *loath to depart*; whilst our trumpets sownd—*Mayds where are your harts*, &c. Our noble Capt. (though much bent on the preparation for his voyage,) yet might you see his hart full of trouble to part from his lady and his sonn and heire; whoe though so younge, yet with his mayd to leade him by his dading sleeves, would he goe from gun to gun, and put his fingar to the britch of the gun, and cry Booe; whilst the mother, like a woman of greate discretion, seemes no whit troubled, that her husband might be the lesse so. But our leiutenant's wife was like weeping Rachell, or mornefull Niobe; as also was the boatswaines wife: indeede all of them like the turtle-doves, or young pigions, true emblems of mourning. Only our master's wife, of a more masculine spirit, or rather a virago, lays no such grieve to her hart; only, like one that hath eaten mustard, her eyes are a little redd.

At parting, he treats the sorrows of the poor ladies with yet more levity, and delivers himself of some very uncivil reflections.

By 6 in the morning all our ladys are sent on shoare in our pinnace; whose weeping eys bedewed the very sids of the ship, as they went over into the boate, and seemed to have chosen (might they have had their will) rather to have stuck to the syds of the ship like the barnacles, or shell-fish, then to have parted from us. But they were no sooner out of sight but they were more merry; and I could tell with whom too, were I so minded.

As soone as the boate was put off from the ship, wee honour their departure with 3 cheares, 7 gunns, and our trumpetts sounding. They in the interim (as farr as they could see us, holding up their hands with Eola, saying *Vale longum!*) doe close the devotions not as of olde the hethens used—*Dii Deaq; omnes*, &c. ! but Father, Sonn, and Holy Ghost, be with you all ! But soone forget us. Now haveing done with our Dalilahs or Myrmidons, and our pinnace being com againe from shoare, wee hoyst up our maine sayle, &c. and make way as fast as wee can.

The Diary of Teonge is curious, as it gives a very minute description of the way of living, and some idea of the discipline on board a King's ship in the latter part of the seventeenth century; but these details would only interest seamen. The duties of Sunday appear to have been performed with more regularity than we should have expected, considering the place and the tone of the times. To be sure, service was occasionally dispensed with on the score of the Captain's indisposition, or other slight causes that look very much like pretexts. But, altogether, our Chaplain seems to have attended to his duties, and to have preached a very fair proportion of sermons, the texts of which he has recorded with great exactness in his journal.

We extract an account of a punishment which Teonge commends as excellent for swearers, whether it was inflicted with the especial design of correcting that common failing of sailors does not clearly appear. "This day David Thomas, and Martin the cook, and our master's boy, had their hand stretched out, and with their backs to the rayles, and the master's boy with his back to the main mast, all looking on upon the other, and in each of their mouths a maudlin-spike, viz. an iron pinn

clapt close into their mouths, and tyd behind their heads ; and there they stood a whole houre, till their mouths were very bloody : an excellent cure for swearers."

Our author's narrative of the expedition against Tripoly, in which his ship took a part, is not very interesting ; a great deal, indeed, appears to have been made about a little matter ; we prefer his accounts of good cheer to his accounts of fighting, for he is much more animated and at home on the former theme. After the affair of Tripoly, we find our Chaplain employed in making buttons for clothes, and sheets for his bed, until the ship anchors at Scanderoon, when he prepares for a journey to Aleppo ; the only thing worth notice in this part of the diary is a characteristic anecdote which he tells of the Turks, who fined a Frank a hundred dollars for cropping his horses ears, saying, " Are you wiser than God Almighty ? " On the strength of his travels to Aleppo, Teonge becomes learned on the subject of Africa, and gives us with infinite naïveté and a matter-of-fact air the following curious particulars, touching the manner of men who inhabit the south of this ill-used quarter of the globe, which all the early travellers and voyagers have delighted to stock with monsters.

In the south parts of Africa *is scarce any thing remarkable, save* that there are men and beasts of strange shapes ; as, som men with heads like doggs or hoggs, som with no head ; som with only one large legg and foote ; as there are the same strange shapes in the north parts of Europe and Asya.

The introduction of these curious facts, setting forth that there " is scarce any thing remarkable, *save* men without heads, &c." reminds us of the worthy father who recorded that in his travels through the desert he met no one to speak of except two Satyrs and a Faun.

Teonge's editor has appended a note to the above quoted passage, which contains some lies, that notwithstanding what Amelia Opie may say, we cannot help regarding as admirable by reason of their magnitude : a little lie is a base thing, but there is a breadth about these lies which is respectable in the extreme.

The following passages, extracted from a small volume in the library of the British Museum, published in 1664, entitled " A Description of Tangier and of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco," may, in some measure, countenance the worthy Chaplain's assertion with regard to the existence of these nondescript inhabitants of Africa. The work is apparently written with earnestness, and upon the title-page it is described as a translation from the Spanish, and published by authority.

After some prefatory remarks to the second section, which comprises the natural history of the country, it proceeds thus :—

" 1. Here are placed the *Cynocephali*, that have heads like dogs, snouts like swine, and ears like horses.

" 2. Here are the *Sciapodes*, that have such a broad foot, and but one, that they cover their heads from the heat of the sun and the violence of the showers, by lifting this up over them.

" 3. Here are the *Gumnosophantes*, that go naked and fear nothing so much as a clothed man, being ignorant of the use of weapons, and one being able without a miracle to chase a thousand of them.

" 4. Here are the *Blemmiae*, men that walk without heads, having their eyes and mouths in their breasts.

" 5. Here are the *Egipans*, that have only the bodies of men, sometimes made up of the necks and heads of horses, mules, asses, &c. and,

" 6. That this part of Africa may have its share in the saying '*Semper aliquid Africa portat nova*,' 'Africa is always teeming with some new monster,' the other day, not far from Tangier, was to be seen a child with an eagle's bill, claws and feathers, &c."—*Description of Tangier*, sec. ii. p. 49.

In the Museum Catalogue this work is ascribed to the Rev. Lancelot Addison, author of "Observations upon West Barbary," &c.; but his name does not appear throughout the book.

Teonge returned from his first voyage with, as he informs us, "a good summ of monys," but having "spent greate part of it," he was soon troubled, it appears, with his old complaint, and says, "Though I was glad to see my relations and olde acquaintances, yet I lived very uneasy, being daily dunnd by some or other, or else for fear of land pyrates, which I hated worse than Turkes." Under these circumstances he entered on board a ship for another voyage, but here we must leave him, having first laid before our readers an account of an attempt made by a certain Lord Mordaunt to usurp the spiritual functions of our worthy Chaplain, and his conduct thereon, with the consequences. His Lordship seems to have been possessed with one of those strange whimsies so common with lords.

The Lord Mordant, taking occasion by my not being very well, would have preacht, and askt the Captain's leave last night, and to that intent sate up till 4 in the morning to compose his speech, and intended to have Mr. Norwood to sing the Psalme. All this I myselfe heard in agitation; and resolving to prevent him, I got up in the morning before I should have done, had I had respect to my owne health, and cam into the greate cabin, where I found the zealous Lord with our Captaine, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse, that he went out of the cabin in greate wrath. In the afternoone he set on of the carpentars crewe to woorke about his cabin; and I being acquainted with it, did by my Captaine's order discharge the woorke man, and he left woorking; at which the Reverent Lord was so vexed, that he borrowed a hammar, and busied himselfe all that day in nayling up his hangings; but being done on the sabbaoth day, and also when there was no necessity, I hope the woorke will not be longe lived. From that day he loved neyther mee nor the Captaine. No prayers, for discontent.

Though there is necessarily much idle stuff in this book, yet on the whole we have been amused by it; indeed the most barren incidents in it have their interest, as they are honestly set down, and serve to give us an idea of the manner of man who recorded them—a chaplain to a ship in 1670. By way of example, we take the diary of seven days at random. On the first day they are entering the Bay of Biscay, Teonge pens a pious aspiration for safety, and tells us how merry they were over a bowl of punch. The next day was Sunday, prayers, but no sermon. On the next the Chaplain employed himself in the very clerical business of making cartridges for the guns. The next is dedicated to the construction of baracados; on the fifth he makes cartridges again for his own staff gun, and other guns. On the sixth he begins Christmas by drink-

ing punch, and on the seventh, he, of course, begins to be very feverish, it was on the occasion of this indisposition that Lord Mordaunt "would have preacht, and intended to have Mr. Norwood to sing the psalme."

Oct. 26 Gallant fayre weather, and wee are now almost entringe on the Bay of Bishay. God send us well over it! Wee end the weeke merrily, in drinking our friends' healths in a bole of punch.

(27) A very fayre day: wee have prayers, but no sermon, this day.

28 Now I begin to make cartridges for the Captain's gunns.

29 This day wee begin to baracado our quarter deck with an old cable, to keepe off small shott; and a good shift too.

30 A summar's day. Now I make cartridges for my owne staff gunn, and som for musketts also.

Nov. 1 More mild. At 12 the morning fogg broake up. At night wee begin Christmas, drinking health to our friends in a boule of punch.

2 This evening I began to be very feaverish, and tooke a sweate.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has this year set before the public a very capital visual and intellectual feast. It is the fifty-seventh exhibition since the London Royal Academy of Arts was instituted. Few men now living can have seen them all. The present writer, who has seen about half of them, has little contradiction to fear in affirming the exhibition of 1825 to be the best. At the anniversary dinner on the Saturday before the rooms were thrown open to the public, Lord Eldon pronounced it without the least hesitation or reserve, to be an honour to the country, and the declaration seemed to meet the general concurrence of the assembled company of patrons, artists, and amateurs.

If it be an honour to the country, how much more is it an honour to those persevering historical painters, who, in spite of a dearth of patronage amounting to discouragement, which certainly does *no* honour to the country, have contributed so abundantly to the opulent display of the present season.

No. 1 is *The Combat; Woman pleading for the vanquished, an ideal groupe*," by W. Etty, the newly created associate, who does so great credit to his electors. This is a very noble picture. It is always gratifying to those who feel for the honour and independence of painting, when, as in the present instance, an artist successfully relies on nature and the resources of his own mind for his subject, and on the appreciation of congenial minds for his mode of treating it. "*Woman pleading for the vanquished*," is taken from no historian and from no poet, although it powerfully reminds us of passages in many, and particularly of that charming ode of Collins, addressed to Pity, wherein we meet with—

Thou who amidst the deathful field,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found
 Pleading for him—the youth who sinks to ground.

Painting in such instances as the present takes her station with dignity on the same throne with her sister Muse, who in her turn may here find a subject worthy of her pen. If Mr. Etty borrowed from the poets yesterday, he can lend to them to-day.

If reports say true, this artist has visited Italy since he exhibited his Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus, and his Pandora. He has evidently gone there with his mind in a fit state to derive all the benefit which the arts of Italy are capable of imparting to taste and intellect when arrived at a certain degree of maturity, and fixedly intent on ulterior purposes. And that he has returned accordingly, the present picture is sufficient proof. The attainments of the great colourists of Venice are here combined with the grace and grandeur of forms which his own mind has moulded from nature, and from the study of the Elgin and Phrygian marbles. There are mutilated groupes in those alto-relievo battles of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ which once adorned the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Phygalia, of which the present composition will not fail to remind those who have them by heart.

Woman here pleads for the vanquished, and with reason as well as pity on her side; for the vanquished has fought bravely, and has not failed of victory from inferiority of strength or of prowess, but because his weapon has been broken in the combat. To this accidental misfortune the successful warrior evidently owes his advantage, and death is in the impending stroke, but just at this critical juncture woman—

Her soul-subduing voice applies;
 Yet still he keeps his wild unalter'd mien.

An homogeneous grandeur of *composition* and *colour* pervades the performance: the same may be said of the style of the *drawing* also. The combatants are full of nerve and masculine energy, to which the tenderness and delicacy of form and complexion of the female is in good juxtaposition, with the exception however, that the woman's right leg and foot appear rather short in proportion to the rest of her figure; and the latter looks too much as if painted from a modern foot accustomed to compression in a shoe, for the heroic character and classical air of the rest of the work.

No. 23, from the pencil of R. Westall, R.A. represents *Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James at the sepulchre of Christ, early in the morning after the resurrection*, and is in no respect superior to, and not remarkably different from, former works of this Academician; it therefore excites no new emotions. Yet we prefer that he should treat his scriptural subjects in the style that has long been his own, than that he should seek to mingle with it, as he did in his principal work of the last season, the gothicisms of Albert Durer. There is certain costume, which, from the great artists of Italy and

chiefly from Raphael's having adopted it, may be termed apostolical. Mr. Westall differs from this in the subjects which he selects from the New Testament. He gives us a new pictorial reading of these scriptures; and dresses his figures of sacred personages, and especially his females, more orientally than did the painters of Italy, and most others of his predecessors; particularly with regard to that turbanned-head attire which is not unfrequent in his works. This, when it first appeared, was a commendable novelty, and is sufficiently supported by the facts of scriptural history. Being thus firmly principled in his originality, he should adhere to it, and not go astray after the false gods of Nuremberg.

On the whole, there is in the present work too much of softness and blending, for its large dimensions; too much smoothness and tea-board polish. It looks as if enlarged from one of Westall's book-drawings, without corresponding enlargements in the style of Landling. A little more rugged vigour should have been exhibited; for want of it, the rocks look artificial, and indeed not very much unlike stuffed cushions and pillows.

Mulready's Travelling Druggist, No. 106, is one of the most brilliant pictures we have seen, and probably one of the most brilliant that ever was painted. It outshines all else in the room. Hilton's Crowning of Jesus Christ with thorns, is the most richly coloured historical picture in the present exhibition, but Mulready's is the most splendid. In this respect, it can be compared to nothing more pertinently than to a cluster of highly polished and well-arranged gems, in which the ruby predominates. Above the crimson-vested Turk, with his scarlet box of medicines, are the emeralds (constituting the antagonist colour), and consisting of a gourd-vine, or large-leaved grape-vine, growing over a rustic pent house.

The itinerant weighs out his rhubarb with sufficient scrupulosity: he is the same Turk whom we have seen about the metropolis with his rolled turban, and his pipe and pouch by his side; and the reflective spectator has the comfort of anticipating that the young patient will be benefited by the medicine: for it is pretty clear that his indisposition proceeds from over feeding, and notwithstanding he looks pale and sickly, he is prepared to increase the malady, by means of an unripe pear which he holds in one hand, while with the other he grasps a fresh handful of bread and butter.

His healthy sister, meanwhile, invigorated by exercise, and needing no medicine, stands on the threshold with her skipping-rope. On her pinafore falls that bright and ample light, contrasted to a deep and broad mass of shadow, which obscures the interior, and fills up the measure of the chiaroscuro to the very brim. Yet is it "without o'erflowing, full." The sensible-looking nurse-girl who holds the boy over the cottage wicket, also comes in for her share of light, while she regards the Turk with the proper degree of inquisitiveness, being neither over suspicious,

nor over confident. The back-ground is made up of the home nook of a farm house, where a gossiping girl is seen filling a tea-kettle.

Near the fore-ground hang a goldfinch and magpie in their respective cages, which are beautifully pencilled. A dog, a doll, a large raisin-jar, some other crockery, and a water-tub, are well brought in, and contribute their several shares to the general purpose: All are painted with fac-simile fidelity, and each seems to acquire much more than its local importance from the way in which it is associated with the rest.

Perhaps we should not omit to notice that there is a *granulation* over the whole work—something like that which in the process of aquatinting, is produced by means of a mixture of gum resin with spirit. It is, doubtless, effected by some novel means, and not stippled with a hair pencil. While it seems the result of accident, it contributes very agreeably to the effect, particularly where it falls on such rough objects as the stones of the threshold, or is rendered subservient to the expression of the texture of the old wood work of the wicket.

As we have intimated above, the most richly toned picture in the room, is No. 105, *Christ Crowned with Thorns*, by W. Hilton, R.A. It is also a first-rate work of art in all other respects. The subject is taken from the gospel record of St. Matthew, chap. xxvii. v. 28, 29. “And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, hail! *King of the Jews.*”

The parchment inscription to this effect, which was subsequently nailed in derision over the crucified Jesus, lies on the foreground with the drapery they have stripped from him, and the scourge. Immediately beyond the figures, which are clustered in a single group, is introduced the cross, borne by Simon of Cyrene; beyond this is a Roman arch inscribed to Tiberius Cæsar, which affords a fine breadth of deep toned middle tint: and in the extreme distance, a dark sky lowers over mount Calvary.

The brutal muscular exertion of the fellow who is employed in pressing down the crown of thorns, and the savage obduracy of the beastly scoffer who offers the reed sceptre, are in well-studied opposition to the meek resignation of the suffering Saviour: others somewhat less hard-hearted, are beyond; on the right hand, amongst whom we distinguish an helmeted figure with a jeering expression of countenance which is alas! very true to Nature. On the left is a pharisaical elder, with a frontlet, or phylactery, bearing an Hebrew inscription: two other Jews in close communion, are near him; and the three may without much hazard of mistake, be reckoned among the previous accusers of Christ, for they all wear a look of triumph.

No halo encircles the head of the suffering Messiah, nor is there need of any such external token to inform us which is the son of God. A character of so much benign divinity, mingled with an expression of

afflicted humanity, we have never seen before ; and know not where else to look for, unless it be in the works of Annibal Caracci. His hands are bound with a thong ; and he reclines in the lassitude of his exhaustion, toward the savage who is so grossly maltreating him, with a patient endurance the most godlike and exemplary.

The complexion of the Saviour is fair and delicate : but pale with the dreadful inflictions which he is undergoing. His countenance more resembles the Christs of the Caracci than any other we have seen in the works of the moderns, but is, we think, superior—aye, superior even to those of the Caracci. By the way, there is a good deal else in this picture that reminds us of a capital etching of the same subject, from the masterly hand of Annibal Caracci. Where else did Mr. Hilton find the close-curled malignant head of the brute who is offering the reed ? And where else did that other rascal come from, who shows a sleeve of chain armour ?

The nudities throughout this work are drawn with consummate academical power. The draperies are admirably cast ; the simplicity of their breadths not being disturbed by any petty refinements. And the colouring, as we have before said, is wrought up to the true point of richness ; the sober majesty of the Roman school, being blended with the more florid hues of the Venetian. The chiaroscuro too, appears to our judgment to be faultless : the principal light which falls with a propriety which none will question, on the Christ, being judiciously led off by subordinate lights on the inferior figures, and the whole in excellent keeping.

To those who delight in the luxuries of delicious colour, Turner's *Harbour of Dieppe*, No. 152, will afford a most gratifying treat. Here, the mercantile bustle and local marine episodes of a populous sea-port, are pourtrayed under the most transparent and fascinating splendour, of which the art of painting is susceptible.

Of the thousands who visit the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in this age of travelling, many will have seen Dieppe itself, and will remember that the *forms* of those public and private buildings which stand on its commercial quays and its jutting capes, are here accurately delineated, and will probably recollect enough of the *ad libitum* of shipping and figures, which in this bustling port are ever moving and ever varying (but more especially so during the “*changement de domicile*”) to acquiesce in the general truth of their representation also—as far as *forms* are concerned. But that is all. No man ever saw the brown buildings, and dull and dingy shipping and water of this port of Dieppe so beautifully lit up, even under the most Arcadian sky that ever hovered over this part of France. The rest of the picture is altogether a display of technical skill, exercised under the influence of romantic fancy.

Above this magnificent Landscape, is placed a picture which needed no such contrast. It represents the final scene in Milton's *Comus*, and

is as completely nocturnal in tone, as if its author had been *exclusively* fascinated with the verse—

'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

To have hung them in this sort of apposition, is like contrasting Elysian sun-shine with Tartarian gloom.

There is also a picture from the beautiful Greek legend of *Psyche*, in the next room, No. 216, which is nearly as gloomy as the *Comus*: and with far less reason, since the *Comus* was a nocturnal adventure, although the immediate scene of his study must be supposed to have been illuminated. Both are from the pencil of the late Professor Fuseli, whose memory will long be venerated, and our recent loss of whom, as a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of extraordinary colloquial powers, his friends and the public have too great reason to regret. But as a painter, it must be acknowledged that he was far past his prime. Who has been otherwise at the age of eighty-four! With due reverence, and without the least disparagement be it spoken—his *Comus* and his *Psyche*, are very inferior to his *Queen Katherine's Dream*; his *Nightmare*; his *Lazar-house*; his *Satan starting at the touch of Ithuriel's spear*, and many other of his previous works.

Mr. Thomson's *Juliet*, No. 126, is perhaps—for we cannot bring ourselves to speak decidedly while Turner and Danby are present—the most *poetical* picture in the present exhibition. It is but a single figure, if we except a sculptured group which stands up from the Garden of the Capulets; but that figure is of most fascinating youthful beauty; innocent; and with large blue eyes. In short it is *the Juliet* of Shakespear, when she comes to the balcony, after the mental tumults of the masquerade, and throws aside, with her guitar (or lute) her head-attire, and the more cumbrous parts of her dress, in order to breathe freely, and indulge in the luxury of loving: but the light, tasty jewellery of topaz, pearl, and gold, which is befitting her high birth, is still pendant from her neck.

The spectator does not see Romeo; neither has Juliet yet seen him, or become conscious that he is in the garden below: but the reader of Shakespear is elegantly reminded of this, and of other circumstances of the drama, for Juliet “leans her cheek upon her hand,” conformably to Romeo's words in the text, and appears to be meditating or uttering that high-wrought soliloquy which precedes their mutual discovery, and in which love contends victoriously with duty and early prejudice; a sentiment seems to find an advocate in reason. As Romeo affirms—“She speaks, though she says nothing.” She appears to say, “O be some other name!”—

——— that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection ———

The artist has ingeniously contrived to aid the sentiment which rests on this metaphor, by introducing a rose, (dropped perhaps from the fair bosom of his Juliet) lying on the verge of the balcony, with a bud just opening beside it.—But, in fact, the performance abounds with these refined poetical inuendoes and emblems. The beautiful antique group of Cupid and Psyche embracing, with its powerful host of lovely and loving suggestions, is most eloquent! while it is ably assimilated with the rest of the composition. The moon, which is at the full, and streaked by a thin cloud, seems in transit, and as if it would soon be lost to the spectator behind the group. And even the few stars that spangle the sky appear to belong to Shakespear, and to be in allusion to the lover's hyperbole—

Two of the fairest stars in all the Heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

* * * * *

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As day-light doth a lamp. —————

The colouring of this picture is delightful! Though subdued, it is so true to itself, that it rather gains than loses by the garish works which surround it. The clear expanse is as faithful in tone to the warm grey of an Italian moonlight, as we ever remember to have seen, either in the works of Wright of Derby, or those of any other painter who has been celebrated for his successful devotion to moonlight effects: and where the moonlight falls it is equally true to Shakespear and nature—it softly falls, and sweetly sleeps.

But it does not top the trees with silver, as it ought. The trees in the Capulet garden, or “orchard” as Juliet terms it, seem of the cypress or poplar kind. This may be allowable, and we tolerate it accordingly, although it does not accord with the letter of Shakespear: but still we think, that the painter should have tipt them with silver, were it only out of respect to our great poet's accurate observation of moonlight effects, and to give veracity to Romeo's oath —

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

Perhaps, too, the base of the column behind the figure of Juliet had better have been something else. As she is supposed to be reclining in a balcony, the large column seems out of place, and not sufficiently conformable to the style of the remote wing of the palace. It will not, we believe, endure architectural criticism. But these are as spots in the sun.

The Trial of Lord Russell at the Old Bailey, in 1863! says the catalogue—the tens having unluckily stepped behind the hundreds. The following explanatory passage from the state trials is added, which is more to the purpose—“He was assisted, during his trial, by his wife, Rachael, Lady Russell, and attended by many of his friends. The two

first witnesses (seated in the centre of the picture) having been examined, Lord Howard of Escrick was sworn."

This is a fine subject for an historical picture, and is here treated with masterly ability. It is decidedly the best performance we have yet seen from the pencil of Mr. G. Hayter. His trial of the late Queen Caroline was good, but this is better. At the bar of the Old Bailey, the interior of which, with its carved oaken Gothic desks, &c. is made to seem a scene far more worthy than in fact it is of the high rank of the accused party, stands Lord Russell, the upright patriot, cool, tranquil, dignified, self-collected, intrepid, equal to either fortune; and—

What with pleasure Heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

We should guess the present to be a *portrait* from some old picture of his Lordship remaining in the Russell family; but the matter of fact is so happily coincident with the ideal of the subject, that the form, look, and attitude perfectly correspond to the poetical and pictorial demands of the occasion, and Lord Russell appears to be—

What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was.

Contrasted to this uprightness of truth and honourable consciousness, are the savage Jefferies and his satellites, more eager to convict, than he to vindicate his innocence or the purity of his motives; but looking, notwithstanding, with the insidiousness suited to their several temperaments, their common interest, and the mock solemnity which tyranny itself must always assume when in the presence of the public, and of its victim.

The Jury are beyond, and are very properly far less conspicuous. You are able to perceive that some agitation prevails among them concerning the evidence which has just been adduced, and that is all. Mr. Hayter has blushed for them as an Englishman, and has kept them *subservient* in two senses of the word, by veiling them with interposing air, as much as their distance from the eye would safely permit, so that no man shall easily discriminate between John Doe and Richard Roe.

But the acme of the interest and of the pathos, and which greatly contributes to render the present tragical occurrence so peculiarly fit to be painted and remembered, beautifully resides in that conjugal endearment which, blending with that patriotic sentiment, induces Lady Rachael Russell to forego, we shall not say the delicacies, but the natural timidities of her sex, and publicly step forward to assist in her husband's defence. There she sits, and will now sit for centuries, on one of those high-backed ebony chairs, which were the picturesque fashion of the day, at a small table within the bar, and with her apparatus for writing placed before her.

Accurate attention has been bestowed on the costume of the period in which Lord Russell performed his exemplary part. The elegant and ornamental fashion of the age of Vandyke and the Charleses

is strictly attended to; the civil, military, and legal habiliments, are exhibited in good pictorial contrast; and are carefully and tastefully pencilled, without being in the least overlaboured. The helmetted halberdier, sergeant-at-arms, or whatever he may be, who appears to have held Lord Russell in custody; with his cuirass and embroidered sleeve, comes in well among the courtly dresses of those who stand near him, and who may be understood to be intended for those friends of his Lordship who are recorded to have attended him on this eventful occasion. They are earnestly attentive to the proceedings; richly and variously habited; one of them, if we rightly remember, wears a clerical dress; and there is a nobleman in a pink and white doublet, which is beautifully painted, as well as highly tasteful in itself. He stands judiciously contrasted with another in rich yellow sleeves.

Behind the judgment-seat is that immense two-handed and two-edged sword which has descended to us from the feudal ages. This stands prominently forward; but to discover the *scales* of Justice, the spectator must use his eye-glass. He finds them, at last, faintly embroidered on the arras: they have lost their equilibrium (in noticing this, we made reasonable allowance for the rules of perspective), and are but dimly seen, while the sword is actually and conspicuously exhibited.

The colours severally, and that result of the whole which artists term the general tone of a picture, are wrought up precisely to the degree of richness that is suited to the occasion. Richness carried to a certain degree was here indispensable: but a more showy or florid display of colour would have been impertinent. A wise economy has accordingly prevailed. Colour acts its part decorously in telling the truths of this bloody page of our national history, without marring in any degree the melancholy sentiment of the picture. And the details of the drawing of the heads and extremities are, in general, good.

We observe another Russell in the room, (No. 42) namely, the youthful *Lord Cosmo, son of the present Duke of Bedford*. He is mounted on his Shetland Bucephalus, with his little Scotch terrier racing beside him in a highland landscape. The young equestrian, a beautiful innocent looking boy, bonnetted and dressed in his tartan plaid, gallops fearlessly along the foreground.

This picture is from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Lanseer, and is ably painted throughout. He is commonly called an animal painter; but here the horse, the dog, the young nobleman, and the landscape, are portrayed with equal ability, and that of no common order.

Above this, hangs No. 39, consisting of two *three-quarter* figures, *portrait of J. S. Buckingham, Esq. and Mrs. Buckingham, the former in the costume of Turkish Arabia, which he wore during his travels among the Arab tribes*, painted by H. W. Pickersgell, A. These figures are ably grouped, and harmoniously coloured. Mr. Buckingham looks smilingly on his wife, and as if he had not discontinued to court her. Mrs. Buckingham is dressed in white satin, the folds of which are cast

in a broad and masterly style : her yellow shawl is disposed behind her, so as to harmonize with the various colours of the Arab dress, which is remarkably picturesque. The whole is rich—as a Turkey or Persian carpet is rich, without a shade of tawdriness.

The portrait of *Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia*, No. 57, from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. is not less remarkable for its easy elegance of attitude, than for its correct resemblance to the original, and its splendid display of colour. The Princess is habited in red velvet ; her head attire is very tastefully arranged, and much delicate address is shown in painting the lace which veils the front of her bosom. The hands of her Royal Highness, gemmed with costly rings, are small to an excess, but very delicately painted ; her yellow and white shawl rests on the basement of a column, contributing its share to the richness of the whole : and the sky is of warm grey, which harmonizes the flesh with the red drapery, while it shows both to great advantage.

Above, and on the righthand, as you look at the Princess, is No. 71, a full-length portrait of *The Duke of Wellington*, also by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Duke has on a dark blue regimental cloak, with a grey, but inconspicuous military under dress, and pantaloons ; and has his reconnoitring glass in his hand, and sword by his side, as if on duty. He rests his telescope against his breast, and folds his arms, as having just looked, probably, at some position of the enemy, which turns thought inward. There is a dignified tranquillity about this portrait that makes the gorgeous display of orders of nobility which we have beheld in some others, look like modern military foppery.

His Grace is painted as being somewhat fuller in flesh and fresher in complexion than he now appears. But this ought to be so ; and in other respects it is a strong likeness.

Sir Thomas is not very observant of the rules of perspective. The horizon is here unusually and unnaturally low.

And now we approach, not without awe, the very extraordinary performance of Mr. F. Danby, the painter also of that admirable picture of the *Enchanted Island*, which was lately exhibited at the gallery of the British Institution.

The present work is numbered in the catalogue 287 ; is designated *The Delivery of Israel out of Egypt* ; and is professedly painted from the following text of Exodus xiv. “And it came to pass that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud ; and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily : so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel ; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians. And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians ; upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen ; and Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared : and the Egyptians

fled against it ; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea."

We have heard the late President of the Royal Academy, and the late Professor of Painting, discourse of *Epic* pictures. Mr. Danby here *shows* us one ; which seems like a practical illustration of that apothegm of one of Plutarch's heroes, "All that my brother (or my rival) hath *said*, that will *I do*." It must be seen, in order to be in any degree appreciated. A most unusual and tremendous sky lowers dreadfully over that rush of mighty waters which has nearly overwhelmed the Egyptian host. This sea and sky melt into that deep toned mass of gloom, which supports all the lights in the picture ; but even the light is of a low tone, with the exception of the (so termed) "pillar of fire." In colour it is of a livid and ominous bluish green : a pervading hue of death and dismay ; it seems the element where life dies and death lives, which only Dante or Milton could imagine, and only Danby has painted. It appears to emanate from that wondrous light where locally resides the author or agent of the miracle. In painting this pillar of fire, the artist appears to have dipped his pencil,—not in pigments, but in the essence of light itself. Instead of a column of fire, it takes the more extraordinary form of a lengthened parabolic spindle of light.

Moses, who stands at some distance from the foreground, is still stretching forth his wonder-working rod toward the Red Sea ; and the ominous light which we have endeavoured to describe, gleams on the countless multitude of Israel, which seems to consist of "numbers without number," as well as on the drowning Egyptian host of the rocky wilderness. The army of Pharaoh is partially seen at a distance, apparently in its last struggles.

The riches of which Egypt has been despoiled, consisting of splendid armour, magnificent vases, and other costly matters, bestrew the foreground : between it, and the generalised multitude, which is grandly suggested, are various painted episodes, which show the different effects of the miracle wrought in their favour on the various ages and temperaments of the children of Israel. Some are exulting ; others, overcome with gratitude, are fainting ; others again are pouring forth their souls in hymns and thanksgivings. In the middle ground, a party seem to be preserving a single chariot of Egypt as a trophy, and camels are here and there introduced, although not mentioned in this part of the scriptures. But the most expressive of the fore ground episodes is, that among the spoils of Memphis, and on a rich carpet of Egyptian workmanship, sits the prophetess Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron. Some of the people, supposing her to have been instrumental in effecting their deliverance, are prostrating themselves before her in adoration ; while Miriam is sublimely pointing to heaven !

Beyond the dreadful volumes of agitated clouds, a lurid light gleams over the metropolis of Pharaoh, the place of which is denoted by those distant pyramids which break the line of the horizon. Lightnings also

are flashing above, and thunder cannot fail to be fancied by the imaginative spectator. The voice of God "speaks in the listening ear of contemplation."

Immediately above this extraordinary work hangs No. 288, the very capital portrait of *Master Lambton*, (the son of J. G. Lambton, Esq. MP.) from the pencil of the President, and certainly one of his *chef d'œuvres*. It is florid and rich, even to exuberance, in colour; and harmonious and vigorous in effect.

We ought rather to rejoice than grieve, that the Exhibition contains so much more than we can possibly make critical report of. After a word or two of the sculpture below, we must pause, and, for the present month, take leave of the reader.

THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

No. 1042 is designated *Afflicted Peasants, an alto relievo, in marble*. There is a certain robust simplicity about Mr. Westmacott's peasantry that is deserving of much praise, as the basement of the statue to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, in Russell-square, has long since borne witness. And we need not go further than the present exhibition for proof that he well knows how to discriminate between *rustic* simplicity and *elegant* simplicity. That general character of the forms of his peasants, which some of his critics have mistaken for heaviness, is, as we understand it, nothing but the local concomitant of rusticity. The Peasants of Theocritus would have been the same; and to sculpture or paint them otherwise, would be to misrepresent both Nature and the poet.

The present alto-relievo is bedded in a circular concavity, and is, in some measure, taken from one of the most celebrated of the holy families of Raphael; but, being divested of its holiness, it gains nothing in our estimation by this circumstance; and, we had probably thought more of it, if we had not known, or not been reminded, of the divine group from the pencil of Raphael.

But Westmacott's group in marble of a *Madonna and Child*, sculptured *in the round*, is of a more refined, exalted, and exquisite character. It was to the present group we pointed, when we said, this artist well knows how to discriminate between the simplicity of rustics and that of superior natures.

We understand that *Mr. R. G. Freebairn* is a young artist, and there are certain symptoms of immaturity about his *Psyche*, (a statue in marble) No. 1051: but to have accomplished the carving of a statue in marble is no slight matter: and the present figure possesses much of innocence, and of feminine beauty in its budding state. The stars on her butterfly wings are a novelty, and not without an acceptable poetical suggestion. Her limbs are finely rounded, and, generally speaking, ably drawn: the feet, more especially, are elegant, and of that uncompressed description which belongs to the class of demi-gods. The left hand is not quite so good as that which holds the butterfly.

There is something comic in the transition from this beautiful Greek fable, to the matter-of-fact statue of John Wesley, which stands next it: something grand withal, for the eye, and the mind's eye, seem to take in two systems of mythology at a single glance.

It is entitled, *Model of a Statue of the late Reverend John Wesley, to be executed in marble*, by S. Manning, and numbered 1052. We are old enough to have the honour of remembering John; and, assuredly, the present figure brings him strongly back to our recollection. He here holds his little Bible in his left hand, as he was accustomed to do, while he points heavenward with his right. These hands are ably modelled; but we think his figure might have been enlarged a little, without detriment to his memory. His clerical dress, when viewed in front, appears redundant and cumbersome in quantity, and is deficient in sculpturesque simplicity of forms. There is an idea of a wave breaking near his feet on the shore. Is this to indicate that he crossed the Atlantic on his divine mission? Or is Apostle John Wesley here represented as the "rock of salvation" against which the waves of polemic warfare may spend their fury in vain?

The busts of the present season are somewhat numerous, and among them are some very good ones of public characters. That of the patriotic *Earl Grey*, No. 1008, by W. Behnes, we deem a strong likeness of his Lordship, idealised to a very proper degree. *Northcote*, the Academician, No. 1039, is from the same hand, and the likeness of his worn but expressive countenance, equally good. *The Lord Chancellor*, by R. W. Sievier, is chiseled with great truth and a punctuality worthy of the subject: So is *S. Dobree, Esq.* by E. H. Baily, RA. No. 1027, *Hobhouse*, the MP. for Westminster, by J. Ternouth, No. 1040, and *C. C. Western, Esq.* the MP. for the county of Essex, by H. Hopper, No. 1042, are pretty good, both in likeness and execution; and *George Dance, Esq.* the late Royal Academician, modelled by Rossi, No. 1024, is capital. But, ah! our old friend *Munden*, who was wont to set the playhouse in a roar, is here to the life; which we scarcely need to have said, since it is from the accomplished chisel of Baily, the Academician. It is numbered 1030.

Here is also No. 1061, a marble *Statue of Doctor Jenner*, of vaccine-inoculation celebrity, *to be erected in Gloucester Cathedral*, by R. W. Sievier, which is in a characteristic attitude; carved with great taste and precision; and should be reckoned among the works most worthy of favourable notice, which are at present contained in this ill-contrived and inefficient dungeon-gallery of sculpture.

THE MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

THE rapid but almost uniform succession of musical events common to this season has been enlivened by no one novel incident, except the arrivals of Pasta, Velluti, and Moscheles, the pianist. The former has received her due share of homage at the King's Theatre, where she has appeared as *Desdemona* in Rossini's *Otello*, and as *Semiramis* in the opera of that name. This great artiste is an example of the continually progressive power of talent, when cultivated with enthusiasm and industry. It is, indeed, a difficult task even for the microscopic eye of mature judgment to discover an increase of polish where the surface is already so smooth and brilliant. The best of our critics, however, discover that Madame Pasta has increased both the grandeur and the finish of her style, since last year.

Signor Velluti has been yet heard but by very few persons, and those principally of the highest condition. He arrived on the 4th or 5th of May, just as the Duke of Devonshire had invited parties to two concerts on the succeeding Fridays. The original plan was, to divide the patronage equally between the English and the foreign schools. The first concert was to be wholly English—the second wholly Italian. Sir George Smart conducted. The arrival, however, of Velluti, was of too much importance to fashion, not to be immediately notified to his Grace, who immediately determined that the Signor must sing at Devonshire House. A more splendid and select occasion for the display of his abilities could not have occurred, and, accordingly, the English concert was diversified by the strains of the Italian Soprano. The reputation of Velluti has long preceded him. That charming writer (Stendahl), the author of the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*, and Rossini, has spoken of him in a manner to swell his fame, by making him the proximate cause of Rossini's florid (or second) manner of composition. He has, indeed, been idolized upon the Continent, and an anecdote is in circulation (on the authority, we believe, of a letter written by an English teacher of singing, lately sojourning at Florence, and who was present at the occasion) which shows how far musical enthusiasm extends in that region of Virtù. Velluti executed an air in a private party given by an official personage in so exquisite a manner, that the lady of the house actually rose from her seat, and rushing across the room, kissed the singer's hand in token of the delight she experienced. Such have been the triumphs of the vocalist in the country of music.

Signor Velluti is said to be no more than twenty-four years of age. He is tall, thin, and of sallow complexion, which adds at least three years in appearance to his reputed time of life.* The compass of his

* We have seen a letter from a young nobleman at Florence, which speaks from personal knowledge in the highest terms of praise of the private character and amiable disposition of this remarkable singer, upon whom the *TIMES* has made so brutal, and, at the same time, so ridiculous an attack. We are very sure that "public morals and

voice appears to be from G. in the treble to B. in alt, and, in addition to the peculiarity of tone incident to a falsetto, it has three distinct registers. The same remark has been applied to Madame Pasta's voice, and, indeed, it belongs to the manner of forming the tone, which is understood to be according to principles of the great Roman school. The lower notes come distinctly from the chest in the manner as nearly as can be described of producing a bass voice—the middle notes constitute *la voix mixte*, or that kind which blends the chest and head voice according to the cast of sentiment, or the volume necessary to be employed. The higher are those of the head voice, or *voce di testa*, as the Italians call it. Strange to say, these registers are more easily apprehensible in Velluti's execution than consists either with the gratification of the ear, or with that finish which such an artist would be imagined to have striven to accomplish. He sung two pieces. At the first concert, a Barcarolle—*La Notte si Bella*, by Perucchini, and *Notte tremenda Romanza* by Morlacchi. His style is unquestionably impassioned, finished, and masterly, and his success was complete. But there is great difficulty in recommending the tone and the manner to English ears and English feelings.

At the second Concert he again sang, and with no less effect. It was intended to introduce him, we are told, at De Begnis' benefit to the public, in Mayerbeer's Opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. This Opera, however, cannot be got up, and Romeo and Giuletta is substituted for it. Velluti is in the habits of intimate friendship with Mayerbeer, who, it was reported, intended to have accompanied him to England. We have not, however, heard that he is here.

Pasta will probably help the *Director* of the King's Theatre (as he coxcombically entitles himself) through this unfortunate season of delay and difficulty, and, probably, loss. It really should seem as if, next year, a totally new arrangement *must* be made, and we hope, for the sake of the public, it will not be a patched up bargain of expedients. The falling in of the property boxes will throw a weight into the scale of the proprietor, and it is to be earnestly desired that the whole concern may be at once cleared of its incumbrances, in order that it may go on satisfactorily and profitably, or that, should this not be the case, the projector of the new Opera will meet with that assistance and patronage his design deserves and the pleasures of the public demand.

We hear that about this time, a band of nearly four hundred performers is assembling at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the conduct of Mr. Ries, so lately a resident in this country, but who has retired to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, in his native village. Alexander's Feast, and

public decency" run much greater risk from such champions as the writers in the Times, than from any injury they are likely to sustain from Signor Velluti. Had not this newspaper made the question about Velluti's appearance a *public* affair, the *public* would have known nothing about the matter. Velluti is the *last* victim of a cruel practice, now in disuse.—*Editor*.

some of Handel's other works, and some of the German composers, are to be performed on the 24th and 25th of May.

The principal benefit concerts are going on almost nightly, as usual, during the month of May. Those of Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, and Bellamy, *cum multis aliis*, have swept past us nearly without regard, so uniform were their performances. Messrs. J. and F. Cramer gave a morning concert, at which was introduced Mr. T. Wright, a clever young harp player from Brighton. But the most singular benefit was that of Mr. Hawes, who, in order to bring to the test the glory of Carl Maria von Weber (by the publication of whose *Freischutz* the firm of Hawes and Welch aver they have gained so much money), gave a concert consisting wholly of his music. *Der Freischutz* was performed entire, and sung by Messrs. Braham, Terrail, Phillips, and Bellamy, and by Misses Paton, Goodall, Betts, &c. and a full chorus. After the failure of *Preciosa*, Mr. Hawes had well nigh cut the throat of his benefactor, for never was any thing so little adapted to a concert room, or so irredeemably heavy, save where the chorus of owls—the Gong (by Mr. Hawes himself) and the seven last words of Mr. Phillips, relieved the dullness by producing irresistible laughter. *Natur und Liebe*, a cantata by the same author, which had been previously brought out at the oratorios, completed the opiate draught, and they who remained, slept. The cantata has bright parts, but it adds little or nothing to the credit of Weber. The Misses Cawse sang in it, but the audience were either going away during the whole time of its performance, or too “full of heaviness” to listen.

Mrs. Salmon, we regret to say, enfeebled by her incessant professional exertions, has been compelled to seek the restoration of her beautiful voice in absolute repose. At the beginning of this month she surrendered all her engagements, finding it impossible to overcome a nervous apprehension, which invalidated her powers. This is a very singular effect, for Mrs. Salmon is in the flower of her age (about thirty-six), temperate in her habits, as we well know, and in full bodily health. The failure of her voice which, however, we are glad to hear is already in a degree remedied by rest, is entirely the effect of nervous impressions.

So ends the relation of this month's active campaign. The private concerts have been numerous, and, amongst the most distinguished, those of several city amateurs. We hear that the revival of the City Amateur Concert is spoken of, and we hope report will ripen into action, for never was there a better concert in London, and it was peculiarly honourable to the place whose name it took.

There have been several concerts in the provinces, particularly at Oxford, where the Misses Cawse assisted. A grand festival is, we believe, to take place at Derby in the autumn. Catalani is gone to France.

[We are compelled for want of space to defer the notice of new musical publications to our next number.]

EXTRACTS

FROM

MR. CROKER'S JOURNAL,

KEPT DURING A

LATE ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE TOPOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF
RUSSELL-SQUARE.*

ON the 8th of May, 1825, two carriages bearing stores for the journey, left the Admiralty about eleven A. M. and, shortly after, dropped down to Charing Cross. Our company was divided as to the direction we should now take; but, by the advice of Mr. Barrow, to whose northern knowledge we have been so much indebted, we steered our course up the Haymarket, from which place we were enabled, through the kindness of the Marquis of Hertford, whose carriage was driving in the direction we were leaving, to send letters to our friends at Whitehall. We threw out a champagne bottle at Panton-street, but it was picked up by Mr. Charles Wright, one of the natives. We lost some time in a fruitless attempt to get through Panton-square, but were repulsed, and compelled to go through Princes-street, a narrow channel issuing into Oxford-street. Put in to Wood and Water in Lisle-street. It may not be here irrelevant to mention a certain curious slimy matter which floated along both sides of our way in streams of great length, resembling dirty water. We found we had made too far to the westward, and were obliged to take a more easterly direction, bearing at the same time to the northward. We now arrived at a narrow inlet, which, in compliment to Captain Lyon, we named Lyon-street, but it brought us into passages from which we found great difficulty in extricating ourselves. We named these the Seven Dials. Saw a shoal of mackarel here. Pursuing our way due north, we arrived at Dyot-street, which, in compliment to His Majesty, we new-named George-street.† The savages inhabiting this part of the world, which is laid down in the charts as Saint Giles's (and is so named from the reputed piety of the natives), speak a jargon very nearly resembling Irish: I even thought I could distinguish the meaning of some of their expressions. They are peculiarly fond of two

* Most of our readers will recollect that in a late debate relative to the removal of the Angerstein pictures to the British Museum, Mr. Croker (though one of the trustees) expressed himself uncertain as to the situation of that unheard-of place: but on Mr. Peel's stating that it was near Russell-square, the learned secretary of the Admiralty asserted that he did not at all know in what part of London Russell-square was! Mr. Barrow, however, asserting as positively a belief in the possibility of discovering that square as he has of finding a north-west passage, Mr. Croker was induced to fit out the above expedition. Our extracts from his journal will perhaps spare our readers the infliction of Mr. Croker's quarto, to be published by Mr. John Murray.

† This street is now so named.

liquids of an intoxicating quality, of which the one is black and bitter to the taste, according to Mr. Theodore Hook's report, and the other is clear and pungent. These liquors are called in their language *beehre* and *jinn*; the meaning of these words we could not discover. It is quite impossible to describe the effect of the yells, shouts, and laughter of these savages: their females are far from shy, and embraced us with apparently cordial demonstrations of affection. One of them picked my pocket of a metal snuff-box. A first interview does not authorise my attempting to describe their features: but I may safely say that even in a dozen visits I could not have discovered the natural colour of their skin. The men had black or red beards, and were evidently quite ignorant of the use of a razor. Their coin is of a brown colour; and on the various pieces of this they appear to set a high value. We procured several of these medals, which are barbarously wrought, and treasured them up as curiosities. We offered one of the savages a glass of wine, but when he tasted it, he cried out *too-we-ak! too-we-ak!* which we suppose signified in his language *Wine*. Most of these persons are notorious beggars.

Having explored this interesting place, we made the best of our way through an outlet, which we named, in compliment to his Grace of Wellington, *Duke-street*, and found ourselves in a wide opening, in which stood a building, containing bows and arrows belonging to the savages, rude materials for fishing, armour, spears, &c. and a great many coloured stones on which the natives who guarded the building appeared to set a high value. The walls were covered with coloured daubings, bearing evident proofs of their being executed by a person quite ignorant of the art. Mr. Hook said they were better *hung* than *executed*—a new joke which made us all laugh heartily. We named this building the *Museum*.

Shot a tame pigeon and put it in the boot.

From various indications, we were led to believe that we were now approaching some square; we saw several tracks of wheels, and heard the lumbering of heavy sledges, called in this part of the world *koa-tches*. I took the glass but could descry nothing but a carver and gilder. Mr. Barrow was convinced that the distant buildings which we observed formed the square for which we were so anxiously searching; several savages were seen on our way, quite different in their attire and manner from those we had left; being much fairer in their complexions, and dressed with more regard to decency. They still, however, bore marks of their barbarous origin: the coats of the men hung down to their heels, and they evidently set a high value upon bright brass buttons. The women were rather handsome, and evidently aimed at conquest: but their dress and manner, in Mr. Hook's opinion, were what he wittily styled *Bloomsburyish*. This was a word he had caught from one of the creatures of this distant region; we could

not discover its meaning, but it was often repeated by these savages, and seemed to be the name of some remote territory.

A chief of one of the inlets in this neighbourhood offered me his daughter for a pound of tin tacks,—but I thought of home, and preserved my virtue and my nails.

Notwithstanding the confident hopes of Mr. Barrow, and my own assurance, the company began to doubt very much of the existence of Russell-square. A party selected from our number had visited the spot descried by Mr. Barrow, but, on their return, we found by their report that Bedford-square (as laid down in the charts) was the place of which we had fancied we were the discoverers. However, we were resolved to persevere in our search; and, by steering through a wide channel, which we named Montague-street, we arrived at last at the object of our journey, about five p. m.

I shall now attempt to describe the savages which we found in this square.

Persons of the Savages.—The men are chiefly middle sized, except round the middle, with vulgar features. The women are sometimes handsome, but many of them have a Jewish cast of face. A double chin is common among them, and they are all inclined to be fat, especially, as Mr. Hallam remarked, towards the middle ages.

Dress and Ornaments.—The skins of sheep are principally employed in clothing the male savages; and those of calves in making their square-toed boots and shoes, as being more capable of resisting water. The winter dress is a huge ill-made coat of sheep's skin, of its natural dirty-white colour. The head covering is sometimes white, and presents a strange contrast to the deep crimson countenance it half covers. Their coats hang quite loose, and are never allowed to button tight; the creases thus produced behind have a pleasing effect. The shirt is of coarse linen, and round the neck is negligently twisted a web of very ill-washed stuff, of a thinner texture. The leg-gear have seldom braces attached to them; they are generally of a grey or drab colour. The boots are made very large—so much so, indeed, as to give the effect of several pairs being worn at once under each other. The dresses of the women are generally of a bright yellow, red, or green colour, and the boots of the fair sex are so large, as to have the appearance of leather sacks. Their children are stuffed, at an early age, into a dress which has jacket and breeches in one. The male savages dress their hair by cutting it smooth across the forehead: the women divide theirs, tying it in a huge bunch on the crown. They are a cleanly people, but given to oil in their sallads.

Machines.—Such of the savages as have a *ko-atch* are considered persons of property. These machines are very large, capable of holding thirteen or fourteen people. They have no outsides.

Travelling and Geographical Knowledge.—The savages of this part

of the world have a propensity to travel ; but their journeys are generally towards the East or North. There are two places, however, to which they migrate in bodies annually, towards the summer season. These are called *Ramz-gait* and *Mar-gait*. Few of the savages are ignorant of these two places ; but even those who have been so far, know very little to the westward of their own country. There are distant tribes, lying to the southward, with whom they hold occasional intercourse : these tribes inhabit a place called *Ken-nin-gton*. Marriages have even taken place between these distant nations, and travellers from both countries have mutually visited these widely separated regions.

The savages of Russell-square do not, like many other wild people, imagine that there is no country beyond their own to the westward : they have even some faint ideas of what these unseen countries are, and have much pleasure in hearing of them, and the manners of their inhabitants. They have traditionary stories of West end people, and speak of them with reverence and admiration ; but their knowledge of their country is bounded by

Hospitality.—Of this virtue we had convincing proofs, on the shelter we received when we arrived as strangers at the abode of one of these savages. We ate and drank as we pleased at the Red Lion, and the chief was a purple urbane man, not very extortionate. The people are as hospitable as Arabs, and give whatever food they possess with good will. The latter, to be sure, is by no means inviting. The fish is rudely cooked, and the meat is served up in large pieces, almost raw. The drink is a liquor called *O-por-to*, which is of a rough taste, intoxicating quality, and red colour, which it communicates to the fingers. *Beehre* is also drank.

Weapons.—Knives are generally in use. These are of a huge size, like scythes, and have rude handles of bone. The forks are of iron. Mr. Hook wittily called them *haymakers*. These weapons are generally used about five, p. m. at which hour these barbarians feed.

Treatment of their Women and Children.—The women are treated tolerably well ; are rarely if ever beaten ; are never compelled to work, are only tattoed twice a year ; and are allowed, in household affairs, greater authority than the men. The children are in general tenderly treated ; and I do not know any instance of any of these savages having put an end to his own offspring. I believe the fathers rarely eat their young ; though I was told that boiled child, with parsley and butter, was no bad relish. The little boys play with drums and bats, and the little girls with dolls.

Amusements.—In the evenings the savages assemble at each other's houses, which are lighted up with candles, made of tallow : their chief amusement at these meetings is leaping and kicking their partners with great violence, to the sounds produced by drawing horse-hair across cat-gut : this amusement they call a *kad-reel*. The women eat

lumps of ice, which they consider a delicacy: the men swallow a composition called *kape*, of a muddy brown colour, or the decoction of log-wood before mentioned, which goes under the name of *O-por-to*. A rude kind of singing is also practised: I brought away a melody or two, but they are not unlike Rule Britannia, and God Save the King.

Natural History.—This region is chiefly inhabited by bulls and bears, who come from the eastward. Flocks of gulls and geese are also seen in large numbers towards the evening; and tame asses are abundant.

Here ceases the regular journal of our expedition; and having ascertained that such a place as Russell-square actually lay about lat. 50 or 60, and longitude 120, we set out on our return. We found the place rather thickly peopled, and one of the natives attracted our notice by the ingenuity he displayed in making rather clever daubs with colours upon coarse cloth. This individual's name was *Sirt-omasl-awr-ens*.*

Our carriage drifted on a *Postberg* at the corner of Hanway-yard, but the tide setting in, we floated off without doing much damage. Our men were all well on the way except Mr. Barrow, who was extremely square-sick on his return.

* On my return I had a singular dream. I had been much gratified with the sight of this savage's daubings, and had sat down to read a few pages of *Sayings and Doings*, when I fell into a deep slumber, and dreamed that I was in the habit of dining with this barbarian painter once a week.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. VI.

Paris, May 18, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though your newspapers have doubtless mentioned the event which I shall make the first topic of my letter, though it will be no *news* to you, it has made so much noise here, it marks so forcibly the change in our manners, and it is so perfectly *literary*, that I am sure you will think me justified in dwelling upon it at some length. I allude to the astonishing fact that our celebrated poet, Casimir de la Vigne, has refused the pension of 50*l.* a year, granted him by the King. Every body says, “Positively if it were not for M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, there would be nothing to laugh at in Paris.” This noble Viscount, who enjoys the privilege of gratifying our taste for the ludicrous, is the person who has brought this rebuff upon Royalty.

One morning, about the end of the month of April, M. Sosthènes inserted in the three newspapers which he bought last year for the benefit of the Jesuits, and which he has in part sold again to M. de

Villèle, that, in consequence of his representations, the King had been graciously pleased to grant the Cross of the Legion of Honour to Messrs. de la Martine and Victor Hugo. Nothing could be more appropriate than such a reward for two Ultra poets, both very harmonious, but seldom guilty of awakening the public mind by a new idea, or a profound reflection. Two days after, M. Sosthènes thought proper to insert in his papers, "The King has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of 50*l.* a year to M. Casimir de la Vigne." Now it must here be observed, that M. de la Vigne, *liberal* as he is, is still more acute and dexterous. The character of the young poet is said to be neither young nor poetical. He saw with the rapid and certain glance of a veteran diplomatist, that if, under actual circumstances, he accepted a pension from the King, he laid himself under an absolute obligation to write a poem on the Coronation. M. de la Vigne knows perfectly well that since the passing of the law of the Rentes, the Indemnity, the taking away the pension of the old and respectable Legendre, and such like acts, every poet who eulogizes the present administration may lay his account for seeing his reputation dwindle away within the year. We find it difficult to combine the tender and elevated feelings which it is the province of poetry to excite, with profound contempt for the poet. Now it is impossible to believe that a man of M. de la Vigne's taste and talents can sincerely admire the stupid vandalism of Messrs. Corbière, &c. &c.

Happily for M. de la Vigne, the pension, by means of which M. Sosthènes thought to catch him, is supremely ridiculous. What, cries the public, do you give *money* to M. de la Vigne, the second, or, at any rate, the third in the rank of our poets, while you give honours to M. de la Martine, his equal, and to M. Hugo, so greatly his inferior?

The nomination of M. de la Vigne to a seat in the Académie had already drawn from his bookseller (one Ladvocat, the fashionable bookseller, a vulgar coxcomb;) this characteristic remark: "I intended to print fifteen hundred copies of de la Vigne; but now that he is got into the Académie, I will print only five hundred." This speech *took* with the public, because it is the expression of the prevailing opinion.—Since, from the total want of civil courage among the French people, there is no opposition to power in *actions*, the whole public attention is turned to opposition in *words*. The excellence and the success of Béranger's songs, and the magnanimity with which this true poet bears poverty (Béranger has not a hundred and twenty pounds a year), have already consigned the more pliant talents of M. de la Vigne to the second rank in *liberal* estimation. It was a disastrous thing for him that his election to the Academy, which could not be gained without thirty-nine very humble visits to people, many of whom are the objects of universal contempt, occurred just at the time M. de Béranger published his song of Octavie. The comparison was fatal to M. de la Vigne's popularity. In such a state of public opinion, to accept a pension was to descend to a level with M. Baour

Lormian, a very harmonious, and formerly popular poet, who, in consequence of the threat that he should be deprived of his pension of two hundred and forty pounds a year, has just published a poem on the Coronation. These considerations have induced M. de la Vigne to venture upon an action unheard of in France, and in violent opposition to our manners and habits of thinking. He has *refused a favour from the King*. This unparalleled insolence has produced an incredible effect on the higher classes, and throughout the Faubourg St. Germain.

On the very day when M. de la Vigne saw the article concerning himself in the Paris paper, he addressed to M. Sosthènes a letter, which a man imbued with the prejudices of our old monarchy would have found it very difficult to write. It is a master-piece of caution and address.

To conceive the amount of the scandal caused in the aristocratic circles by the astounding step which M. de la Vigne has taken, you must understand that before the year 1790, if a man, of what rank or station soever, had thought proper to refuse the smallest pension from the King, society would have trembled to its very foundations. The most daring philosophers, Voltaire, d'Alembert, d'Holbach, would have condemned such an act as disgustingly cynical. Our manners, our opinions as to these conventional duties, have, indeed, undergone a great change since that period, but no one had openly declared and demonstrated that change. The author of the *Messeniennes* has certainly proved that he is not deficient in courage. M. Sosthènes was frightened at the young poet's letter, and sent to beg him to call at the Hôtel de la Maison du Roi. And here I would fain invoke the aid of some muse. How can any mortal pen convey to you a faithful description of the conversation which took place between the most genuine specimen of unadulterated folly and stupidity to be found among the relics of the *old regime*, and the most acute and most dexterous young man of the new. I could fill ten pages with the delightful details which have formed the amusement of all the drawing-rooms in Paris, but my trouble would probably be all thrown away. How many people here do you think understood the "*so help me God*," with which Mr. Brougham concluded his allusion to the speech of a Royal Duke?

Nothing diverts us so much as the exquisitely *naïf* astonishment expressed by the Viscount on his reception of M. de la Vigne. How, Sir, do you refuse a favour from the King? You do not then love his Majesty? "Sir, I respect the King, as the charter renders it my duty to do, as the head of the state. I confess that I *should* love him if his Majesty saw fit to execute justice on a ministry which suffers France to be degraded and humbled abroad, and tries to stupify and enfeeble her at home. You must perceive, Sir, that if these men succeed in completely stupifying France, I, who live by my pen, am a ruined man." Imagine a conversation which had such a beginning. The wonderful silliness of M. Sosthènes afforded M. de la Vigne an opportunity of ad-

ministering to him in successive doses all the epigrams which have diverted us for the last four months at the expense of the knaves who govern France.

"But, Sir," said the sagacious Sosthènes, "suppose the King had done you the distinguished honour of inviting you to hunt with him?" "Why then, Sir," replied Casimir, "I should have answered that I am short sighted, and that I don't hunt." But, Sir, refuse a pension from the KING! such a thing was never heard of! "Then, Sir, it will be heard of."

When the report of this refusal got wind, a very liberal poet named Dupaty, son of the President Dupaty, exclaimed, speaking of M. de la Vigne, "Ah! that fellow has ruined us all!" Sosthènes had, indeed, imagined that he could buy all the liberal writers at the rate of fifty pounds a year each; whilst such creatures as Chaget, Martinville, Desangiers, in short, the Southey's and Hook's of France, have two hundred and forty. I really don't know how to leave off talking to you of this amusing affair.

The important observation to be made, however, is, that the higher nobles of the present day who are sunk into a degree of stupidity unexampled in the annals of the French court, are destroying inch by inch the brilliant glory which has surrounded the royal person and dignity ever since the time of Louis XIV. The very name of King produced a magical effect on our fathers. Charles X. who never opens his mouth without saying an agreeable thing, and the noble Dauphin, who stands high in public esteem, notwithstanding the robberies of the people who surround him, were more formed to prolong this anti-constitutional *prestige* than any of their predecessors. It is, however, fast disappearing, thanks to Messrs. Corbière and Sosthènes. Some, complaining of a new abuse, of which M. Sosthènes was the author, accused him of being anti-constitutional. "He anti-constitutional!" replied the old fox, Talleyrand. "He is doing more than any man in France to bring about the despotism of the charter."

Histoire de la Révolution de 1688 en Angleterre, par F. Mazure, Inspecteur Général des Etudes sous les Ordes de M. l'Evêque d'Hermopolis. 3 vols. in 8vo.

An unfailing means of getting the disfavour of the Bourbon government is to publish a book. Things would go on much better if nobody read;—no books ought to be written but such as dissuade the people from reading—these are the two fundamental maxims of the Abbé de la Mennais, and the Abbé Ronsin, the two leaders of Jesuitism in France, and of M. Corbière, Minister of the Interior, and their agent in the ministry. What confidence, then, can be felt in a historical work written by a public functionary (M. Mazure is, as you perceive, Inspecteur Général des Etudes), especially a work treating of a portion of

history in which the Jesuits play a very important, but not very brilliant part; for, colour it how they will, the fact remains, that their tool, James II. was driven from his throne and his country by the philosophical Prince William of Orange.

I should, therefore, have avoided reading M. de Mazure's work, the more so as it is written heavily, and in the embarrassed style of a man who is afraid of committing himself, and who wishes to acquire a literary reputation without losing his place; but to my great surprise, this book is much read in the higher circles. The Dauphin has read it, and speaks favourably of it. The Ultra party is composed of three degrees or shades. The voraciously ambitious, who want places and money directly, are the only section of the party entirely devoted to the Jesuits. A large proportion of the Ultras are old and timid; and, as they enjoy a great many of the good things Government has at its disposal, would be very well content that affairs should remain as they are. Others of the party, again, are jealous of the priests, and fear lest the Jesuits, after their complete triumph, should take advantage of the utter and deplorable ignorance of the whole body of emigrant nobility, to turn them out of all share in the management of affairs. M. de Mazure's book may be of considerable use to two of these divisions of the Ultra party. Even his bad style is in his favour. It is clear that he is not a *philosopher*.

Louis XIV. supported James II. in his contest with his people, just as the Emperor Alexander urges on Charles X. to resist the inclinations of the French. Like Louis XVIII. Charles II. died upon the throne, because he was not a mere tool of Louis XIV. as Charles X. without perceiving it, is of Alexander.

You may tell me, that though M. de Mazure's history is interesting to the Faubourg St. Germain, it by no means follows that it deserves to be read in England—certainly not; but yet I advise you to run it over. It is in three volumes; the first contains nothing curious, or new to English readers. The two last volumes *clearly prove* that the alliance of Louis XIV. was the main cause of James's ruin. M. de Mazure has had access to all the minutes of the letters laid before Louis XIV.; minutes which Mr. Fox probably never saw. M. de Mazure has been careful not to give any extracts, nor any striking anecdotes, illustrative of the insolence and absurdity which characterized the reign of Louis XIV. But, in spite of his caution and forbearance, M. de Mazure has given proofs which must be conclusive, even to the most vehement Tory or Ultra, that Louis XIV. ruined James II., just as Alexander and the Jesuits will perhaps ruin Charles X. James involved himself in difficulties for the sake of popery; while the Pope leagued with William against him. Europe had the same sort of fear of Louis XIV. in 1680, as it had of Napoleon in 1810—the same sort of fear, I might say, as all kings now have of their subjects.

I advise all lovers of history, who can get over their dread of a tedious style, or their disgust at a timid, not to say a suspicious, veracity, to go

through the two last volumes of the Revolution of 1688. This work, published in Italy, would have been thought a chef d'œuvre. In France we are accustomed to more frankness and more talent. We tell a poor man who is afraid of losing his place, "My good friend, don't write." During the ministry of the Duke de Richelieu, M. de Mazure had the key of the most secret archives of the French government. This is an advantage which no other man will enjoy in our time, unless there is a revolution.

An historical work, of a character directly opposed to that of M. de Mazure, is the History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, in three volumes, octavo, by M. Thierry. As it relates to your own history, and as it is to appear in an English dress, it is unnecessary for me to occupy your time in discussing its merits. It appears to me written in a good spirit and an agreeable style. I doubt, however, whether it will go through three editions, as M. de Barante's Dukes of Burgundy has done, or whether twelve thousand copies of it will be sold, as was the case with the Retreat of Moscow, by Count Philip de Segur.

The author is, in my judgment, deficient in simplicity and in genuine sensibility. He is, however, a man of real and profound learning, and his work is the fruit of four years of unremitting labour, undertaken with sincerity and singleness of purpose. There is so little of *bonne foi* in French literature, that I should be truly rejoiced to see this history succeed. The author is a very estimable young man, possessed of great acquirements—he is particularly distinguished as a linguist.

The most astonishing book for the audacity of the falsehoods it contains, is the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, the third and fourth volumes of which have just appeared. Every body laughs at these falsehoods. We all know, for instance, that Madame de Genlis's poor father was never in his life the Seigneur of his village, that in her youth she was never called Countess. Madame de Genlis, like Queen Caroline of Naples, conceives the most especial and bitter hatred against her lovers; she is continually calumniating them—a great many men are, consequently, abused. The only exception she makes is in favour of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité); but then, Madame de Genlis receives a pension of about five hundred a year from the Orleans family. The present duke, who is a good sort of man, and very like a fat English Milord, as we think, draws around him a great number of people of talent. M. Casimir de la Vigne is his librarian. The Duke is educating the six young Princes, his sons, extremely well. He is right, say the Parisians; fifteen years hence, mental superiority will decide which shall have the crown, the Duke of Bourdeaux, the King of Rome, or the Duke of Chartres.

The house of Orleans has been amused by a little trait, which shows how far Madame de Genlis, in spite of her advanced age, pushes hypocrisy; the quality on which the reputation of a French woman does, in fact, completely depend. A clerk of the Duke called last month to pay

her the month's pension then due. Madame de Genlis happened not to have a good pen at hand, and, as she prides herself greatly on her beautiful hand-writing, she begged the clerk to have the kindness to write the receipt for her. This the young man immediately proceeded to do. Madame de Genlis suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, sir, what are you doing?" The young clerk started up in a fright. "How sir," continued she, "attached as you are to the august house of Bourbon, is it possible that you can write so? How are such abominations suffered in the family of Monseigneur?" The poor young man was at a loss to conceive what she meant—nor was it till after the lapse of full ten minutes, that Madame de Genlis affected to recover from the violent effects of her indignation sufficiently to be able to explain herself to the terrified clerk. All this agitation was caused by her having perceived, while looking over his shoulder, that he wrote the imperfect tenses with an *a* instead of an *o*; in short, that he followed the impious orthography of Voltaire. This story is, perhaps, a little too long, but I thought it worth giving as a specimen of the manners of the Faubourg St. Germain. These are the constant and minute arts of hypocrisy, by which the fair and noble inhabitants of that part of the town obtain pardon from public opinion for all their *little frailties*; such as selling their persons to disgusting old Princes.—Vide de Béranger's Song of Octavie.

Mandement de M. le Cardinal de Croy, grand Aumonier, Archevêque de Rouen, accompagné d'une refutation, par M. Alexis Dumesnil. 8vo.

Two thousand copies of this work were sold at Rouen in two days. Never was a man execrated in France as M. de Villèle is at this moment. We can find no parallel to the bitter and unanimous hatred he excites, unless in the instance of Cardinal Mazarin. The amusing part of the story is, that it is to M. de Villèle that the King, I will not say the nation, is obliged for all the absurdities and blunders which our unhappy ministry contrives to avoid. Since the law against sacrilege, we have begun to invoke the excess of evil as the only thing which can stop the mad career of the Jesuits and emigrants, and bring us back to the moderate government of 1819. The French are a strange people. Would you believe that Rouen, and, indeed, all Normandy, were on the point of being thrown into a state of insurrection by this Cardinal de Croy's mandate. Now this exquisite piece of absurdity does, in fact, injure nobody. Its sole object is to revive some absurd usages of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But Norman vanity could not stand this insult to their understandings. M. de Croy is a peer, and therewithal so acute and well informed, that during the whole debate on baratry, an offence cognizable by the Admiralty courts, he fully believed and told those around him, that the whole discussion related to the law against sacrilege. M. Lessure, the author of the mandate which has put the Normans in such ferment, has been secretly exiled.

Discours de M. de Girardin, sur l'état de la France, et les prétentions du parti vainqueurs prononcé le 11 Mai, 1825.

This speech is written with all the archness of la Bruyere. It says nothing, however, that is not borne out by facts. I advise you to read it. The author is dying, and this will probably be his last work. Besides, we shall have no more such speeches next year.

The censorship on newspapers will probably be re-established after the King's solemn entry into Paris, on the 4th of June. The articles in the *Journal des Debats*, which is read by the class of rich landholders, are what peculiarly afflict M. de Villèle. The judges, who do not chuse to infamize themselves in society to please a minister who may not remain in office six months, and who, moreover, does not pay them, have declared that they will condemn no writers but such as attack religion, or the sacred person of the King.

Charles X. cannot get over the mortification of having been received with a dead silence when he rode on horseback in Paris. The *Tartuffe* has been repeatedly acted at Paris, since it was prohibited at Rouen by M. de Croy. At the end of the play an officer of justice pronounces these words, "Nous vivons sous un Prince ennemi de la fraude." About a week ago, a man who begun to applaud this line at the *Odéon*, was overpowered by hisses, and cries of "Down with the Jesuits!" "We'll have no Jesuits!" In short, every body now sees that James II. has succeeded his brother. It seems as if two years had passed over our heads since the 16th of September, 1824. This is the only truth with regard to the present state of France which M. Girardin has not dared to tell.

Vers prononcés à St. Geneviève, par Mademoiselle Delphine Gay. In 8vo.

We have two poetesses in France. Mdme. Tastu, the wife of a printer, has, in my opinion, most talent. She is a successful imitator of the splenetic and melancholy style of M. de la Martine. She attempts to imitate Lord Byron; but her incessant and laborious emphasis is very fatiguing, even in the clouds. Mdlle. Delphine Gay, whom I place after Mdme. Tastu, has a sort of audacity which certainly does keep one from yawning. This Mdlle. Gay is constantly talking of her mother, and of the good fortune and happiness of being handsome. Mdlle. Delphine would certainly be very handsome, if she did not carry affectation to a pitch of absurdity, astonishing even at Paris. Judge for yourself from the following incident:—Our best artist, M. Gros, has just painted the interior of the little cupola of St. Geneviève. This church is the one formerly called the Pantheon; it is a pretty good copy of Greek architecture, and, until the Exchange was built, the best thing of its kind in Paris. M. Gros's work consists of fifty figures, twelve feet high. Clovis, Charlemagne, Saint Louis, Louis XVIII. the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Bourdeaux, represented with no other covering than the blue cordon of the Holy Ghost, are

the principal personages. It is a very middling performance ; but as Corbière and Sosthènes have decreed that Charles X. is to be surnamed the *Father of the Arts*, all the Ultra papers received orders to admire M. Gros's cupola. This happy cupola was also eulogized by the liberal papers, whose principal means of obtaining popularity is to flatter the French people ; and the greater the tastelessness and incapacity of this people for the arts, the stronger must be the dose of flattery.

M. Gros has been paid four thousand pounds for his cupola, and made a Baron. A fortnight ago Mdlle. Delphine Gay, having carefully arranged all the parts of her little drama, in concert with the Ultra fanatic priests of Saint Geneviève, invited two hundred persons, who ascended into the cupola (five hundred and fifty-two steps). There, mounted upon the painter's scaffold, which was left standing, and consequently *within the walls* of the sacred edifice, Mdlle. Gay, with wildness in her looks, and her fierce eyes starting from their sockets, recited two hundred lines. Never was Pythoness inspired by a more ardent flame, and never, assuredly, did a young girl, or even a married woman, in France, commit a more extravagant impropriety.

At the termination of this strange ceremony, the principal persons present, particularly the priests, approached Mdlle. Delphine, to congratulate her on the success of her poem. Several of her friends even went the length of throwing themselves at her feet, as if in a transport of admiration ; and all this in a Catholic church ! At the moment, too, when the law against sacrilege had just been passed ! And the heroine of this farce a young unmarried woman ! A young woman, too, who pretends to poetical inspiration ! I must confess that this scene appears to me even more ridiculous than the public communion of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia. Every thing is become stage effect and affectation among this unfortunate people. Is it impossible for a nation to reach a high point of civilization, without getting into the state in which no step, no motion, can be left to the guidance of nature, and to the impulse of the moment, and in which, consequently, every act is a lie ? If, for instance, the Americans ever come to be as clever as we are,—to write songs like Beranger's, and memoirs like M^{de}. de Genlis', will theatrical effect and affectation govern, with equally despotic sway, every thing they say or do ? In other words, will republican civilization lead to the same degree of continuous falsehood and affectation as the monarchical civilization of France and England ? Here is a question for the consideration of your philosophers.

I have often, perhaps too often, spoken of the Charlatanism which is the great curse of French literature. Almost all our authors of any celebrity write for the newspapers, and review their own books. You are aware that in France the daily papers perform the functions and take the place of literary reviews. We have, in fact, no reviews but M. Julien's ; and that is so tame and dull, that it has scarcely any other subscribers than foreigners. You must not be astonished at our

preference for daily papers ; your government is established, but we are still in a state of revolution. To return to the great bane of French literature, that shameless Charlatanism with which authors praise their own books. In theatrical affairs this goes to a still more incredible length ; with the exception of M. Scribe, there is, perhaps, not a single dramatic writer of any eminence who does not sit in judgment on himself. M. Etienne is one of the three principal editors of the *Constitutionnel*, and writes the articles professedly dedicated to dramatic subjects in the *Mercure*. M. Dupaty is editor of the *Pandore*, the most impudently mendacious of our minor journals. M. Dupaty writes very pretty comic operas. The theatrical criticism, that relating more particularly to the *Opera Comique*, is precisely the province allotted to M. Dupaty. M. Arnout writes tragedies ; M. Arnout, then, is the person to review tragedies in the *Pandore*. I could give you similar details respecting a score of dramatic writers less eminent than Etienne, Arnaut, and Dupaty. These will, however, suffice to give you an idea of this dreadful disease of our literature, and at the same time, of the rapture with which the public hailed a remarkable proof of courage on the part of the managers of the *Théâtre de Madame*. This theatre is almost the only one which faithfully depicts the social habits of the present race of Frenchmen. I have already made favourable mention of it, in speaking of *Coralie* and of *Le plus beau Jour de ma Vie*. To gain popularity, the *Théâtre de Madame* has been obliged to have recourse to Charlatanism, which is here indispensable to every individual, and to every collection of individuals,—even to the government. A fortnight ago, all the papers unanimously praised the *Théâtre de Madame*. For the last week they have been equally unanimous in abusing it in the most violent manner. What can have caused so sudden a revolution in opinions ? M. Scribe has had the boldness to bring *La Charlatanisme* on the stage. Such is the title of this astonishing piece of true and accurate painting, which now makes all Paris mad for the *Théâtre de Madame*. It appears that M. de Villèle, frightened at the unanimity of the hatred which he has to encounter, both from the court and city, has given orders to the censors of the drama to allow comic writers to sketch, but not to paint, the truth.

La Charlatanisme is founded on an historical fact. Forty years ago, the Baron Portal, now First Physician to the King, came up to Paris from Gascony. He had considerable merit in his profession, but was little known. He expended his first fees in fine laced liveries for three footmen whom he hired. Doctor Portal took care to be present at all the *roués*, and in the middle of the evening one of his footmen would be sure to come to the door, out of breath, with haste and agitation, to say that Marshall such-a-one, or Princess such-a-one, wanted Doctor Portal instantly. The porter, not knowing the names of the two or three hundred people in the drawing-room, sent up the Doctor's footman, who

made a great bustle among the company, entreating, as a matter of life and death, to be shown where he could find his master. All the nobility who lived near the superb lodgings which Doctor Portal took (and probably changed every six months) were sure to be wakened three times a week by a footman, always in some magnificent livery, calling for Doctor Portal to attend some great person.

The singular part of this history, and I should think particularly so to you English, is, that Doctor Portal relates this part of his history every year in his course of medical lectures. There cannot be a more striking instance of French *légèreté*. I am perfectly convinced that the physicians of the *Modern Athens* are just as quackish during the first years of their practice as those of Paris, but they do not boast of it. And now, dare I attempt to give you a sketch of M. Scribe's incomparable little drama? M. Delmare is a writer of Vaudevilles, which brings him in four thousand francs a month. M. Scribe is said to have drawn himself under the name of Delmare. Remy, a young physician, who (when they were fellow-students in the schools of the Faubourg St. Jaques nursed him in a dangerous illness and saved his life) hires a lodging in the house which M. Delmare has just bought with the fruits of the twenty Vaudevilles a-year he is in the habit of producing, and whose immortality, as he gaily observes, sometimes actually lasts a month. Delmare is induced by gratitude to offer to get up a reputation for Remy. The young physician, however, rejects the aid of *Charlatanism*, and chooses to make his way by dint of merit alone. M. Scribe has thus very cleverly avoided making his hero disgusting. Delmare is not deterred from his purposes, and his first step is, to buy up all the copies of a work on the Croup which Remy has just published. There is a vacancy at the Academy, and Delmare, whose mistress is the wife of a very influential Academician (the name of this Academician who nominates almost all the members of the Academy was pretty generally buzzed about the pit), succeeds in obtaining the place for Remy.

But the most diverting character in the piece, the character which has excited the fury of the Pandore, the Diable, the Globe, the Constitutionnel, and, indeed, all the papers, is that of Rondon, a newspaper writer. At his first appearance on the stage he has just been reading to the Committee of Management of the Théâtre de Madame a little comedy, in three acts, manufactured by himself and Delmare in three days. The actors to whom he has been reading his play having laughed, the two authors have not the slightest doubt that the piece will be favourably received. Rondon sits down at Delmare's desk, and composes an article, in the style of the Pandore and the Constitutionnel. He praises to the skies all the actors of the Théâtre de Madame, the manager, the orchestra, &c. &c. &c. During this scene the audience was positively convulsed with laughter.

While Rondon is reading this article to his colleague, Delmare, a

letter is brought from the manager of the Théâtre de Madame, announcing that the piece is rejected. Rondon instantly sits down again, and before the eyes of the delighted audience, totally changes the article which he has just been writing. In his new article he says that the actors of this Théâtre are totally destitute of talent; that nothing can equal the shabbiness of the whole management; that the orchestra is execrable, &c. &c. No words can give you an adequate idea of the bursts of laughter, the joyous tumult of a French pit, on finding that the censorship has at length permitted the charlatanism of the newspapers to be represented to the life.

The young physician is in love with a girl at Montpellier. His intended comes to Paris with a rich and foolish father, who is extremely anxious to have a celebrated son-in-law, through whose means he may become known at Paris. This provincial personage had written from Montpellier to a friend at Paris. He is told, in answer to his inquiries, that Doctor Remy was, as yet, wholly unknown; but that the name of most frequent occurrence in the papers was that of M. Rondon. In consequence of an intrigue, too long to follow out here, just at the moment Rondon has finished writing (which he does on the stage, and amidst shouts of laughter from the pit) an article, admirably imitated from those of our *scientific papers*, praising in the most hyperbolical style Dr. Remy's work on the croup, and dwelling on the astonishing skill and attainments of this young physician, whom he pronounces to be the successor of Bichat, comes in the provincial father, who asks him for information concerning the celebrated writer, Rondon, to whom he intends to marry his daughter. He also makes some inquiries respecting Remy. Rondon, perceiving that Remy is his rival, says exactly the contrary of what he has just been writing. He says, what happens to be the truth, that the name of Remy is wholly unknown. The old man goes out, determined to make further inquiries. The efforts of Delmare and his mistress, Madame R——, have been crowned with success. Remy is elected to the Academy; the booksellers all speak highly of his work, for they have not a copy left—Delmare has bought them all. The audience sees the bales containing the whole edition brought to his house. The father of the young lady comes in, in a state of great uncertainty and irresolution. In this frame of mind, he takes up the paper, and reads the capital article written by Rondon to puff Remy. This decides him, and he gives his daughter to Remy. Remy, without the slightest suspicion of the means by which he has obtained a seat in the Academy, or acquired his high reputation, exclaims to his friend Delmare, who is at the bottom of it all, "Well, my friend, you know I always told you, that (without having recourse to intrigue or charlatanism) a man of merit would, in time, be sure to succeed." This last stroke of humour, worthy of Molière, completed the delight of the pit and the success of the piece.

The character of Rondon, though always introduced to the audience in the act of committing some meanness, is not thoroughly vile, and is, especially, never hateful. This, I think, is the great literary merit of the piece. It paints, to the life, a succession of mean acts, and yet our indignation is never excited—our laughter always. It is impossible for me to give you an idea of the shower of epigrams, bon mots, and strokes of satire, which rain upon the Academy, and still more upon all the Baour Lormians, and other poets laureate; and what they say and do to earn their pension of two hundred and forty pounds a year, granted them by Bonaparte, and continued by the Bourbon police. As your stage is nearly free, you may be too familiar with such representations to care any thing about them. To us, this had all the charm of novelty and unexpectedness. Certainly, three months ago, the censorship would not have allowed such a rolling fire of epigrams, which inflict the more deadly wounds, from their being grounded on facts, rather softened than exaggerated; epigrams, too, aimed at the whole body of low and hireling writers, formerly in the pay of Bonaparte, and now of the Bourbon police.

Most of the gentlemen who are now publishing poems on the Coronation of Charles X also published poems on the Coronation of Napoleon, and on the birth of the King of Rome. It is generally remarked that the two poems which M. Baour Lormians has just published on the occasion of Charles the Tenth's coronation, are, as in the case of your Waller, very inferior to those which the same journeyman versifier manufactured *to order* of the Napoleon dynasty, and, what is more, that they are copies of his former productions.

La Mort de Cæsar is a tragedy by another of these respectable persons. It has been laughed at and scouted, as never tragedy was laughed at and scouted before. M. Royon is a censor, and in that capacity he prohibited the representation of Voltaire's *Mort de Cæsar*. In his own tragedy he has laboured to render the virtuous Brutus odious, and has made Cæsar the most interesting of despots.

The indignities, the humiliations thrown upon the author of this "Death of Cæsar" by the pit, incensed him to such a degree, that he had the wonderful folly to exhibit himself on the stage. In the fourth act he came on and snatched his manuscript out of the prompter's hand. What words can paint the transports of a wicked Paris pit at this opportunity of hissing a censor in person? The whole evening formed a perfect contrast to that of the first performance of *La Charlatanisme*. The French public administer dreadful doses of ridicule and contempt to the literary men who sell themselves to the ministry. Twenty years' receipts of M. Royon's pension could not pay him for one night like that of the first performance of his *Death of Cæsar*.

I have just read the *Dernier Chant de Childe Harold*, by M. de la Martine. It is something better than the death of Socrates; and, if it

were cut down to half its size, might succeed. The poet has not made up his mind whether he shall be liberal or *dévo*t, he however inclines to damn his Lordship at the end of the poem. But I will return to this subject hereafter. A bookseller, named Teanin, is printing a new edition of M. de la Martine's poems, which he wished to adorn with a portrait of the author. He therefore called on M. de la Martine, to ask him to sit. The youthful poet had the generosity to make the following terms, —forty pounds for permission to present him to the public in profile, sixty for the favour of a three-quarter likeness, and eighty for the extraordinary pleasure and privilege of exhibiting his full face.

Since people of letters must be paid, which is a great evil, I would have them well paid. This is the only way to procure respect for the children of imagination from the people with long purses. Nevertheless, I must confess, that I do think it rather curious to exact payment for letting one's portrait be painted.

A propos of curious and diverting things—dare I tell you, and dare you publish, an anecdote touching an illustrious countryman of yours? When the Duke of Northumberland was presented to Charles X, seated on his throne, and surrounded by two hundred French courtiers, he addressed the King in English; notwithstanding which, his Grace could not possibly succeed in getting beyond the tenth word of his oration. Five times did he begin, and as four of the ten words of his speech were “the King, my master,” Charles X, who is so well bred a man, that he made a point of bowing to the name of the King of England, took off his hat five times. At length seeing that the Duke could by no possibility get one word farther, he waited two minutes, during which, the most ludicrous silence reigned throughout the hall of the throne, and then replied, as if the Ambassador had really spoken. May I confess to you, that people here laugh a little at the sort of education your nobility receive?

To return to literary matters. I beg you to observe, that in the course of one month I have to report two remarkably courageous actions. The refusal of the King's pension by R. Casimir de la Vigne, and the performance of *La Charlatanisme*, which may ruin a theatre dependant for success (like every thing at Paris) on Quackery.

My letter is so long, that I defer to my next a notice of *Le Beneficiaire*, an admirable Vaudeville in five short acts, which Pothier plays divinely at the Variétés; and also the diverting details of the failure of a comedy in verse, in five acts, by a M. Mennechet. As this bad poet is Secretary of the *Chambre du Roi*, all the newspapers—even the most liberal—praised his play. It is called *L'Héritage*.—The Actors perform it because the author is *Secrétaire de la Chambre du Roi*. But the last time it was acted, there were not eighty people in the house. You see Charlatanism fails when it tries to get a censor applauded. M. Mennechet, like the author of the *Death of Cæsar*, is a censor. What can put it in the heads of such people to write? There are not less than

twenty-four middling, and sixty bad books, published every month. Do you, or your readers, wish me to give an account of the four and twenty middling? A volume of comedies in prose is coming out, attributed to Clara Gazal, an actress at Madrid. This is charming. They are said to be of the school of Shakspear, and not of Molière.

Yours, ever,

P. N. D. G.

THE OPERA.

THOUGH Madame Pasta arrived in the beginning of the month, she has as yet only appeared in two of the heaviest operas that could have been selected from all Rossini's works, *Otello* and *Semiramide*. On these fatiguing pieces have the extraordinary powers of this talented performer been hitherto wasted. Her engagement being for the very short term of eight nights, it was particularly desirable that she should go through her best characters, and that her performances should be as much varied as possible, but five nights out of the eight have already been given to two parts which are not to be numbered amongst her finest efforts—so much for management. The theatre has, however, been crammed, for all persons who pretend to good taste, or who know how to admire exquisite singing and finished acting go to see Madame Pasta, and full houses we all know are the only things for which managers or proprietors care; so long, therefore, as *Otello* and *Semiramide* effect this grand object, we may despair of seeing *Tancredi* or *Romeo*. Madame Pasta in any part will draw a house, and it is therefore considered quite unnecessary to consult the gratification of the audience. *Tancredi* would please more than *Semiramide*, but if *Semiramide* fills the theatre, *Tancredi* could not do more, thus *quoad* the treasury the latter is as good as the former. We are given to understand that *Otello* will not again be repeated, and we rejoice at its being placed on the shelf for a season, for intrinsically it has little to recommend it. Pasta's acting in *Desdemona* is, undoubtedly, very fine, and the expression which she gives to some of the music is delightful, but notwithstanding all that she can do for it, the opera drags and goes off heavily. The parts were filled, if we remember right, precisely as they were cast last year, and we remarked nothing worthy of especial notice in the piece as lately produced, except that the Doge, in his dress of state, sports the identical dressing-gown which the commendatore in *Don Giovanni* has lived and died in for years past. It is an extremely curious garment, well deserving the attention of persons who have a passion for antiques; we are, indeed, disposed to regard it as the very first of its kind, and a Doge might be proud of wearing so unique a property.

Though *Semiramide* is grievously long and tedious, as a whole, it is relieved by two or three charming compositions, to which Madame Pasta gives extraordinary effect; and these occasional beauties render it much

more supportable than *Otello*. Remorini displays the powers of his voice in this opera, and Porto looks unspeakably ridiculous in white muslin. Madame Vestris does ample justice to the part of Arsaces in every respect; indeed, the opera owes much of its interest to her graceful personation of the young Prince, and her execution of the music allotted to her is such as to command the praises of the most fastidious. In a very trying duet she has divided the applause with Madame Pasta—can we say more? Her dress is in excellent taste, and sets off her figure to great advantage; indeed, we never remember to have seen this lady look better, or to have heard her sing better than she does in this character—it is, in truth, a very delightful performance. When Madame Vestris has attempted parts to which she is not equal, we have expressed our opinion with sufficient freedom, and we shall always be equally frank in bearing testimony to her talents, and take a sincere pleasure in recording her merited success.

For some time past, the people who manage the Opera have been in the habit of making a variety of very curious experiments on the patience of the apathetic audience of the King's Theatre, apparently with the design of ascertaining the precise sum of irritation which would provoke such polite company to make a row. With this view operas are changed, and no notice of the circumstance is given out of doors; and principal characters are omitted, and scarcely any notice is given in doors. In the beginning of the month, Pietro l'Eremita was advertised; we went to see it, and, by mere chance observing a printed paper handed about the pit, we conceived the most dismal apprehensions of an *apology*, but an apology it was not, nor was it the least like an apology, it was a manifesto setting forth in very regal style, that in consequence of the sudden death (“*extinction*,” we believe, was the word) of Madame Ronzi de Begnis' voice, the opera of Pietro would be performed *without the character of Agia*, that is to say, without the principal character; and this was endured, patiently endured! Thus we were entertained with a performance substantially similar to that of *Hamlet*, without the Prince of Denmark. On this occasion, Madame Caradori, with her accustomed good nature, undertook to sing Agia's part in the beautiful duet, with Curioni, “*Ah se puoi così lasciarmi*,” we mention this circumstance, as it shows the obliging disposition of this lady. Every creature connected with the theatre is loud in praise of Madame Caradori's amiability; they all say that she rejoices in the opportunity of rendering herself serviceable, and this we regard as no small virtue in a performer, both in a public and a private point of view. But to return to Pietro without the principal character—a considerable part of the best music was, of course, omitted, together with the catastrophe of the piece, and yet the audience did not pull the house down—this was encouragement for the managers. On Tuesday, the 17th, *Semiramide* was announced, people went to the theatre, and found the performance *Otello*; this was past bearing, and, provoked out of all their proprieties,

they made a very efficient row. Mr. Ayrton, the manager, was obliged to address the audience, and he stated that the necessary rehearsals for *Semiramide* had not been had, and certainly gave people to suppose that the production of the opera had been obstructed by some difference between Madame Vestris and Mr. Ebers. Mr. Ebers was then called for, for few people knew who or what Mr. Ayrton was ; but Mr. Ebers was not forthcoming, and, at about half-past nine, the house began to be satisfied with the unwonted spirit it had displayed, and *Otello* commenced at that hour. On Friday, the 20th, *Semiramide* was brought out, and, under the impression that Madame Vestris had been the cause of the former disappointment, some slight disapprobation was testified on her appearance ; with proper spirit she left the stage, and returned handing on Mr. Ayrton, to whom she appealed for her exculpation, and who was understood most completely to exonerate her. On the ensuing Monday, the following explanation on the part of that gentleman who is pleased to style himself the *director*, which, being translated, signifies the manager of the King's Theatre, appeared in most of the papers.

We are requested by the Director of the King's Theatre, Mr. Ayrton, to insert the following :—“ On the evening of Saturday, the 7th of this month, Madame Pasta arrived in London, and on the succeeding Tuesday appeared before the public. The rehearsals for *La Semiramide* immediately commenced, but they proceeded irregularly, partly owing to unavoidable difficulties, and partly to causes over which the Director had no controul. This Opera was, however, announced for Tuesday the 17th, and a final rehearsal called, to take place at half past ten on that day. At half past eleven Madame Vestris came to the Theatre, sent for the Director into the house-keeper's room, and there repeated, what she had declared by letter the evening before, that she would not assist at the rehearsal then going on, nor perform in *La Semiramide* at night, unless Mr. Ebers fulfilled certain promises which he had made. Madame Vestris added, that she would go over to the Haymarket Theatre, would there wait one hour, and that if Mr. Ebers wished to see her he might send for her. It was then too late to trust to the mere chance of Mr. Ebers's coming to the theatre. A rehearsal on an Opera night is an unusual thing ; it had been called early, in order to afford the performers time to repose before the evening, and any further delay was out of the question. The director, therefore, dismissed them all, and immediately determined to give *Otello*, if possible, or *Così fan tutte*, either of which was ready. He apprised Mr. Ebers of this arrangement, obtained Signor Curioni's consent to perform once more the part of *Iago*, and discharged the remaining part of his duty by sending to be printed an apology for the change of performance, and desiring that bills, announcing the alteration, might be immediately posted. *It is true, that at half-past twelve, Madame Vestris and Mr. Ebers had settled the point in question*, and that, in consequence, the former offered to perform at night, provided she were allowed to omit an air or a duet. But it was then too late ; every body had left the Theatre long before ; the chorus-singers living in distant parts of the town were dispersed, and could not be re-assembled ; and to these another rehearsal was indispensably necessary. It will hence appear, that the statements made in the King's Theatre on Tuesday and Friday nights were perfectly correct—namely, that the change of the Opera arose from the want of a rehearsal ; and that, granting Madame Vestris' claim to have been just, she was not blameable for having occasioned the change.

Thus it appears, that at half-past twelve the performance of another opera was determined on, and that the manager, at that time of day,

ordered bills announcing the alteration to be posted; it is singular enough, however, that no one that we have heard of (and we have inquired of many) had the good fortune to see these bills,—they were *private* bills perhaps, and did not pass the house.

On the whole, we are very glad that this affair has taken place, we are glad that the Opera audience has made a row, we are glad that it has been provoked to resist the experiments which have so long been made on its assinine quality of exceeding patience, and we are only sorry that the blame should for one moment have attached where it was not due; the circumstance has only served, however, to raise up friends to the party in question.

In the ballet there is nothing new; *Le Page Inconstant* has superseded *Cleopatra*. For some nights the first part of the ballet was played between the acts of the opera, which was a very good arrangement; but, having been found so, it has been discontinued, at least on Tuesday the 24th, which was the last night on which we visited the theatre, the ballet commenced after the *Semiramide*, at about half-past eleven or twelve o'clock.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S SPEECH ON THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

THE London papers, which daily inundate the town with an ocean of trash, have entirely neglected to copy from a provincial contemporary (the *Liverpool Mercury*) one of the best speeches which has ever been made on this question, concerning which they have published so much. Our readers will be indebted to us for rescuing it from oblivion. It is remarkably distinguished by the characteristics of its author—genuine wit and sound sense. The merit of this writer, the very ablest of the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, is, that he is invariably as full of instruction as of amusement—his jokes are always bottomed on a serious and useful truth. There probably is not an instance on record of a man of wit who has so uniformly made his talent subservient to a good purpose. Wits are proverbial for their indifference to the consequences of their joke; he, on the contrary, with powers of ridicule of the first order, has never been on any other side than that of truth, justice, and benevolence. This speech forcibly calls to mind the admirable letters of *Peter Plymley*, by the same author—an immortal little book which advocates the same cause in the same delightful style. It was spoken at a meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, held at the *Tiger Inn*, at *Beverley*, for the purpose of adopting a petition against the Catholic claims. The meeting was numerously attended by clergymen hostile to the bill. The Rev. Sydney Smith stood alone in his opposition. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Archdeacon—It is very disagreeable to me to differ from so many worthy and respectable clergymen here assembled; and not only to differ from them, but (I am afraid) to stand alone among them. I would much rather vote in majorities, and join in this, or any other political chorus, than stand unassisted and alone as I am now doing. I

dislike such meetings for such purposes—I wish I could reconcile it to my conscience to stay away from them, and to my temperament to be silent at them; but if they are called by others, I deem it right to attend—if I attend, I must say what I think.—If it is unwise in us to meet at taverns to discuss political subjects, the fault is not mine, for I should never think of calling such a meeting. If the subject is trite which we are to discuss, no blame is imputable to me; it is as dull to me to handle such subjects, as it is to you to hear them. The customary promise on the threshold of an inn is good entertainment for man and horse.—If there is any truth in any part of this sentence, at the Tiger, at Beverley, our horses at this moment must, certainly, be in a state of much greater enjoyment than the masters who rode them. It will be some amusement, however, to this meeting, to observe the schism which this question has occasioned in my own parish of Londesborough. My excellent and respectable curate, Mr. Milestones, alarmed at the effect of the Pope upon the East-Riding, has come here to oppose me, and there he stands, breathing war and vengeance on the Vatican. We had some previous conversation on this subject, and in imitation of our superiors, we agreed not to make it a Cabinet question.—Mr. Milestones, indeed, with that delicacy and propriety which belongs to his character, expressed some scruples upon the propriety of voting against his rector, but I insisted he should come and vote against me. I assured him nothing would give me more pain than to think I had prevented in any man the free assertion of honest opinions. That such conduct on his part, instead of causing jealousy and animosity between us, could not, and would not fail to increase my regard and respect for him.

I beg leave, Sir, before I proceed on this subject, to state what I mean by Catholic Emancipation.—I mean eligibility of Catholics to all civil offices, with the usual exceptions introduced into all bills—jealous safeguards for the preservation of the Protestant church, and for the regulation of the intercourse with Rome—and, lastly, provision for the Catholic clergy.

I object, Sir, to the law as it stands at present, because it is impolitic, and because it is unjust. It is impolitic, because it exposes this country to the greatest danger, in time of war. Can you believe, Sir, can any man of the most ordinary turn for observation believe, that the monarchs of Europe mean to leave this country in the quiet possession of the high station which it at present holds? Is it not obvious that a war is coming on between the governments of law and the governments of despotism?—that the weak and tottering race of the Bourbons will (whatever then our wishes may be) be compelled to gratify the wounded vanity of the French, by plunging them into a war with England? Already they are pitying the Irish people, as you pity the West Indian slaves—already they are opening colleges for the reception of Irish priests. Will they wait for your tardy wisdom and reluctant liberality? Is not the present state of Ireland a premium upon early invasion? Does it not hold out the most alluring invitation to your enemies to begin?—And if the flag of any hostile power in Europe is unfurled in that unhappy country, is there one Irish peasant who will not hasten to join it?—and not only the peasantry, Sir,—the peasantry begin these things, but the peasantry do not end them—they are soon joined by an order a little above them,—and then, after a trifling success, a still superior class think it worth while to try the risk: men are hurried into a rebellion, as the oxen were pulled into the cave of Cacus—tail foremost. The mob first, who have nothing to lose but their lives, of which every Irishman has nine—then comes the shopkeeper—then the parish priest—then the vicar-general—then Dr. Doyle, and lastly, Daniel O'Connell.—But if the French were to make the same blunders respecting Ireland as Napoleon committed, if wind and weather preserved Ireland for you a second time, still all your resources would be crippled by watching Ireland. The force employed for this might liberate Spain and Portugal—protect India, or accomplish any great purpose of offence or defence.

War, Sir, seems to be almost as natural a state to mankind as peace—but if you could hope to escape war, is there a more powerful receipt for destroying the prosperity of any country, than these eternal jealousies and distinctions between the two religions?

What man will carry his industry and his capital into a country where his yard measure is a sword, his pounce box a powder flask, and his ledger a return of killed and wounded?—Where a cat will get, there I know a cotton-spinner will penetrate—but let these gentlemen wait till a few of their factories have been burnt down, till one or two respectable merchants of Manchester have been carded, and till they have seen the Cravatists hanging the Shanavists in cotton twist. In the present fervor for spinning, Ouran Outangs, Sir, would be employed to spin if they could be found in sufficient quantities, but miserably will those reasoners be disappointed, who repose upon cotton—not upon justice; and who imagine this great question can be put aside, because a few hundred Irish spinners are gaining a morsel of bread, by the overflowing industry of the English market.

But what right have you to continue these rules, Sir, these laws of exclusion? What necessity can you show for it? Is the reigning Monarch a concealed Catholic? Is his successor an open one? Is there a disputed succession? Is there a Catholic pretender? If some of these circumstances are said to have justified the introduction, and others the continuation of these measures, why does not the disappearance of all these circumstances justify the repeal of the restrictions? If you must be unjust; if it is a luxury you cannot live without—reserve your injustice for the weak, and not for the strong—persecute the Unitarians, muzzle the Ranters, be unjust to a few thousand Sectaries, not to six millions—galvanise a frog, don't galvanise a tiger.

If you go into a parsonage-house in the country, Mr. Archdeacon, you see sometimes a style and fashion of furniture which does very well for us, but which has had its day in London. It is seen in London no more; it is banished to the provinces; from the gentlemen's houses of the provinces, these pieces of furniture (as soon as they are discovered to be unfashionable) descend to the farm-houses, then to cottages, then to the faggot-heap and the dunghill. As it is with furniture, so it is with arguments. I hear, at country meetings, many arguments against the Catholics, which are never heard in London; their London existence in Parliament is over—they are only to be met with in the provinces; and there they are fast hastening down, with clumsy chairs and ill-fashioned sofas, to another order of men. But, Sir, as they are not yet gone where I am sure they are going, I shall endeavour to point out their defects, and to accelerate their descent.

Many gentlemen, now assembled at the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, believe that the Catholics do not keep faith with heretics; these gentlemen ought to know, that Mr. Pitt put this very question to six of the leading Catholic Universities in Europe. He inquired of them whether this tenet did or did not constitute any part of the Catholic faith. The question received from these Universities the most decided negative; they denied that such doctrine formed any part of the Creed of Catholics. Such doctrine, Sir, is denied upon oath, in the bill now pending in Parliament, a copy of which I hold in my hand. The denial of such a doctrine, upon oath, is the only means by which a Catholic can relieve himself from his present incapacities. If a Catholic, therefore, Sir, will not take the oath, he is not relieved, and remains where you wish him to remain; if he does take the oath, you are safe from this peril; if he has no scruple about oaths, of what consequence is it whether this bill passes, the very object of which is to relieve him from oaths? Look at the facts, Sir. Do the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, living under the same state with the Catholic Cantons, complain that no faith is kept with heretics? Do not the Catholics and Protestants in the kingdom of the Netherlands meet in one common Parliament? Could they pursue a common purpose, have common friends and common enemies, if there was a shadow of truth in this doctrine imputed to the Catholics? The religious affairs of this last kingdom are managed with the strictest impartiality to both sects; ten Catholics and ten Protestants (gentlemen need not look so much surprised to hear it), positively meet together, Sir, in the same room. They constitute what is called the religious committee for the kingdom of the Netherlands, and so extremely desirous are they of preserving the strictest impartiality, that they have chosen a Jew for their secretary. Their conduct has been unimpeachable and unimpeached, the

two sects are in peace with each other, and the doctrine, that no faith is kept with heretics, would, I assure you, be very little credited at Amsterdam or the Hague, cities as essentially Protestant as the town of Beverley.

Wretched is our condition, and still more wretched the condition of Ireland, if the Catholic does not respect his oath. He serves on grand and petty juries in both countries; we trust our lives, our liberties, and our properties, to his conscientious reverence of an oath, and yet, when it suits the purposes of party to bring forth this argument, we say he has no respect for oaths. The right to a landed estate of 3000*l.* per annum was decided last week, in York, by a jury, the foreman of which was a Catholic! Does any human being harbour a thought, that this gentleman, whom we all know and respect, would, under any circumstances, have thought more lightly of the obligation of an oath, than his Protestant brethren of the box? We all disbelieve these arguments of Mr. A. the Catholic, and of Mr. B. the Catholic, but we believe them of Catholics in general; of the abstract Catholic, of the Catholic of the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, the formidable unknown Catholic, that is so apt to haunt our clerical meetings.

I observe that some gentlemen, who argue this question, are very bold about other offices, but very jealous lest Catholic gentlemen should become justices of the peace. If this jealousy is justifiable any where, it is justifiable in Ireland, where some of the best and most respectable magistrates are Catholics.

It is not true that the Roman Catholic religion is what it was; I meet that assertion with a plump denial. The Pope does not dethrone Kings, does not give away kingdoms, does not extort money; has given up, in some instances, the nomination of Bishops to Catholic Princes; in some, I believe, to Protestant Princes. Protestant worship is now carried on at Rome. In the Low Countries, the seat of the Duke of Alva's cruelties, the Catholic tolerates the Protestant, and sits with him in the same parliament. The same in Hungary,—the same in France. The first use which even the Spanish people made of their ephemeral liberty, was to destroy the Inquisition. It was destroyed also by the mob in Portugal. I am so far from thinking the Catholic not to be more tolerant than he was, that I am much afraid the English, who gave the first lesson of toleration to mankind, will very soon have a great deal to learn from their pupils.

Some men quarrel with the Catholics, because their language was violent in the association; but a groan or two, Sir, after two hundred years of incessant tyranny, may surely be forgiven. A few warm phrases to compensate the legal massacre of a million of Irishmen are not unworthy of our pardon. All this hardly deserves the eternal incapacity of holding civil offices. Then they quarrel with the bible society; in other words, they vindicate that ancient tenet of their church, that the scriptures are not to be left to the unguarded judgment of the laity. The objection to Catholics is, that they did what Catholics ought to do; and do not many prelates of our own church object to the bible society, and contend that the scriptures ought not to be circulated without the comment of the prayer-book and the articles? If they are right, the Catholics are not wrong; and if the Catholics are wrong, they err in such good company, that we ought to respect their errors.

Why not pay their clergy? the Presbyterian clergy in the north of Ireland are paid by the state; the Catholic clergy of Canada are provided for; the priests of the Hindoos are, I believe, in some of their temples paid by the company. You must surely admit, that the Catholic religion (the religion of two-thirds of Europe), is better than no religion. I do not regret that the Irish are under the dominion of the priests. I am glad that so savage a people, as the lowest orders of the Irish, are under the dominion of their priests, for it is a step gained to place such beings under any influence, and the clergy are always the first civilizers of mankind. The Irish are deserted by their natural aristocracy, and I should wish to make their priesthood respectable in their appearance, and easy in their circumstances. A government provision has produced the most important changes in the opinions of the Presbyterian clergy of the north

of Ireland, and has changed them from levellers and jacobins into reasonable men; it would not fail to improve most materially the political opinions of the Catholic priests. This cannot, however, be done without the emancipation of the laity. No priest would dare to accept a salary from government, unless this preliminary was settled. I am aware that it would give to government a tremendous power in that country; but I must choose the least of two evils. The great point, as the physicians say in some diseases, is to resist the tendency to death. The great object of our day is to prevent the loss of Ireland, and the consequent ruin of England; to obviate the tendency to death we will first keep the patient alive, and then dispute about his diet and his medicine.

Suppose a law were passed, that no clergyman who had ever held a living in the East Riding, could be made a bishop: many gentlemen here (who have no hopes of ever being removed from their parishes), would feel the restriction of the law as a considerable degradation. We should soon be pointed at as a lower order of clergymen. It would not be long before the common people would find some fortunate epithet for us, and it would not be long either, before we should observe in our brethren of the North and West, an air of superiority, which would aggravate not a little the injustice of the privation. Every man feels the insults thrown upon his caste; the insulted party falls lower; every body else becomes higher. There are heartburnings and recollections. Peace flies from that land. The volume of parliamentary evidence I have brought here, is loaded with the testimony of witnesses of all ranks and occupations, stating to the House of Commons the undoubted effects produced upon the lower order of Catholics, by these disqualifying laws, and the lively interest they take in their removal. I have seventeen quotations, Sir, from this evidence, and am ready to give any gentleman my references; but I forbear to read them, from compassion to my reverend brethren who have trotted many miles to vote against the Pope, and who will trot back in the dark, if I attempt to throw additional light upon the subject.

I have also, Sir, a high spirited class of gentlemen to deal with, who will do nothing from fear, who admit the danger, but think it disgraceful to act as if they feared it. There is a degree of fear, which destroys a man's faculties, renders him incapable of acting, and makes him ridiculous. There is another sort of fear, which enables a man to foresee a coming evil, to measure it, to examine his powers of resistance, to balance the evil of submission against the evils of opposition or defeat, and if he thinks he must be ultimately overpowered, leads him to find a good escape in a good time. I can see no possible disgrace in feeling this sort of fear, and in listening to its suggestions. But it is mere cant to say, that men will not be actuated by fear in such questions as these. Those who pretend not to fear now, would be the first to fear upon the approach of danger; it is always the case with this distant valour. Most of the concessions which have been given to the Irish have been given to fear. Ireland would have been lost to this country, if the British legislature had not, with all the rapidity and precipitation of the truest panic, passed those acts which Ireland did not ask, but demanded in the time of her armed association. I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions of Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. The Catholic question has made a greater progress since the opening of this parliament than I ever remember it to have made, and it has made that progress from fear alone. The House of Commons were astonished by the union of the Irish Catholics. They saw that Catholic Ireland had discovered her strength, and stretched out her limbs, and felt manly powers, and called for manly treatment; and the House of Commons, wisely and practically, yielded to the innovations of time, and the shifting attitude of human affairs.

I admit the Church, Sir, to be in great danger. I am sure the State is so also. My remedy for these evils is, to enter into an alliance with the Irish people—to conciliate the clergy, by giving them pensions—to loyalize the laity, by putting them on a footing

with the Protestants. My remedy is the old one, approved of from the beginning of the world—to lessen dangers, by increasing friends and appeasing enemies. I think it most probable, that under this system of Crown patronage the clergy will be quiet. A Catholic layman, who finds all the honours of the State open to him, will not, I think, run into treason and rebellion—will not live with a rope about his neck, in order to turn our bishops out, and put his own in: he may not, too, be of opinion that the utility of his bishop will be four times as great, because his income is four times as large; but whether he is or not, he will never endanger his sweet acres (large measure) for such questions as these. Anti-Trinitarian Dissenters sit in the House of Commons, whom we believe to be condemned to the punishments of another world. There is no limit to the introduction of Dissenters into both Houses—Dissenting Lords or Dissenting Commons. What mischief have Dissenters, for this last century and a half, plotted against the Church of England? The Catholic Lord and the Catholic Gentleman (restored to their fair rights) will never join with levellers and Iconoclasts. You will find them defending you hereafter against your Protestant enemies. The crosier in any hand, the mitre on any head, are more tolerable in the eyes of a Catholic, than doxological Barebones and tonsured Cromwells.

We preach to our congregations, Sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging—she is still veiled in darkness—her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floors of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty, when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history any thing but such a tissue of murders—burnings, hanging, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world? This is the system which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart to that memorable proclamation which the Head of our Church—the present Monarch of these realms, has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities, on account of his religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign.—Hostile armies have been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces—but *this sentiment in the mouth of a King* deserves, more than all glories and victories, the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world, that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man. Great as it is, Sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen, within these few weeks, a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I were reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvements of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honour and praise the ministers who have learnt such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English affairs—that the stubborn resistance to all improvement—the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error which so long characterized the proceedings of this country, is fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances. I confess it is not without severe

pain, that in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in our profession we are still calling for the same exclusion—still asking that the same fetters may be rivetted on our fellow-creatures—still mistaking what constitutes the weakness and misfortune of the church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength. Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this house, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament—against the impending Corn Law, and against the Catholic Emancipation; the one bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of man. Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil. The wealth of the Riding should not tempt me to petition against either of those bills. With the Corn bill I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic Emancipation bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation-stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be of any avail. When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law. When this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall. When this bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall. When this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin, than that flag which blends the Lion with the Harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of Freedom and of Joy—the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited King and a free people.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A VERY clever and spirited play, under the title of *William Tell*, from the pen of Mr. Macready's Knowles, has been produced at Drury Lane Theatre with complete success. Those of our readers who have seen *Virginius* will have a tolerable notion of the freedom of the dialogue, and the fashion of the characters; for, unlike as the characters of *William Tell* and *Virginius* really are, Mr. Knowles appears to have cut them out of the same piece of buckram, and to have done all in his power towards making them two for a pair. They talk the same kinds of poetry; they have the same pathetic affections for their children; they are both outrageous epicures in liberty, and they are both made to fit Macready. The repetition is, however, better than repetitions usually are.

The name of *Tell*, and the incidents connected with that name, are too well known to render it necessary for us to detail the plot of the present play. It is the mere progress of the arrow through three acts until it strikes the apple in the fourth. And in the fifth, oppression is hit in the *bull's-eye*. The tyranny of the Austrians, the love of the mountains, the praise of bows and arrows, and the vehement adoration of liberty, fill up every scene; and our readers have but to arrange these skilfully to understand the play.

Macready acted with inimitable freedom and spirit. He looked *William Tell* to the very core. His eye seemed capable of willing the

course of the arrow, and his arm and frame promised the nerve for the mighty task. He had fewer of those abrupt starts of voice and action which he has latterly abandoned himself to, than usual; and, we must say, that we have seen few performances so vigorous, so pathetic, so manly, so noble as Macready's William Tell.

Little Clara Fisher, for she is little beyond her years, was an admirable child to such a father. And Mrs. Bunn made a very stately Mrs. Tell. She has a figure for a bouncing heroic mountain matron. All the other performers, and we had our share, were orderly and cold as a company of privates in the Coldstream: with the exception of little Knight (as he facetiously calls himself) and he was most offensively lively.

This play ought to have a run, and it ought to be profitable to actor, manager, and author; but so capricious is the public in its patronage, and so much has its taste been *Germanized* of late, that we should never be surprised if some racketty melodrama or gaudy opera were to banish it from the boards at a night's notice, or expose it to empty benches or the free list. There are several defects in the *writing* and arranging of this play, which might have easily been avoided, or as easily corrected; but they are scarcely worth noticing, and perhaps the author may have even amended them by this time. Tell talks too much of liberty to make the word commonly effective with the audience after the first act; and the language of Tell, and the rest, is, throughout, too broken and antithetic. It sounds like blank verse troubled with stuttering. In the scene where the pippin is hit, and which is, of course, intended to be the most effective in the play, the interest is too protracted. Tell is twice interrupted after having taken his aim, and the audience feel as they would if the rope had broken at an execution, and are overstrained in their agony. Tell should take but one aim, and loose the arrow. These, however, are small objections, and we have none other to urge.

The play was printed before it was performed, and was dedicated to General Mina in the following words.

DEDICATION
TO GENERAL MINA.
ILLUSTRIOUS MAN,
TO YOU I DEDICATE THE PLAY
OF
WILLIAM TELL.

WHO WILL DEMAND MY REASONS?

Glasgow; May 6, 1825.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES!

Another German Wonder under the name of Faustus has been got up at great expence, and promises to repay the manager out of the pockets of the public. It is a sort of magic pantomime, in which Faustus acts the fiendish harlequin; his schoolfellow, Wagner, the clown, and a girl of Venice, Adine, Columbine. The devil is the magician—and

the usual allowance of tricks and transformation, lead to a final scene of fire and furies, in which vice is gloriously punished. Faustus leagues with the devil very early in the piece, and is taken at a word to the carnival at Venice, whence he carries away Miss Stephens to a wood; she prays to be delivered from her amorous enemies, and away go the devil and Faustus like lightning. Virtue, however, is weak, and we hear that hers afterwards gives way. Faustus then *re-falls* in love, and is carried to Milan, where he conjures off another young lady from her father, and kills the King, whose likeness and crown the devil permits him to wear. Finally, the devil gets tired, and Miss Stephens, witless and in white, rushes in,—exposes Faustus to the deceived court, and he and the devil go to the regions below in great triumph.

The scenery of this Pantomime is magnificent, and the tricks are miraculously contrived and executed; particularly the vanishments. But as to the dialogue, although written by the pens of Mr. Soane and Mr. Terry, we never heard any thing half so poverty-stricken. The serious parts would disgrace the worst writers for Newman and Co. of Leadenhall-street, and the comic scenes are about such as Tom Dibdin would write in his sleep.

Wallack, as Faustus, reminded us of his Frankenstein—and his dress was somewhat similar. Terry played the devil capitally—he Nicked the part exactly. Miss Stephens and Miss Povey sung some indifferent airs very sweetly, and Harley raised a laugh out of nothing, at which he is very handy. Without the pencil and the genius of Marinari and Stanfield—the sublimities of Mr. Soane and the iron fun of Mr. Terry would go to Mephistophiles!

At the Haymarket, a light little French piece, called *Tribulation*, from the pen of Mr. Poole, has given great satisfaction, and afforded Mr. Downton the opportunity of giving some excellent acting.

Nothing has been talked of this month behind the scenes except Mr. Elliston's young *Fry*, which according to the Police Report is a very promising little thing. The manager should not be so very *engaging*.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

April 20.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

April 21.—*The Cabinet*.
Orlando, Sapio.—*Whimsicula*, Harley.—*Floretta*, Miss Stephens.

Abon Hassan.

April 22.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

April 23.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 20.—*Orestes in Argos*.
Orestes, Kemble.—*Pylades*, Cooper.—*Clytemnestra*, Mrs. Bartley.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley.

April 21.—*Belles Stratagem*.
Animal Magnetism.
Irish Tutor.

April 22.—*Orestes in Argos*.
(*Withdrawn after a few nights*)
Lofty Projects.
Aladdin.

April 23.—*A Roland for an Oliver*.
Clari.
Charles the Second.

DRURY-LANE.

April 25.—*Virginus*.
Harlequin and the Talking Bird, &c.

April 26.—*Fall of Algiers*.
Abon Hassan.

April 27.—*Der Freischutz*.
Harlequin and the Talking Bird, &c.

April 28.—*The Winter's Tale*.
*Leontes, Macready.—Antigonus, Terry.—Flo-
 rizel, Wallack.—Hermion, Mrs. Bunn.—Pau-
 lina, Mrs. W. West.*
Abon Hassan.

April 29.—*The Fatal Dowry*.
The Rossignol.
My Uncle Gabriel.

April 30.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

May 2.—*Der Freischutz*.
Simpson and Co.

May 3.—*Wild Oats*.
*Rover, Elliston.—John Dory, Terry.—Lady
 Amaranth, Mrs. W. West.*
Harlequin and Talking Bird, &c.

May 4.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

May 5.—*Guy Mannering*.
*Henry Bertram, Sapio.—Dominie Sampson,
 Harley.—Lucy Bertram, Miss Stephens.—Meg
 Merrilies, Mrs. Bunn.*
The Rossignol.
My Uncle Gabriel.

May 6.—*Virginus*.
Abon Hassan.

May 7.—*Der Freischutz*.
The Rossignol.
The Liar.

May 9.—*Jane Shore*.
*Gloster, Archer.—Hastings, Wallack.—Jane
 Shore, Mrs. W. West.—Alicia, Mrs. Bunn.*
Abon Hassan.
Harlequin and the Talking Bird.

May 10.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

May 11.—*William Tell*—(*successful*).
*William Tell, Macready.—Albert, Miss Clara
 Fisher.—Michael, Wallack.—Emma, Mrs. Bunn.*
The Sleeping Draught.

May 12.—*Der Freischutz*.
Abon Hassan.

May 13.—*William Tell*.
My Uncle Gabriel.

14.—*Der Freischutz*.
The Rossignol.
Monsieur Tonson.

May 16.—*Faustus*—(*successful*).
Marques Orsini, Mercer.—Faustus, Wallack.
—Wagner, Harley.—Adine, Miss Stephens.
Simpson and Co.

May 17.—*Faustus*.
The Sleeping Draught.

May 18.—*William Tell*.
Abon Hassan.

May 19.—*Faustus*.
My Uncle Gabriel.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 25.—*Der Freischutz*.
Charles the Second.

April 26.—*A Woman Never Vext*.
*Stephen Foster, Kemble.—Agnes Welstead,
 Miss Chester.*
Lofty Projects.
The Poachers.

April 27.—*Der Freischutz*.
Lofty Projects.
Charles the Second.

April 28.—*Orestes in Argos*.
Preciosa (a failure).

April 29.—*The Inconstant*.
Lofty Projects.
Aladdin.

April 30.—*A Roland for an Oliver*.
Clari.
Charles the Second.

May 2.—*Orestes in Argos*.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly.

May 3.—*Belles Stratagem*.
Barber of Seville.

May 4.—*Orestes in Argos*.
Lofty Projects.
The Poachers.

May 5.—*A Woman never Vext*.
Lofty Projects.
Cent. per Cent.

May 6.—*Belles Stratagem*.
Lofty Projects.
Aladdin.

May 7.—*A Roland for an Oliver*.
Clari.
Charles the Second.

May 9.—*Macbeth*.
Macbeth, Young.—Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Bartley.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly.

May 10.—*The Iron Chest*.
Blue Devils.
The Padlock.

May 11.—*Der Freischutz*.
Aladdin.

May 12.—*Belles Stratagem*.
Barber of Seville.

May 13.—*Every Man in his Humour*.
*Kitely, Young.—Bobadil, Fawcett.—Dame
 Kitely, Mrs. Chatterly.*
Lofty Projects.
The Padlock.

May 14.—*The Iron Chest*.
Lofty Projects.
Animal Magnetism.

May 16.—*The Way to Keep Him*.
The Irish Tutor.
Charles the Second.

May 17.—*Native Land*.
Lofty Projects.
Cent. per Cent.

May 18.—*Belles Stratagem*.
Aladdin.

May 19.—*Der Freischutz*.
A Roland for an Oliver.

REPORT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Easter recess has, in some degree, abridged our Parliamentary Report for this month ; still, however, in the House of Commons especially, some important business has been transacted. We endeavour to give our abstract, rather in the order of precedence, than according to the comparative value of the measures. In the Committee of Supply, where a grant of 160,000*l.* was moved to defray the expense of civil contingencies, Mr. Hume objected strongly to our diplomatic expenditure, amounting now to 300,000*l.* a year ; for this year, including the cost of our Consuls to the South American States, the expenditure would amount to 400,000*l.* The remedy which he proposed, would be the withdrawing our residents from the courts of the petty German Sovereigns. This was opposed by Mr. Canning, on the ground that it would lessen the independence of the minor states of Europe ; and so strict were government on the subject of economy in their legations, that the remuneration was rather below than above a fair estimate. On the proposal of a grant of 1,034*l.* to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, to repair and cleanse the monuments, Mr. Hume also most justly remarked upon the sordid practice of making the public pay for that which at a great expence they had erected ; it was a scandal on the part of a body of men who were literally wallowing in wealth. Several other members joined in reprobating this base avarice, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, while he regretted that the Treasury had not power to examine into the subject, reprobated strongly this extortion from the public. We hope the reverend janitors will take the hint, and abolish a practice justly reproachful to us in the eyes of foreigners, and inflicting upon our own citizens a very unjust taxation. If not, Parliament should compel them to "cleanse and repair" the monuments from which they derive so exorbitant and unseemly an income.

Mr. Peel has carried a Bill through the Commons, raising the salaries of the police magistrates from 600*l.* to 800*l.* a year.

In the Committee of Supply, the state of the Custom House having been adverted to, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that the long room had given way in consequence of the breach of contract of the builder, and that means would be taken to recover the expenditure caused by his neglect.

The great question of the Corn Laws' System is likely to come again before parliament, some intimation having been given, on the presentation of a petition by Mr. Curwen, that a revision of those laws was become necessary. Recollecting, as we do, the intense and feverish anxiety which the last discussion on this subject occasioned, we hope some final measure may be now adopted, which will set the public mind at rest altogether.

Mr. R. Martin has again introduced his bill, which was unsuccessful last Session, to enable prisoners accused of felonies to have the aid of an address from counsel to the jury, as in the case of misdemeanours. It is not very easy, indeed, to see why there should be any difference, except upon the anomalous principle that men whose lives are at stake should be allowed less means of defence than those whose personal liberty alone is at hazard ! The same gentleman has given notice of a bill to raise the salaries of the Judges. At present, these high officers are certainly not commensurately paid—every thing should be done to render the judicial character as independent as possible. We observe that in France the public judicial functionaries advance a claim to promotion, on the ground of the number of convictions which they have procured !

The grand stand against the Catholic Relief Bill in the House of Commons having been announced by Mr. Peel for the second reading, an animated debate took place, when there appeared, for the measure, 263, against it, 241—leaving a majority of 27. The third reading, however, produced another debate, and another division—the numbers being, for it, 248, against it, 227—majority 21. We are minute in stating the numbers, as the fulness of the house on both occasions gives a greater importance to the divisions. The only new feature in the latter debates was the change of opinion in Mr. Brownlow, Col. Forde, and Lord Valletort, in favour of the measure.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed an advance in the salaries of the Judges of the different law courts, and the abolition of all fees payable to them. The proposal was grounded on the inadequacy of their present incomes to repay their trouble, or support their dignity, and on the necessity of rendering the judicial seat an object to men in high professional practice at the bar. By the scale finally agreed to, the salaries are, Chief Justice, 10,000*l.* a year; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 8000*l.*; Master of the Rolls, 7000*l.*; Chief Baron, 7000*l.*; Vice Chancellor, 6000*l.*; Puisne Judges, 5,500*l.* each, with a retiring salary of 2,800*l.* A motion of Mr. Brougham's to exclude the Puisne Judges from promotion to the chief seats, was negatived, by a majority of 112 to 29.

The state of the Combination Laws has been referred to a committee.

On a petition against the Equitable Loan Bill having been presented, Lord Liverpool remarked on the extent of the speculations already afloat, and the risk which the speculators incurred, as in case of any change from peace to war, Ministers were determined to listen to no clamours for relief. The Chancellor concurred in this, declaring, that though he found a difficulty in introducing any direct law upon the subject, still he thought those speculators very ill advised who so carelessly embarked their capital.

A very important proposition has been, on the motion of Mr. Wallace, agreed to by the House of Commons. Its object, as stated by the Hon. mover is, "to withdraw every medium of circulation, and to substitute one uniform currency throughout the Empire."

The new Game Bill has been thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of 15.

The principal business, however, in the Upper House, and by far the most important, related to the Catholic Relief Bill. Previous to the grand discussion, a petition from the Dean and Chapter of St. George's, Westminster, was presented by the Duke of York; on which occasion his Royal Highness expressed himself in the most decided manner against the Roman Catholic claims. The chief grounds of hostility, as stated by him were, the consequent interference of the Catholics in the affairs of our Church, and the bar interposed by the Coronation oath. The Royal Duke concluded with the following emphatic and remarkable declaration: "I have been brought up from my earliest years in these principles; and from the time when I began to reason for myself, I have entertained them from conviction, and in every situation in which I may be placed, I will maintain them, *so help me God.*" On the 10th of May, after the presentation of a vast number of petitions both for and against the bill, Lord Donoughmore moved that it be read a second time. The debate lasted till half past five in the morning, and was chiefly remarkable for a very able speech against the measure by Doctor Bloomfield, the new Bishop of Chester. Lord Liverpool's opposition was even more marked than usual, a circumstance the more remarkable, as a report had gone abroad that the evidence on the state of Ireland before the Lord's committee had much mitigated his Lordship's prejudices. On the division there appeared;—for the second reading—Contents 84—Proxies 46—130;—against it—Not Contents 113—Proxies 65—majority 48. The opponents of the measure have since the last division obtained in the Upper House an accession of 9. Immediately on the rejection of the measure, the Dukes of Sussex and Devonshire, with several other Peers, entered their protest upon the Journals.

The Duke of Northumberland, our Ambassador Extraordinary at the Coronation of Charles X. has arrived at Paris. It was remarked, that on his landing at Calais, there was not even a gun fired in his honour, although the French authorities had been apprized beforehand. On his arrival at Paris, however, he was received in the most flattering manner by the King, who took occasion, in reply to the Duke's intended address, to express his gratitude to the King of England, for the way in which he had been treated in England "during his misfortunes." The Duke's address was a lame piece of business. The magnificence of his Grace is, however, much more the theme of wonder with the Parisians than his eloquence. Even in that metropolis of show,

he outshines all with which they had been previously acquainted. No doubt, however, by-and-bye, we shall have details enough—the French could not omit such an opportunity. The Duke has munificently declined all pecuniary assistance from the government, who, in token of his disinterestedness, have presented him with a sword, value 10,000*l*. While upon this subject, we must not omit a piece of strange foolery attributed to Charles X. When he heard that the Duke was appointed—"I hope," said Charles, "he will not forget *how I received him when I was in London!*"

The following has been published as a correct statement of the number of ships which entered the port of London during the year 1824. From Russia, 364 British, 42 Foreign; from Sweden, 32 British, 112 Foreign; Norway, 3 British, 103 Foreign; Denmark, 15 British, 10 Foreign; Germany, 176 British, 199 Foreign; Belgium, 374 British, 501 Foreign.

A proposal has been circulated for the establishment of a University near the metropolis, by which many, who are now unable, may attain the advantages of such an education. Cambridge University, at present, has upon its books 4700; Oxford, 4660 students.

No less a sum than 500,000*l*. is said to have been expended upon the law proceedings consequent upon the numerous speculations, during the present Session of Parliament.

A gentleman of the name of Savary, who had been lately convicted of forgery at Bristol, has had his sentence commuted to transportation for life. He pleaded guilty. We hope this may be the forerunner of a more humane consideration of this offence than has hitherto been given to it. Surely, as in other crimes, the shades of guilt must vary considerably.

In the county of Derby, it is stated, that there is not a single clergyman in the Commission of the Peace. So much the better both for the church and the county.

A single acre of ground, at Brighton, was lately sold by auction at the price of 8,500*l*. Twenty-five years ago its cost was 512*l*.

The tax on port wine, in 1800, at 40*l*. a ton, produced 224,000*l*.; in 1824, at 90*l*. per ton, 100,000*l*. making an actual loss to the revenue, by the increased duty, of 124,000*l*.

AGRICULTURE.

Mr. WHITMORE's motion, so long the subject of such intense expectation throughout the kingdom, has brought on a discussion, which (if any thing can) must open the eyes of the Landed Interest to the necessities of the country, and the intentions of Government, with respect to the future provisions relative to the trade in Corn. The persons composing that interest, to whom it has been the custom to defer, will now probably find that commerce and manufactures have risen in importance above them. It is not alone with increased numbers that the augmentation of consequence has grown, but also far more rapidly from the accumulation of capital, and the march of scientific power, from credit, industry, and enterprize; all which combined, have as much given birth to numbers, as they have been derived from them, so reciprocal has been the impulse. By their united operation, there can now be little question but the commercial order will experience all that legislation can do for them and their pursuits. These facts have an intimate connexion with the subject which it is our province to examine; for if a domestic Agriculture has advanced during war with an incalculable acceleration, in peace it is likely to be stayed, owing to the inevitable necessity that appears to exist for opening the trade in Corn to the world at large. To this necessity, the support of Free Trade, or, in other words, the endeavour to obtain every thing at the cheapest market, unfettered by duties and restrictions, is now superadded.

JUNE, 1825.

X

The principle adopted by the Government now, clearly is to bring the price of subsistence in this country to as near a level as possible with the price of subsistence abroad; by which means, the manufacturing and commercial talent and capability of England (comprehending all the facilities afforded by capital, credit, coals, and machinery) will have their full effect in the markets of the world, of which England must, by this simple expedient, become the arbiter. This, we say, is *the principle*, the main spring of the policy of administration as developed in the late debates.

Mr. Huskisson has been accused of wilful obscurity in the statement of his intentions. He drew down upon himself the same charge, we remember, by the report of the Committee of 1821, of which he was said to be the author. In truth, the analogy between this report and the late speech of the Rt. Hon. Gentleman is so complete, that had he read the former, instead of delivering the latter, the effect would have been nearly the same. The charge of obscurity proceeds also nearly from the same cause now as then. Mr. Huskisson in 1821, as now, proposed to do no more than give a broad outline of the general policy of the Government, postponing the detail until the time should arrive to submit the definitive measures to Parliament. Government in 1821 wished to avoid arousing the vengeance of the Agriculturists. They still wish to evade their opposition; while the state of the foreign exchanges, and the known attraction of gold to the Continent, compels them, at the same time, to postpone any specific measures that might increase the exportation of the precious metal. This danger has been in this instance the preventive against an immediate disclosure of the specific measures ultimately to be carried into effect. In the meanwhile the freeing the bonded wheat, and the admission of wheat from Canada at a low duty, will abate the wants of the market, reduce the price, preclude the opening of the ports, and pave the way for ulterior operations. Thus the price will be lowered, and the consumer relieved, whilst the capital set fast in bonded corn will be released, and the farmer will be made to understand somewhat more clearly the final designs of Ministers, who will thus conciliate the merchant, and in some degree appease the claims of the farmer, while the community will be benefitted by reduced prices. Such we conceive to be the intentions and the proximate results of these intentions of the Government.

The more distant effects may be gathered, not less clearly, from Mr. Huskisson's speech. One of those effects we have already described to be, to bring the price of subsistence as nearly as possible to a level with the continental price. It is also a subordinate object to prevent fluctuation and the pernicious influence of an occasional larger demand, and an occasional immense importation upon the currency. If the price can be kept tolerably steady, the profits of farming will be easily ascertained, and agriculture will become a trade, not a hazardous speculation as it has been during the last nine or ten years. Nothing could be more pointed than the animadversions of Mr. H. upon the assertion of Mr. Gooch, (the member for Suffolk, and the Chairman of the Committee of 1821, and who, by the way, ceded the preparation of the draft of the report to Mr. Huskisson) that the present system "worked well." So momentous indeed to the landed interest, and to the tenantry in particular, do we consider this part of the speech (as including the proofs of our opinions) that we shall quote the sentences entire.

"He (Mr. Huskisson) had always understood that the great *desideratum* in this important question was to provide for a steadiness of price, and to guard against any excessive fluctuations in it from the vicissitudes of trade. How did the present law provide for these ends? By limiting the markets from which we drew our supplies—by destroying the vent which we should otherwise have for our produce whenever we were blessed with a superabundant harvest—and by exposing us to an alternate fluctuation of high and low prices. To say of a system which affected the price of labour and the comforts of the labourer, and which cramped the resources not only of the manufacturer, but also of the farmer himself—to say of such a system that it worked well was so completely refuted by the report of 1821, that he was surprised any man should be

bold enough to make such an assertion. What did they think of the working well in 1822, when corn was as low as 38s. per quarter—when gentlemen came down to the house nightly to talk of a national bankruptcy, and to propose the most extraordinary changes in the currency? At the present moment it might work well; but had the country gentlemen forgotten their own misfortunes, their former predictions of ruin to the country, nay, their own repeated requests, that this system which now worked so well, should be instantly altered? In two years the price of corn had varied from 112s. to 38s. per quarter. Such a fluctuation in price deprived the business of the farmer of all security, and converted it into a business of mere gambling. The bubbles in the shares of mines could not produce more gambling than that to which such fluctuation must necessarily lead. The man who engaged in a long lease, could not at present be aware of the conditions upon which he was taking it, or of the results which it might produce upon his family arrangements."

Notwithstanding Mr. Huskisson's declaration, that he had reason to believe the supply of English wheat on hand was equal to the consumption before harvest—in spite of the measures for realising the bonded and admitted Canadian wheat, there is a belief amongst the farmers that corn must rise in price. The most momentous point for the country is that the farmer should not be thus deluded; but that he should perceive that his security lies in the formation of such contracts as may ensure his remuneration, even if the price comes down. Rents must fall, and tithes must fall. This doctrine will not be agreeable either to the land-owner or to the clergyman, but they will suffer little comparatively, as they will find their compensation in the general diminution of the price of things. But if the tenant be made the victim of delusion, his capital once lost, all is lost for him; and his is the operative capital of agriculture. To guard him, therefore, as far as in us lies at all points, we shall notice some errors or omissions which appear upon the face of the debates in Parliament. It is highly desirable that neither owners nor occupiers should be deceived.

Among the circumstances which have been but little attended to either by the Parliament or by the public, is the true value of land. The period of 1793 cannot be returned to as a standard, not only because the then proprietors entertain the same opinions regarding the value of land, as those who have become so during the high war prices and a paper currency; but because the amount of their national debt bore not the slightest proportion to the present. The amount of this debt, conjoined with the difference between the price of wheat during war and peace, together with the alteration that has taken place in the currency, render it impossible that the period of 1793 should be taken as a standard, and make it equally difficult to fix upon any particular standard.

If the value of landed property be estimated by a just stand, the proprietors who purchased at the period of high prices will, no doubt, consider themselves to be most seriously injured, since they would of necessity be obliged to be satisfied with the remuneration they have obtained during the time of high prices. But however such a standard would appear to bear hard upon individuals, they must learn to form an estimate founded upon a basis that is likely to be more real as well as permanent. The operation of war must have had considerable influence upon the fluctuations of the markets, by creating an artificial demand to a very considerable extent, as well as by the quantity of foreign corn imported into this country. It is a well ascertained fact, that the produce of foreign countries has been very much governed by the opening or shutting of the English market; and it is no less well known that, even up to so late a period as the year 1816, the foreign growers left large tracts of land uncultivated, merely because this country at that period was closed against them; if such be the case, a supply will be created by any laws which may open the ports generally, even though a duty be imposed. This will raise a large number of agriculturists abroad, and, by enlarging the supply, will lessen the belief of any considerable increase in the price of the foreign market. The high price during the war was not caused by the demands of Great Britain alone: but was the consequence of that war which ravaged

the continental kingdoms, laying waste much of the land productive of grain, and annihilating a vast portion of the productive population of each kingdom. These are the causes which operated to raise the price. Peace, on the contrary, is accompanied by none of these circumstances. Population increases, production goes on with accelerated rapidity if there be a reciprocal demand, and most of the causes of diminution during war vanish. The merchant takes corn in barter for manufactures. His object will be the entire profits of his venture, and he will be induced to sell his corn at prime cost, if he draws a profit for ship freight and his cargo outwards; while at the same time he will force the sale of manufactures to a considerable extent. The surplus produce of America will also aid the depression to a certain degree. These circumstances will no doubt check, to a certain extent, the agriculture of the country: and with the addition of the vast and increasing facilities of conveyance, which mechanical skill and power is daily offering, will permit that rise in the price of the produce of the soil abroad which has been anticipated in Parliament. We earnestly hope these facts will not be overlooked; but that the farmer will seek his safety where alone it can be found—in provident contracts with his landlord and with the clergyman.

Speaking generally, the spring may perhaps be said to have been very propitious; but it always will occur, that the reports from some of the counties are the language of complaint, while others are most satisfactory. The wheats now begin to look exceedingly well, although at one period their appearance was rather sickly and yellow; and if the present weather should continue, and the wind get round to the warm quarter, the present probability of most abundant crops will be fulfilled. The Barleys do not however look so promising; but a few warm showers will very much mend their appearance. Grass is likely to be most abundant, and the meadows and pastures are covered with a delightful verdure. The Bean crops are in some places rather thin, and present a shrivelled appearance, owing to the cold winds. Peas are however getting forward boldly. At the fairs, Horses have sold very high, in consequence of the continental demand; and meat still continues at a very advanced price. The average arrivals during the month have been, of Wheat, 9113; Barley, 5269; Oats, 21330; Flour, 8289; and the average price of the week ending May 7, was for Wheat, 68s. 6d.; Barley, 36s. 3d.; Oats, 24s. 4d.

In the Hop market there has not been much doing in the provincial towns, although there has been some business done in the Borough. The vines have grown very much lately, and look healthy. The flies have appeared; but in so small numbers as not to do much injury. There is very little alteration in the price of Beasts, which still fetch good prices. Sheep are however rather advanced. Beef sells at 5s. 2d. and Mutton at 5s. 8d. per stone.

COMMERCE.

City, May 24.

The British markets at present exhibit a spectacle the very reverse of that which they displayed a few weeks since. During the last month, almost every species of imported merchandize has been sinking in price. Coffee, spices, drugs, saltpetre, dye-woods, and other articles, formerly the objects of greedy speculation, are offering at very considerable loss. Nutmegs, which were bought with avidity not long since at 11s. to 12s. per lb. are now selling at considerably less than half those prices. It is worthy of remark, that those articles which were run up to exorbitant prices, without attention to the stock on hand and the ratio of consumption, are most affected by the reaction, and are now depressed in a disproportionate degree; whereas those articles respecting which the speculations were better based, have not much deteriorated in value, and are likely to maintain their prices.

It does not appear from the printed statements of the course of exchange, that the large transfers of goods from abroad to this country have materially influenced our

money transactions with other nations. It is therefore to be inferred, that the shipments of goods from the ports of the Continent to England were mostly speculations, consigned to commission agents, and not real transactions, either as returns for other goods, remittances of balances, or executions of *bonâ fide* orders.

Cotton.—The sales of this article have not been so extensive as during last month, in the concluding week of which, no less than 80,000 bales (an unprecedented quantity) were disposed of in London, at increased prices. The sales are, perhaps, smaller than they should be, owing to an unwillingness on the part of holders to concede as to price. There is still a good deal of business doing, and the deliveries are large, especially of East India cotton. The quantity cleared from the India warehouses since the 1st of January, amounts to nearly four times that of the corresponding period last year. The sales last week amounted only to 2000 bags; the public sales this week will furnish a good criterion of prices, and they are consequently looked forward to with much impatience.

The stock of cotton is as follows:—In London, (to May 21) East India, 81,336 bales; of other sorts, 7890 bales, and 17,274 cwt. In Liverpool, (to May 14) East India, 2999 cwt.; of other sorts, 13,116 cwt.

Sugar.—The demand for this commodity continues to be lively: sales are considerable, and prices advancing. Refiners and grocers are the principal purchasers; and as the stock is low, the prices may still advance, unless they should be checked by the arrival of supplies. The market has been improving during the last week, and a very great anxiety to purchase has been manifested. On account of the holidays no Muscovades were shown to-day; but on Friday nearly all on show were taken, at an advance of 6d. to 1s. per cwt.

Refined sugars are scarce, especially low lumps, and contracts to supply in two or three weeks have been entered into; none were offered below 85s. per cwt. Even foreign sugars are sought after at an advance. Siamese and Mauritius sugars are in demand; but as an advance is required upon all sorts of East India sugars, buyers at present demur.

The importations into London and Liverpool of sugar from the British Plantations, since January 1, are still deficient, being 2000 casks less than during the corresponding period of 1824, and 1300 less than that in 1823. The advanced prices of last month occasioned the grocers to curtail their purchases; notwithstanding which, the deliveries are only 300 casks less than in the same period last year, but 9800 less than in 1823. The imports into Bristol and Glasgow have been 7600 casks, or 13,000 less than last year; and the stock at those two ports is 3900 casks, or 700 less than 1824. The stocks in the Continental markets are considered to be low, although in Great Britain the stock in first hands is 3000 casks more than in 1824. The stock in London to the 21st of May was as follows:—East India, 34,156 bags, and 4607 cwt.; British Plantation, 133,867 cwt. and 970 casks; Foreign, 49,578 cwt. The stock in Liverpool to the 14th of May was—East India, 737 cwt.; British Plantation, 91,074 cwt.; Foreign, 6143 cwt.

Coffee.—The market for this commodity is extremely heavy. Holders calculated upon improvement; but the public sales have gone off at reduced prices. It is expected that the reduction will attract foreign orders; but it is well known that the stock of coffee abroad is large, especially in Holland, where large importations have arrived from Java.

Great Britain has received a supply of coffee nearly 2000 tons more in this than in the two preceding years, owing, partly, to an increase of growth in Brazil, but chiefly to the large importations of St. Domingo coffee from France, by speculators. The reduction of duty is expected to stimulate the home consumption, which has absorbed, during the first four months of this year, about 13,000 cwt. more than the two preceding years.

The stock of coffee in London on the 21st of May was as follows:—East India, 35,308 packages; of other sorts, 158,423 cwt. and 7378 casks. The stock at Liver-

pool on the 14th of May was as follows :—East India, 2207 cwt. ; other sorts, 35,795 cwt. The stock of all sorts at Bristol, on the 1st of May, was 138 packages.

Spices.—The feverish state of the spice market some weeks back, has been succeeded by languor. Few purchasers are now to be found ; consequently the prices have seriously declined. On the 20th there was a public sale of nutmegs, which fetched only 4s. 3d. to 5s. 3d. About a week before, similar goods sold at the East India Company's sale for 6s. 6d. to 7s. 1d. Cinnamon is the only spice which shows a tendency to improvement.

The stock of spices in London is as follows :—Mace, 123,975 lbs. and 11 casks ; Nutmegs, 435,813 lbs. and 41 casks ; Cinnamon, 568,816 lbs. ; 1226 casks, and 26 chests ; Cloves, 360,578 lbs. 213 bags, 80 chests, and 5 casks.

The stock of pepper is as follows :—At London, 31,505 bags ; Liverpool, 239,836 lbs. ; Bristol, 10 bags.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—There is little doing in Baltic produce. The prices are steady. Hemp, 35l. 10s. to 43l. per ton ; Flax, 49l. to 53l. per ton ; Tallow, 35s. 9d. to 36s. per cwt. Some very inferior tallow from Trieste sold this day at 33s. 6d.

The stock of tallow is as follows :—At London, 83,604 cwt. and 457 casks ; at Liverpool, 4263 cwt.

Tea.—There have been some alterations in the prices of tea ; the following are the last realized : Bohea, 2s. 1d. to 2s. 3d. per lb. ; Congou, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 1d. ; Twankey, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. ; Hyson, 3s. 11½d. to 6s. 4d.

Saltpetre.—There is little doing in this branch of trade : the nearest quotation is 22s. to 23s. per cwt.

Spirits.—The rum market has been much influenced by the favourable declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the difference of duty between rum and British spirits will be only 1s. 3d. per gallon. Holders decline selling for the present ; they refuse 1s. 7d. for proof Leewards. The market for Brandy is heavy ; in Geneva there is no alteration.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees on the following days during the ensuing Act Term.

Thursday, June 2.	Thursday, June 30.
Thursday, June 9.	Tuesday, July 5.
Thursday, June 16.	Saturday, July 9.

The Congregation on Tuesday, July 5, will be holden solely for the purpose of admitting Inceptors to their Regency. The Commemoration is fixed for Wednesday the 15th of June.

April 28.—The nomination of Mr. Cardwell, Fellow of Brasenose College, and Camden's Professor of Ancient History, to be one of the public classical examiners, was approved of in Convocation.

May 11.—The University Seal was affixed to an Indenture for the endowment of a Professorship in Political Economy on the foundation of Henry Drummond, Esq. of Albury Park. The Professor is to be elected by Convocation, to be at least a Master of Arts, or a Bachelor in Civil Law, and to hold the professorship for five successive years, being capable of re-election after he shall have been out of office during two years. He is required to read to a class of not less than three persons, a Course of nine Lectures at the least, during any one or more of the four academical Terms within the year ; and to print and publish at least one of such Lectures.

The Examiner appointed by the trustees of Dean Ireland's foundations are the Warden of New College, the Regius Professor of Divinity, and Camden's Professor of Ancient History. They have issued a public notice of an Examination on Tuesday the 7th of this month (June) for the purpose of electing the first scholar. All undergraduate members of the University who have not exceeded their sixteenth Term are eligible.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Bachelors in Divinity.

May 11, Richard Whately, Principal of St. Alban Hall.

Augustus Brigstocke, Fellow of Jesus.

May 13. John Thirkhill, Fellow of Brasennose. (Grand Compounder.)

May 21. Marlow Watts Wilkinson, Worcester.

Masters of Arts.

April 28. Rev. T. F. Dibdin, St. John's.
(Grand Compounder.)

H. J. Urquhart, F. of New Col.

John J. Saint, Brasennose.

James King, Oriel.

Francis Buttanshaw, Univ.

John Campbell, Balliol.

May 5. John H. Harrison, Wadham.

J. I. Monypenny, Wadham.

R. P. G. Tiddeman, Mag. Hall.

May 5. F. D. Perkins, Brasennose.

E. B. Pusey, F. of Oriel.

May 13. B. S. Escott, Christ Church.

W. H. C. Lloyd, Jesus.

May 21. E. Woodcock, Oriel. (G. C.)

Edmund Currie, Wadham.

Ambrose Barber, Wadham.

Henry Stevens, Oriel.

Robert L. A. Roberts, Jesus.

William Battiscombe, Pemb.

Bachelors of Arts.

April 28. D. Alexander, St. M. Hall.

Charles Abbott, Christ Ch.

W. Scarbrough, Christ Ch.

Silvanus Brown, Pembroke.

Edmund G. Bayly, Pembroke.

T. G. P. Atwood, Pembroke.

F. St. Ledg. Baldwin, Queens.

R. H. Barnston, Worcester.

A. Moore, University.

May 5. E. York, Ch. Ch. (G. C.)

T. L. Beddoes, Pemb. (G. C.)

J. Bowen, All Souls.

L. Fletcher, All Souls.

T. A. Colling, Lincoln.

G. Baker, Wadham.

C. Gregory, Wadham.

T. G. Griffith, Mag. Hall.

C. Gilpin, Magdalen Hall.

C. A. S. Morgan, Christ Ch.

T. P. Meade, Brasennose.

J. L. Capper, Pembroke.

W. H. Cox, Pembroke.

S. A. Tyler, Trinity.

E. E. Coleridge, Trinity.

S. I. Fell, Queen's.

W. H. Gomonde, Queen's.

H. H. Dod, Worcester.

G. E. Eyre, Oriel.

G. F. Hay, Balliol.

J. Daubuz, Exeter.

May 5. J. P. Benson, Exeter.

H. K. Cornish, Corpus.

May 13. M. Brock, St. Mary's Hall.

J. Ind, Queen's.

R. Hewitt, Queen's.

J. W. Moss, Magdalen Hall.

H. Legge, Christ Church.

P. S. Carey, St. John's.

F. J. Hone, University.

H. W. Hull, Oriel.

W. Heberden, Oriel.

J. Marshall, Worcester.

T. Huges, Jesus.

J. P. Sydenham, Exeter.

G. J. Huddleston, Merton.

May 21. R. C. Champion. (G. C.)

Matthew R. Scott, Exeter.

H. R. Harrison, Lincoln.

G. Harrison, Lincoln.

C. L. Stephens, St. Mary's H.

J. P. Rhoades, Wadham.

A. B. Handley, Queen's.

H. Pountney, Queen's.

F. Leicester, Queen's.

J. Markham, Christ Church.

W. R. Markham, Christ Ch.

J. Priestly, Trinity.

C. H. Magan, St. John's.

P. Tilley, Jesus.

A. Rogers, Jesus.

CAMBRIDGE.

April 27.—At a congregation held this day the following Degrees were conferred :

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. Francis Dawson, Trinity College.

Honorary Master of Arts.

Sir Windsor Edwin Baynton Sandys, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.

John Fry, Trinity College.	Wm. Stone, St. Peter's College.
G. H. Bower, Trinity College.	G. Gibbons, Sydney Coll. (C.)
Walter Blake, Trinity College.	C. Wallington, Christ College.

May 4.—The following Degrees were conferred :

Masters of Arts.

Nicholson T. Townsend, Trinity College.

Rev. Richard Wood, Corpus Christi College.

Robert Gorton, Jesus College (Compounder.)

Bachelor in Civil Law.

Henry Caan Seymour, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.

S. T. Townsend, Trinity Coll. Wm. F. Bally, Downing Coll.

V. F. Vyvyan, Trinity College. W. Carpendale, St. John's Coll.

May 11.—At a congregation held this day, the following Degrees were conferred :

Master of Arts.

Rev. Hammet Holditch, Caius College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.

Rev. Daniel Richard Leake Moxon, Catherine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.

George Osborne Townshend, Fellow of King's College.

Rev. Walter Blunt, Fellow of King's College.

Rev. Thomas West, Christ College.

At the above Congregation the following Graces passed the Senate, viz.

To appoint the Rev. Dr. Wait, of St. John's College, to make a descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental MSS. in the University Library.

To appoint a Syndicate to consider whether the matriculation fees should not be increased, and to report thereon to the Senate.

To confer the Degree of AM. by mandate, upon Dr. Holmes, of St. John's College.

May 16.—At a Congregation held this day, the Degree of Master of Arts was conferred, by Royal mandate, upon the Rev. Frederick Holmes, BA. of St. John's College, Professor in the Bishop's College at Calcutta.

Mr. Philip W. Buckham, of St. John's College, was elected Hebrew Scholar, on the late Mr. Tyrwhitt's foundation.

Thomas Grainger Hall, BA. and the Rev. W. Waring, BA. of Magdalen College, were elected Foundation Fellows, and Samuel Wilkes Waud, BA. a Wray Fellow, of that Society.

This day the fifth anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held, when the Report of the Council was read by one of the Secretaries, giving an account of the proceedings of the Society during the last year, and presenting a statement of the affairs of the Institution, of a most satisfactory nature. The following members of the Society were elected office bearers for the ensuing year.

President.—Rev. James Cumming, MA. FRS. Professor of Chemistry, Trinity Coll.

Vice Presidents.—Rev. Adam Sedgwith, MA. FRS. MGS. Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Fellow of Trinity College ; Rev. Bewick Bridge, MA. FRS. Fellow

of St. Peter's College; Rev. Thomas Waldron Hornbuckle, BD. Tutor of St. John's College.

Treasurer.—Frederick Thackeray, MD. Emmanuel College.

Secretaries.—Rev. George Peacock, MA. FRS. Tutor of Trinity College; Rev. John Stevens Henslow, MA. MGS. Professor of Mineralogy, St. John's College.

Steward of the Reading Room.—Rev. William Whewell, MA. FRS. Tutor of Trinity College.

Members of the Old Council.—Marmaduke Ramsay, Esq. MA. Fellow of Jesus College; Rev. Richard Crawley, MA. President and Tutor of Magdalen College; Rev. John Phillips Higman, MA. FRS. Tutor of Trinity College.

Members of the New Council.—John Haviland, MD. Regius Professor of Physic, St. John's College; Rev. William Clark, MA. Professor of Anatomy, Fellow of Trinity College; Rev. John Griffith, BD. Tutor of Emmanuel College; Rev. Joseph Power, MA. Fellow of Clare Hall.

May 18.—George Burrows, Esq. of Caius College, was elected Fellow of that Society.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, BA. to the Vicarage of Tibbenham, Norfolk; Patron, the Bishop of Ely.—Rev. Wm. Twigg, MA. to the Vicarage of Pickhall, Yorkshire; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. Ralph Greenside, BA. to the Perpetual Curacy of Seamer, Yorkshire; Patron, R. G. Russell, Esq. MP.—Rev. Townley Clarkson, MA. to the Rectory of Acton Scott, in the county of Salop; Patroness, Mrs. Stackhouse.—Rev. Richard Johnson, MA. to the Rectory of Lavenham, Suffolk; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Caius College.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

A Manual of the Elements of Natural History, by Professor Blumenbach, of Berlin.

Legends of the North, or the Feudal Christmas; a Poem, by Mrs. Henry Rolles, Authoress of Sacred Sketches, Moscow, &c.

A Summer's Ramble in the Highlands.

An Answer to the Rev. T. Baddeley's Sure Way to find out the True Religion, by the Rev. James Richardson, AM.

A Commentary on the Psalms, by Mr. Thomson.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England, Wales, and part of Scotland.

Wanderings in South America, the North West of the United States and the Antilles, from the Year 1812 to 1825, by Charles Waterton, Esq.

The Scepticism of To-day, or the Common Sense of Religion considered, by the Rev. T. T. James.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Hugh Mac Merle, AM.

A Course of Nine Sermons, by the Rev. J. Close, AM.

Practical Directions for Beautifying the Teeth.

A Short Liturgy for the Use of Schools, by Frederick Augustus Cannon.

A New System of Pathology, by W. W. Sleigh.

A List of Drugs and Chemicals, including the New Medicines, &c. &c.

Maps and Plans, illustrative of Thucydides.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

A Series of Examples of Ornamental Metal-work, No. 1. Med. 4to. 4s. Royal 4to. Proofs on India Paper, 5s.

A Review of the Financial Situation of the East India Company in 1824, by H. St. George Tucker, Esq.

Reine Canziani; a Tale of Modern Greece. 2 Vols. 12mo. 14s.

Treatise on Mineralogy, by Frederick Mohs, translated by W. Haidenger. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Travels in Western Africa in the years 1818, 19, 20, and 21, by Major William Gray. 8vo. 18s.

A Journal of the British Embassy to Persia. 4to. Vol. 1.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, by John Bayley, Esq. Part II. Royal 4to. 3l. 3s. Imperial 4to. 5l. 5s.

My Grandmother's Guests and their Tales, by Henry Slingsby. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

The Travellers, by T. T. C. Kendrick. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Appeal of one Half of the Human Race, Women, against the Pretensions of the other Half, Men, by William Thomson. 8vo. 6s.

Bion and Moschus, translated into English Verse. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

An Essay on Tetanus, by Joseph Swan. 8vo. 3s.

Life of Dr. T. Brown, by the Rev. David Welsh. 8vo. 14s.

Reflections on the Word of God for every Day in the Year. By William Ware, of Serrampore. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman, 12mo. 7s.

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Private Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame Pompadour. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

- May 6. At Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, the Marquise de Riazio Sforza, a daughter.
 — At Clifton, the lady of Charles A. Elton, Esq. a son.
 — The lady of Dr. Mayo, Tunbridge Wells, a daughter.
 7. At Kingston Oxon, the lady of John Brown, Esq. a son and heir.
 8. At Calais, the lady of Robert Gunn, Esq. of Mount Kennedy, a daughter.
 9. The lady of R. Bernal, Esq. MP. Park Crescent, a son.
 10. At Walton Castle, the lady of John Coulson, Esq. a son.
 12. At Friars'-place, near Acton, the lady of Charles B. Curtis, Esq. a daughter.
 13. In Grosvenor-square, the lady Calthorpe, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- April 19. John Michael Severne, Esq. eldest son of S. A. Severne, Esq. of Wallop, in the county of Salop, and Thenford in the county of Northampton, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the late Edmund Meyney Wigley, Esq. of Strakenhurst, Worcestershire.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Nicholson, Esq. to Jane Frances, eldest daughter of John Barrow, Esq. Davies-street, Berkeley-square.
 — At Chigwell, Capt. Evance, RN. to Harriet, youngest daughter of John Dyer, Esq. of Chigwell, in the county of Essex.
 21. In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Sir John Gordon, of Earlstown, Bart. to Mary, only daughter of William Irving, Esq. of Grileton.
 — At Fulham, W. Keene, Esq. of South Audley-street, to Clara, daughter of the late George Gillow, Esq. of Hammersmith.
 23. At St. Pancras Church, Henry Austen Harrison, Esq. to Susan, only daughter of the late Rev. John Hargrave Standen, of Murston Hall, Kent.
 — At Cheltenham, Thomas Dillon Hearne, Esq. of Hearnbrook, county of Galway, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Sir John Dyer, KCB. Royal Artillery.
 25. In the New Church of St. Pancras, G. A. Fauche, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Tomkinson, Esq. of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.
 26. At Weston, Northamptonshire, Colonel Henry Hely Hutchinson, second son of the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, and nephew to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson, to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick North Douglas.
 27. At St. Dunstan's Church, John Parson, Esq. youngest son of the late John Parson, Esq. of Bottesdale, Suffolk, to Elizabeth Georgiana, only daughter and heiress of the late Frederick Rose, Esq. of Black River, Jamaica.
 — At St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, Edward Beck, Esq. of Walsingham-place, to Clarencina, second daughter of Alexander Whitehead, Esq. of Lambeth Terrace.
 28. At St. George's, John Radcliff, Esq. eldest son of the Right Hon. John Radcliff, to Maria, daughter of Alexander Mariden, Esq. of Clifford-street.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Colonel William Monro, Madras Army, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Marley, Deputy Quarter-Master General to his Majesty's Forces at Madras.
 — At St. John's, Hackney, C. L. Maltby, Esq. of Upper Gloucester-place, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Watson, Esq. Mayfield-place, Kingstead.
 — At St. Mary's Church, Guildford, Edmund Elkins, Esq. to Elizabeth, sister of George Stowell, Esq. of the same place.
 — W. H. Ibotson, Esq. of Kingston-upon-Hull, to Julia Octavia, youngest daughter of B. Anderson, Esq. Acomb, Yorkshire.
 30. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Henry Alexander Illingworth, Esq. of Clapham-road, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late James Buttivant, Esq. of Kennington.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Lenigan, Esq. eldest son of Thomas Lenigan, Esq. of Castle Fogerty, in the county of Tipperary, to Eleanor Frances, only daughter of John Evans, Esq. of Hertford-street, Mayfair.
 — At St. Pancras Church, Thomas Robert Pye, Esq. some time Government Agent at the Island of Madagascar and Rodrigue, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Michael Kean, Esq. of Golden-square.
 May 2. At St. Thomas's, Portsmouth, Capt. Jenkins, RN. to Elizabeth, daughter of Harrison Deacon, Esq. of Portsmouth.
 — At Southampton, Arthur Moore, Esq. youngest son of the Hon. Judge Moore, of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland, to Anna Maria, third daughter of Sir John Peniston Milbanke, Bart. of Halnaby Hall, Yorkshire.
 3. At St. John's Church, Wakefield, the Rev. Edward Hawke Brooksbank, Vicar of Tickhill, Yorkshire, to Hannah, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Heywood, Esq. of Stanley Hall, near Wakefield.
 4. At Cheltenham, John Davis, Esq. of Winterbourne Abbey, Dorset, to Harriet, only daughter of N. Dowrich, Esq. of Cheltenham.
 5. At St. John's, Hackney, Major Blanshard, of the Royal Engineers, to Eliza Johanna, eldest daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. MP.
 — At St. John's, Hackney, Harry Hankey Dobree, Esq. of Walthamstow, to Amelia, fourth daughter of the late John Locke, Esq. of the same place.

- May 5 At Cheltenham, Charles Brodrick, Esq. eldest son of the late Archbishop of Cashel, and nephew of Viscount Middleton, to the Hon. Emma Stapleton, third daughter of Lord Le Despencer.
- At St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, Thomas Hood, Esq. of Islington, to Jane, eldest daughter of — Reynolds, Esq. of Christ's Hospital.
9. At Hadley, Wm. George Watson, of Woodford Bridge, Esq. to Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Hugh Atkins, Esq.
10. At West Malling, Alexander Maitland, Esq. of Gloucester, to Susannah, daughter of the late Sir Stephen Langston.
- At St. Pancras Church, Charles Inwood, Esq. of Euston-square, to Miss Matilda Lindo, of Burton Crescent.
- At Stepney Church, H. Godwin, Esq. of Cobourn Terrace, Bow Road, to Miss Pickering, eldest daughter of the late John Pickering, Esq. of Assembly Row, Mile End.
11. John Garford, jun. Esq. of Poplar, to Fanny, second daughter of George Pringle, Esq. of Stoke Newington.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Wm. Foulis, Bart. of Ingleby Manor, Yorkshire, to Mary Jane, second daughter of the late General Sir Charles Ross, Bart. of Balnagown, Scotland, and niece to the Duke of Leinster.
12. At Mary-la-bonne New Church, Thomas F. Grant, Esq. to Emma, fifth daughter of the late Richard Grant, Esq. of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.
- At Datchet, Thomas Halford, Esq. of Clarges-street, Piccadilly, to Maria, third daughter of the late William Sturges, Esq.
13. At Barnes, Surrey, Capt. John Bowen, RN. eldest son of Commissioner Bowen, to Elizabeth Lindley, only daughter of Jeremiah Cloves, Esq. of Manchester-square, and niece to the Countess of Newburgh.

DEATHS.

- March 6. At Spring Vale, in Jamaica, Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Spencer Madan, DD.
- April 16. At his lodgings, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Lieut.-Col. John Fraser, of the 50th Regiment.
17. At his house, in Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Major General Thomas Wm. Kerr.
19. Aged 38, M. D. Easum, Esq. of the Commercial Road, Stepney.
21. At Southampton, Jane, the wife of Capt. Henry Coxwell, of that place.
- At Penbedw, in Flintshire, in her 86th year, Frances Lady Cotton, widow of the late Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, Bart. of Combermere Abbey, in Cheshire.
22. At Ramsgate, aged 29, Julia Jemima, fourth daughter of the late William Hammond, Esq. of St. Alban's Court, Kent.
24. At Teignmouth, Ann, daughter of the late Sir Frederick Leman Rogers, Bart. of Blackford, Devon.
- At her house, Sloane-street, Jane, widow of David Lynd, Esq. late Prothonotary of the Court of King's Bench, Quebec.
25. At Dingmale, Rosshire, Rose, wife of Capt. T. Munro, HP. 42d Regiment.
26. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, Charles Perring, Esq. of Modbury, Devon.
- In the 90th year of his age, the Rev. Archdeacon Butler, Rector of Bentham and Whittington, domestic chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
- At Field House, near Whitby, Yorkshire, Christopher Richardson, Esq. in the 73d year of his age.
- At Abbey House, Bermondsey, James Riley, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.
27. At Brussels, Sarah, the lady of Rear-Admiral Winthrope.
29. Harriet, daughter of Niven Kerr, Esq.
- At her house, in Ringstead, Norfolk, Lady Martin, in her 66th year, widow of the late Sir Mor-daunt Martin, Bart. of Burnham, Norfolk.
- At Achnagairn, in the county of Inverness, John Fraser, of Achnagairn, Esq. in the 84th year of his age.
30. At his house in Tilney-street, John Vernon, Esq. of Buckhurst Hill, Berks.
- Francis Pierpont Burton, aged 18, eldest son of the Hon. Sir Francis Burton, KGH. and nephew of the Marquis of Conyngham.
- May 1. In the 72d year of his age, William Taylor, Esq. many years principal proprietor and manager of the King's Theatre.
- Esther Burgess, widow of the late Hugh Burgess, Esq. of Mary-la-bonne.
- Atkins Edwin Martin Atkins, Esq. of Kingston Lisle, near Wantage.
- At his house in Preston, Lancashire, John Gorst, Esq.
- At the Vicarage, Runcorn, Cheshire, Sarah, relict of Theodore Perney, Esq. formerly of Calcutta.
2. At his Lordship's house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the Right Hon. James Lord Glastonbury, in his 83d year.
3. At his house in Grosvenor-street, Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart. in the 80th year of his age.
4. At his house in Curzon-street, Mayfair, Lieut.-General A. Brown.
- At Brighton, Lady Herne, wife of Sir William Herne, of Maidenhead Bridge.
5. At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Wynn Belasyse, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Henry, late Earl of Fauconberg.

May 5. Lady Love, wife of Sir John Love, Bart. of the Hithe, Egham.

— At his house, in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, John Powell Smith, Esq. in his 71st year.

— John Walter, Esq. of Lindsey-row, Chelsea, in the 82d year of his age.

— At his house, in Russell-square, Thomas Roberts, Esq. in his 77th year.

— In Somerset-street, Portman-square, Frances, widow of the late T. H. Barrow, Esq. of the Island of Barbadoes, aged 81 years.

6. At South Lambeth, Mary, the wife of John Hodgson, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, aged 33.

7. At the residence of his father, near Enfield, Adam George Hogg, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in the 19th year of his age.

8. At his residence in London, the Right Rev. John Fisher, DD. FSA. Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

9. Thomas Caldwell, Esq. of Brentford, in the 56th year of his age.

10. At her house, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Frances, widow of Augustus Saltren Willett, Esq. aged 74.

11. At Bexley, in Kent, at the house of her son-in-law, Francis Dawson, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, Margaret, relict of the late William Mercer, Esq. of Clapham Common.

12. William Nurse, Esq. of Pinner, aged 64.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From April 24 to May 24.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	227 $\frac{1}{4}$	227 $\frac{1}{4}$
3 per Cent. Consols.	92 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{8}$	89 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per Cent. Reduced	92	88 $\frac{3}{8}$	89
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	99 $\frac{5}{8}$	96 $\frac{5}{8}$	96 $\frac{3}{4}$
New 4 per Cents.	106 $\frac{3}{8}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{5}{8}$
Long Annuities expire 1860	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 $\frac{9}{16}$	21 $\frac{5}{8}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	282 $\frac{1}{2}$	277 $\frac{1}{2}$	278
India Bonds, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	83	45	45
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	61	30	35
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	97 $\frac{1}{4}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	97
Brazil ditto, ditto.	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$
Buenos Ayres, ditto 6 per Cent. ...	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{4}$
Chilian ditto, 6 per Cent.	85	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	84
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	87 $\frac{1}{4}$	85	87
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	86	88
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	102 $\frac{1}{4}$	101 $\frac{3}{4}$	101 $\frac{3}{4}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	101
Greek Bonds, ditto.	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	50 $\frac{1}{2}$	50 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto, ditto	78 $\frac{3}{8}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	76
Neapolitan ditto, ditto.	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{4}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	82	77 $\frac{3}{4}$	78
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	101	99 $\frac{7}{8}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	102	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	101
Russian ditto, ditto.	96	94 $\frac{1}{4}$	94 $\frac{1}{4}$
Spanish ditto, ditto.	24 $\frac{3}{4}$	23	23 $\frac{1}{4}$

ROBERT W. MOORE.

THE LONDON AND EDINBURGH CHESS MATCH.

THE following is an extract from a letter received since the Magazine was made up, commenting on a paper on the Chess Match in our last, and accompanied by a Back Game and two Variations.

“I am, in verity, what I suspect your witty correspondent only affects to be—an old chess player. I perfectly well remember being present at the club in St. James’s, in May 1783, when the celebrated Philidor defeated three eminent players, Count Bruhl, Mr. Masseres, and Mr. Bowdler, playing three different games at the same time, without seeing any of the tables. I can hardly pretend to have had a place in the first ranks of the great players of those days; and, at my years, the faculties, it may be supposed, are apt to be on the wane. I can, however, point out to our metropolitan players a process, by which they might have won the game in fine style—a process that eluded the researches of a committee which, at the commencement of the match, was announced to comprehend the best players in England. My variation commences at the 25th move, a period of the game when your *soi disant* aged correspondent erroneously supposes that the London club had lost their superiority. Mr. Lewis may, perhaps, suspect that the exchange of the Rook for the Edinburgh Bishop may have been borrowed from his book; and, though I am not conscious of it, it is possible that the idea may have been suggested by that work. In every other respect, however, the following back game, with its two variations, differs entirely from any thing in his book: it occurs at a different stage of the game; and I leave it to himself to say, if it be not infinitely more simple and decisive than any of his thirteen variations.”

BACK GAME TO THE FIRST GAME OF THE MATCH AT CHESS
BETWEEN LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Commencing at the 25th Move.

25. LOND. Queen to adverse Bishop’s fourth square, checking.
EDIN. King to his Knight’s square.
26. L. King’s Rook takes the adverse Bishop.
E. Knight’s Pawn takes the Rook.*
27. L. Rook to adverse King’s second square.
E. Queen to her Bishop’s square.†

* The Rook might be taken by the Queen; but that would prove equally fatal, as will appear by a variation commencing at this move.

† Instead of playing their Queen, they might have pushed their Queen’s Knight’s Pawn, with the view of advancing it to Queen; but that measure would prove equally disastrous, as will be shown by a second variation, beginning at this move.

28. L. Queen to adverse Queen's fourth square, checking.
E. Rook covers the check.*
29. L. Rook takes the Rook.
E. Queen takes the Rook.
30. L. Queen takes the adverse Rook, checking, and wins the game.

FIRST VARIATION,

Commencing at the 26th Move of the Back Game.

26. EDIN. Queen takes the Rook.
27. LOND. Queen to adverse Bishop's fourth square.
E. Rook to the King's Bishop's second square.†
28. L. Queen to adverse Knight's third square, checking.
E. King to Bishop's square. ‡
29. L. Queen takes the Rook's Pawn, checking.
E. King to his Knight's square.
30. L. Queen takes adverse Knight's Pawn, checking.
E. King to his Bishop's square.
31. L. Queen to adverse Rook's third square, checking.
E. King to his Knight's square.
32. L. Rook to adverse King's fourth square ; and let the Edinburgh players move any where, they will lose their Queen, or be check-mated immediately.

SECOND VARIATION.

Commencing at the 27th Move of the Back Game.

27. L. Rook to adverse King's second square.
E. Queen's Knight's Pawn one square.
28. L. Queen takes the Pawn.
E. Queen takes the adverse Queen's Rook's Pawn. §
29. L. Pawn advances, checking.
E. King to his Bishop's square. ||
30. L. Bishop to the Queen Rook's third square.
E. Queen gives check at adverse Knight's square. ¶
31. L. Rook covers the check, and, discovering a check from the Bishop, takes the Edinburgh Queen, and wins the Game.

* If, instead of covering the check with their Rook, they move their King to his Rook's square, that Rook would be taken by the adverse Rook, and the London Queen afterwards checking and re-checking, the game would be lost immediately.

† Had they played any thing else, they would have lost the game immediately, by the advance of the adverse Queen or Rook.

‡ Whether the Edinburgh King moves to his Bishop's or Rook's square, the same disastrous result will ensue.

§ Had the Edinburgh Club moved their Queen any where else, the London players would still have checked with their Pawn, and the result would be the same.

|| If they had taken the Pawn with their Rook, the London Queen would give check-mate at their Rook's square next move.

¶ Let them play any where, the London Rook, retiring next move, would discover check, attack, and take their Queen, and the game, in every point of view, would be inevitably lost.

NEW SERIES. No. VII.

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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

JULY 1, 1825.

ITALY.

HISTORY OF THE LAST CONCLAVE,

From the 3d to the 26th of September, 1823.

Rome, May 3, 1825.

You ask me, my dear friend, to give you a history of the last Conclave. The *Histoires Anecdotiques de Conclaves*, collected by Gregorio Leti, have awakened your curiosity, and you wish to have a sketch of the intrigues by which the reformed old libertine, who now reigns under the name of Leo the XII., was raised to the Papal Chair. The task you impose upon me is very difficult. The police of Rome is well organized; the labours of common and subordinate spies are overlooked and directed by confessors. Every body here *alludes* in conversation to certain facts, an ignorance of which would instantly confer on the possessor the reputation of a dupe; but no body would relish the task of initiating a stranger into the mysteries of this transaction. One might bring upon oneself an imputation of having written verses offensive to the government. To incline you to regard my errors (if I fall into any) with an indulgent eye, I must assure you that there are not ten foreigners resident in Rome, even among those who have been there the longest, who possess any correct information on the history I am now about to relate. I owe my acquaintance with the facts to personal circumstances, which it would be imprudent, and, as you know them, useless to mention.

On the overthrow of Napoleon in the year 1814, Pope Pius VII. sent
JULY, 1825. Y

a cardinal to Rome invested with full powers. This cardinal, who was not less imprudent than bigotted and sanguinary, not only abolished all the laws introduced by the French, but abruptly annulled the authority of all the magistrates established by those heretics. In one hour Rome was without government, without police, without any means whatever of repressing or punishing crime. The cardinal in question, who had formerly been accessory to the murder of General Duphot by the mob of Rome, hoped that this same mob, particularly the population of the Transtevere (the part of the city lying to the south-west of the Tiber) would assassinate the four or five hundred men of talent to whom Napoleon had entrusted the magistrature of the city. The populace were in fact well enough disposed towards such a project, nor would the slightest obstacle have been opposed to its execution. A few men, however, were found who had the address and the humanity to divert the attention of the mob, by getting up rejoicings for the restoration of Pius VII. The day after these rejoicings was to purge Rome of the *philosophers*. (And, by the bye, even a surgeon who had accepted a situation of two pounds a month in an hospital under the French, was called a philosopher, and was hated as an atheist.) The day after the rejoicings, however, certain good citizens took measures, in spite of the cardinal, for again occupying the attention of the mob and diverting them from the projected massacre. For eight or ten days the objects of this fury were not safe. Pius VII. knew the whole affair, and never forgave himself for it. He saw that his want of capacity as a ruler, might have been the means of sending to hell several hundred souls, for which he must have been held responsible before God. From that moment he abandoned all his temporal power to Cardinal Gonsalvi. This pious sovereign reserved nothing to himself but the nomination to certain bishoprics, and the pleasure of erecting some fine specimens of architecture—an art, of which, in common with most of his countrymen, he was very fond.

There are four places in the government of Rome, which are only quitted to assume the rank of cardinal. Those of Governor of Rome, and of Tesoriere, or Minister of Finance, are among the number. Four others have, to a considerable extent, usurped this privilege; the Chief Auditor di Rota, for instance, generally receives the hat. (The Rota is the principal tribunal of the Roman States.)

Cardinal Gonsalvi, on his arrival at Rome in 1814, found these places occupied by inflexible prelates, who insisted on those privileges in the exercise of their functions, which had been in use for a century. Cardinal Gonsalvi, on the other hand, who had deeply studied the spirit of Napoleon's government, was imbued with the idea that a prime minister ought to be invested with despotic power. This idea is deserving of particular attention. It has had, and will have, the strongest influence on the destiny of Rome, Italy, France, and perhaps of Ireland, and of all Europe.

Cardinal Gonsalvi gave preferment to all the prelates who had the courage to enter into his views. He made them all cardinals. During the eighteenth century, a cardinal displayed a degree of luxury equal to that of a prince of the blood in any court of Europe; and was besides, of right, counsellor to the Pope. Gonsalvi reduced the cardinals to the passive state which he had seen allotted to Napoleon's senators at Paris. Since the year 1814, a cardinal at Rome continues to enjoy the highest honours: the Corps de Garde always present arms and beat their drums as he passes; he has the privilege of being above the laws, but he has no more influence in the government of the Pope than in that of the King of France.

Cardinal Gonsalvi's invariable policy was to fill the Sacred College with men of the most limited capacity and of the most timid character. He thus rendered it impossible to find a man capable of filling his place, in case accident, or the cabals of his enemies, should excite in Pius VII. the desire of removing him from office. The result of this fatal system was, that it would have been difficult to find among all the *employés* of all the governments of Italy, fifty drivellers worthy to compete with those who filled the Sacred College at the death of Pius VII. Cardinal Spina, Archbishop of Genoa, and Cardinal Fesch, uncle to Napoleon, were the only men of any ability; and Spina was seventy-two.

These preliminary explanations are necessary to enable you to follow my narrative. You would otherwise be inclined to stop me every minute with some *reasonable* objection, which it would occupy considerable time to answer. I now come to the history, properly so called, of the Conclave of 1823.

Pius VII. died on the 20th of August, 1823. He had been in a state of perfect childishness for four or five weeks before his death. Cardinal Gonsalvi, whose authority would, according to the usages of the Papal Court, have expired as soon as the state of the Pope was known, had the unheard of boldness to prevent the cardinals having access to his chamber. Nothing could be more at variance with the established custom, according to which the power of the Prime Minister ceases at the death of the Pope, than the confidence with which Gonsalvi reckoned on the pusillanimity and the stupidity of the men with whom he had filled the sacred college, as affording him a probable chance of retaining the ministry after the decease of Pius VII. His hopes, extravagant as they were, were near being crowned with success. In this event Gonsalvi would have had some driveller nominated Pope, secure of thus retaining his power; Leo XII. would not have been called to the office of retarding by half a century the progress of that civilization which the French had to a certain extent introduced into the Roman States; and,—what is more important to all Christendom,—the Jesuits would not have gained that universal ascendancy which they actually possess.

Twelve days after the death of the Pope, the Conclave, as is the

custom, was opened. On the following day, the third of September, it was closed. I will spare you the description of the ceremonial, which you will find in all the papers of September, 1823. My object is to tell you what the writers in those papers did not know, or what could not be printed in any spot in Europe, out of England. The Palace of the Quirinal, or of Monte Cavallo, was now to be shut against all ingress or egress whatsoever. The Prince Ghigi, with his followers, exercised the right, hereditary in his family, and of great importance, in the middle ages, of guarding the Conclave, and preventing all communication from without.

The Conclave was established in the Palace of Monte Cavallo, rather than in that of the Vatican, on account of the Mal'aria, and its attendant fever, which at that season of the year prevails around the latter. The French Ambassador, who it seems had a most delicate conscience, was afraid to commit the sin, of holding any correspondence with the interior of the Conclave. But the Russian Envoy, an old man of eighty-four, full of address and cunning, twice a day received letters, which informed him of every thing that passed in the Conclave. They were sent to him in the inside of roast chickens or of scooped oranges. The Prince Ghigi's guard searched the servants who went out and in, very strictly, but the Prince would have been afraid of a rupture with the cardinals if he had examined the roast fowls and the oranges, which their eminences sent back to their houses after breakfast. The Count Appony, Ambassador from Austria, in imitation of the Russian Envoy, had established a safe channel of communication with the Conclave. They proceeded to the vote twice in every day during its sitting, morning and evening. The majority would not declare in favour of any cardinal. The votes were burnt in a chimney, which is visible from the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. This square was crowded the whole day long. When the people of Rome saw the little smoke escaping from the chimney on which all eyes were fixed, they dispersed, saying—"We shall have no Pope again to-day." As the government of the Pope is a pure despotism, nothing can be more important to the people of Rome than the choice of the Sovereign Pontiff. Among the higher classes there is perhaps hardly an individual to be found who is not connected with some one of the cardinals. If that cardinal is chosen Pope, the fortune of his friends and creatures is made.

The circumstance which at this period took the strongest hold on the minds of the people of Rome, a people equally remarkable for ferocity, superstition, and genius, was, that the death of Pius VII., an event of immense importance to Rome, had been foretold, and certainly with extraordinary accuracy and distinctness, in the *Casamia*, an almanac in great repute there, which is manufactured not at Liege, like that of Mathieu Laensberg, but at Faenza.

No Pope since St. Peter has occupied the chair for twenty-four years; whence the proverb, *Non videbis annos Petri*. If the good Pius VII.

had lived to the month of March, 1824, he would have governed the Church for the same number of years as the apostle ; in which event the people of this country confidently believe Rome would have been utterly and instantly destroyed. You, in London, will laugh at such opinions, but here they have absolute sway. The Roman Princes being for the most part educated by lacquies or by poor priests, who, *with reason*, look upon the most absurd superstitions as the out-works of their religion, believe in predictions more firmly perhaps than they believe in the gospel. This, indeed, I must remark *en passant*, does not enjoy much credit at Rome, for where are we to look in the gospel for the institution of the mass? The Italian priests, who dread lest this reflection should occur to the people, endeavour to keep the scriptures in the back ground.

One feeling alone animated the majority of the cardinals when, on the 3d of September, 1823, the gates of the palace of Monte Cavallo were walled up. This feeling was hatred to Gonsalvi, who for nine long years had ruled with the most despotic sway. Cardinal Gonsalvi had moreover greatly sunk the importance of the purple ; and though three-fourths of the college owed their elevation to him, they never forgave him the wound he had inflicted on their dignity. Lastly, Cardinal Gonsalvi, in spite of his perfect good breeding, could not entirely conceal his contempt for the profound stupidity of the colleagues he had chosen. As Rome and the rank of cardinal are nothing without religion, and as "*religion has every thing to fear from France*," (an expression which is become proverbial among their eminencies), in spite of their slender stock of intellect, the cardinals entered the Conclave with a firm resolution of calling to the papal chair a man of courage and firmness, capable of guarding the interests and maintaining the authority of the Church. The decline of the forty or fifty modes of faith, comprehended under the word popery, which keeps pace with the advancement of knowledge, is perceptible even in Rome, and much more so at Ravenna, Bologna, and also in the fine country on the other side of the Appenines. At Rome the people generally believe in the Holy Virgin, and in the Saints, and trouble themselves very little about God.

Since they were determined to elect a man of decided character, the choice ought unquestionably to have fallen on Cavalchini, former governor of Rome. Cavalchini is still noted among the people (and in this sense all classes may be called people), for the *cruelty* he displayed while governor, in hanging some of the assassins who stabbed people in the streets. Cavalchini was on the point of being pope, when, unluckily for him, the Conclave received French papers, containing a *moderate* proclamation issued by the Duke d'Angouleme, during his campaign in Spain. This proclamation completely, and in the course of a few hours, changed the fixed determination of all these imbecile old men. They agreed that the government of France being decidedly moderate, supposing the Duke d'Angouleme to be acting under the guidance of his

uncle's ministers, they must, in order to conciliate France, elect a moderate Pope. Poor Cavalchini, having been guilty of the extraordinary severity of hanging assassins, was therefore out of the question. All wishes were then directed towards one of the body whom I must not name. This cardinal was also certain of his election, when one of his colleagues, his intimate friend, reminded their eminences that during the reign of Pius VI. this individual, then simple Monsignore, had been guilty of perjury in the famous Lepri cause. (The Lepri cause was concerning a celebrated robbery committed by Pius VI. for the benefit of his nephew, the Duke Braschi. A very rich man named Lepri was engaged in a law-suit, on the fate of which the whole of his property depended. He got himself made Monsignore. The Pope held out to him hopes of a cardinal's hat, and Lepri bequeathed his whole fortune, including his law-suit, to Pius VI. The tribunal had honesty enough to decide the cause against the Pope. Pius VI. immediately dismissed the judges, and succeeded in getting possession of the greater part of the contested property. So much for this hero of the church, Pope Pius VI.) The charge of perjury ruined the prospects of this cardinal, whom I will not name. Pious scruples of another kind stood in the way of the election of Cardinal N., in whose favour all suffrages seemed united about the fifteenth day of the Conclave (the 17th September, 1823). Thirty-three voices decided the election, and on the 17th of September this cardinal was sure of twenty-eight, but it was discovered that he had taken a cup of chocolate on a fast day. This cup of chocolate cost him the tiara.

The suffrages of these feeble-minded men then seemed directed towards the Cardinal della Somaglia, an old man of high birth, who had formerly led a very debauched life, but had reformed, and for the last thirty years had been a great devotee. The cardinals agreed that the essential point,—considering that he was eighty,—was to get out of him whom he would appoint Segretario di Stato (prime minister), in the event of his being chosen. He was sounded on this head, and replied, that Cardinal Albani would possess his entire confidence. "Cardinal Albani," cried their terrified eminences, "that man is equal to two Gonsalvis, and we have had enough of one!" Cardinal Albani, the last of his family, has twelve thousand a year (sterling); and though for many years a cardinal, had not determined to become a priest until the time of the Conclave of 1823. At that precise period, the dispensation he had obtained to hold the dignity of cardinal without taking orders, expired. Albani is generally thought a villain, and is believed to have had a hand in the most iniquitous intrigues at Vienna and at Naples. He is execrated at Rome for having endeavoured to organise a massacre in 1814. His object was, as he himself professed, to exterminate the race of philosophers, engendered by the French administration. For a long time he expended a large part of his immense income in the seduction of young girls at Rome. Albani is probably the only cardinal now living who is dis-

tinguished at once for licentiousness and atrocity. He would have been nothing remarkable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Albani was accessary to the assassinations of Basseville and of General Duphot. The faction of the *Zelanti* (the Saints as we should say, or the *dévots* as the French have it) actuated by mortal hatred to Gonsalvi, and by hostility to those of the cardinals who were, or were esteemed, men of sense and moderation, had, from the first, the election in their power. After the reply of Cardinal della Somaglia, by which he had unconsciously given a decisive blow to his interests, this faction turned their thoughts to Cardinal Severoli, who lately died at Rome. The great merit of Severoli, who was born poor, was, that on his nomination to the rich bishopric of Viterbo, he ordered his people never to set more than three dishes on his table. Severoli was of a character which inclined him to moderation, but his principles were altogether those of the sixteenth century. He firmly believed that a man might secure his damnation by opening a book. In spite of this opinion, so dear to all ultra-loyal and pious minds, Severoli, when Legate at Vienna in 1809, found occasion to quarrel with the Emperor Francis. Napoleon having, at that time, had the folly to ask in marriage Maria Louisa of Austria, a weak, narrow minded girl, the Emperor thought himself too happy to have the means in his power of preventing a second visit of the French to Vienna. The nuncio represented to him with all the boldness of an apostle (or, to use the words of M. de la Mennais, a French priest greatly esteemed at Rome, *with all the courage of a priest*), that he could not give his daughter in marriage to a man whose wife was still living. This act of firmness established Severoli's claim to the throne, in the minds of fifteen or twenty of the elder cardinals, minds steeped in all the stupidity and absurdity of *haute devotion*.

To understand the grand incident of this Conclave, the incident to which we are now coming, you must be acquainted with the fact that four crowns have the right of excluding the individual who is about to be nominated Pope. The condition of this *exclusion*, so ludicrous in an assembly which professes to be guided by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, is, that it be declared before the last examination of the votes, and before the nomination of the Pope. One day, Severoli had twenty-six voices. Thirty-three was the number required, and in the night eight Cardinals declared in his favour. During this conclave, the *exclusions* of France, Spain, and Portugal were little feared. The King of Spain, prisoner of the Cortes, had other affairs on his hands than those of the Conclave. The *exclusion* of Portugal, it was calculated, could not arrive in time. As for France, the Cardinals de la Fare, and de Clermont Tonnèrre, while they really were totally ignorant of what passed in the Conclave, were persuaded that they led the rest. The Italian Cardinals amused themselves with the folly of their French colleagues. They had moreover declared that France, not being quite convinced that it was *legitimate* to controul the choice of the Holy

Ghost, would not use her right of *exclusion*, provided only that neither the Archduke Rodolph nor Cardinal Fesch were thought of.

The Cardinals who had placed themselves at the head of the Severoli cabal wanted to make Austria explain her intentions with regard to their choice. This appears to me the only part of the history of the Conclave which is not clear. One evening, when seven or eight of Severoli's partizans were together, they set a spy to watch Cardinal Albani, who was known to be the bearer of the commands of Austria. (This they call being in the secret of Austria.) They were suddenly informed that Cardinal Albani had been seen going towards that part of the corridor upon which the door of the cell where they were met opened. They listened, and heard the slow steps of Albani, walking along the silent corridor and approaching their cell, when Cardinal Pallotta, who is gifted with a voice proportioned to his great bulk, exclaimed in the tone of a man rendered impatient by opposition, "In short, whether your eminences comply with our requests, or not, signifies little: we are sure of thirty-four votes; and to-morrow morning Severoli will be Pope." As Pallotta finished this speech, he left the cell, and met Albani face to face; Albani was as pale as death. Pallotta affected to be in the greatest confusion.

In the night, Cardinal Albani sent a confidential messenger to Count Appony, the Austrian ambassador. The man passed Prince Ghigi and his guards, in spite of all their vigilance, and the next morning, before they proceeded to the examination of the votes, Cardinal Albani, with the perturbed air of a man who feels that the success of all his ambitious schemes must be decided by the step he is taking, announced to the Conclave, then on the point of nominating Severoli, and in high spirits at the near termination of the sitting, that his Majesty the Emperor of Austria had sent in his *exclusion* of the Cardinal Bishop of Viterbo.

All eyes were instantly fixed upon Cardinal Severoli. At the moment, he bore the overthrow of all his hopes extremely well. He had the presence of mind to remember the sort of conduct demanded of him by his character of priest. He rose from his place, and went up to Cardinal Albani, and *cordially* embraced him. "What thanks," said he, "do I not owe your eminence for the timely intervention by which you have delivered me from the overpowering weight which threatened my feebleness and infirmity!"

Returning to his place, Severoli demanded that the secretary should record the *exclusion*. His colleagues wished to spare him this mortification, but he was peremptory. This action was thought a proof of singular greatness of mind. As the right of exclusion could be exercised but once, in one conclave, Severoli's demand was perfectly reasonable. He thus put it out of the power of Austria to exclude any one of his intimate friends, in case the Conclave should be disposed to give him the consolation of electing one.

The registration thus heroically demanded being made, Cardinal Severoli felt all the bitterness of his disappointment. He was obliged to leave the hall of the Conclave, and to retire to his cell. He was so ill as to be forced to go to bed. From that moment to the day of his death, which occurred a few months since, Severoli never recovered his health.

After he had quitted the hall of the Conclave, the cardinals proceeded immediately to an examination of the votes. This was wholly insignificant, and undertaken merely to afford time for them all to reflect on the important event which had just occurred. The best of the matter is, that during the night which followed the day of the *exclusion*, several of the most ancient cardinals were troubled with strange stings of remorse. They thought they remembered that it was really and indeed the Holy Ghost who had inspired them with the idea of electing the Bishop of Viterbo. On the following morning, these conscientious cardinals went to him, and said, with one accord, "We put ourselves entirely under the guidance of your eminence, we entreat you to point out to us a fit candidate for the throne of St. Peter." Cardinal Severoli replied in these precise words. "I should choose Cardinal Annibal della Genga or Cardinal de Gregori."

Cardinal della Genga had been the mortal enemy of Gonsalvi for many years. Cardinal Quarantini, uncle of Gonsalvi, had persecuted Monsignore della Genga. In his youth, Della Genga was remarkable for his personal beauty and for his licentiousness. When he was about fifty-five, many of the children of his first mistress, the wife of General Pffifer, then living at Rome, he was converted. He was sixty-two at the time of the Conclave. He had one great claim to the suffrages of the elder cardinals. He had received the holy viaticum not less than seventeen times, and was every year in danger of dying from hæmorrhage.

His rival, Cardinal Gregori, ever since the year 1814, has been saying to the French Ambassador, "I am a Bourbon; what can be more desirable for his Most Christian Majesty than that a Bourbon should fill the throne of St. Peter." The cardinal is right; he is a bastard of Charles III. and brother of the two late kings of Naples and of Spain. He has a very noble air, and though he is by no means remarkable for talent, and his nose is preposterously large, he has an animated and open physiognomy. He addressed the following arguments to the Austrian Ambassador. "Sooner or later, you will endeavour to raise Cardinal Rodolph to the papal chair. He will have to encounter considerable opposition from the other powers of Europe on the ground of his being a Prince; your best way, therefore, is to make me his predecessor; I am of royal blood, and almost a prince; I shall smooth the way for Cardinal Rodolph."

On leaving Severoli, all the cardinals repaired to the hall of election to vote. The examiners, on counting the votes, found thirty-four tickets

bearing the name of Cardinal Annibal della Genga; they proceeded no further in their examination, but turning to the new Pope fell at his feet.

Della Genga, not less skilled in his part, nor less mindful of it, than Severoli, lifted up his long robe, and showing his swelled legs to the cardinals, "How," exclaimed he, "can you expect me to take upon myself the burthen of the church of Christ? You will overpower my feebleness. What will become of the church in the present state of her necessities, entrusted to the care of a pope who is always ill and will be bedridden?" The cardinals made an appropriate reply, and proceeded to the first ceremonies usual on the exaltation of a pope, which you will find described at length in all the works which treat of the court of Rome. The pope receives precisely the same adorations as the God Christ Jesus, whose vicar he is. It is understood, however, that he receives those honours only in his character of representative. During the Conclave of 1823, which lasted twenty-three days, from the 3d to the 28th of September, Rome was in a state of the utmost agitation. The choice of the new pontiff would decide which was to prevail, the Liberal party supported by Gonsalvi, or the Ultra party headed by the imbecile Cardinal Pacca. Gonsalvi was not a man of sufficient genius and elevation of mind to give the people liberal institutions, or to create bodies of men interested in directing the government of the church in a manner conformable with the existing state of public opinion. Gonsalvi could only be regarded as a lucky accident. He was a man of good intentions and enlightened views placed upon a despotic throne. A country cannot be permanently benefited by such a ruler; whatever good he may do ends with his life. When I speak of Gonsalvi's administration as useful, I must, of course, be understood to mean by comparison. His *liberalism* was, however, sufficient to astound the Romans, who are two centuries behind France or England in civilization. But this same liberalism was very far below what was required by the degree of intelligence to be found at Bologna, and other towns of Romagna. These places are nearly on a level with Francè.

During the Conclave of 1823, the attention of the people of Rome was singularly divided. They actually believed themselves conquered by Austria. Nothing could be a stronger proof of the abhorrence in which the government of the priests is held, an abhorrence which is indeed publicly avowed, than that, in spite of the avarice of Austria, and her persecutions of the Carbonari, this conquest was, on the whole, a subject of rejoicing. The following circumstance gave rise to this strange rumour. An Austrian captain who was taking an hundred and fifty recruits to join the army of occupation in Naples, entered Viterbo about the 15th of September. The captain, delighted with the cheapness of the wine, got drunk, and his troop followed his example. During his debauch, he happened to hear that the Pope was dead, and that the

throne was vacant. This idea fermented in his brain to such a degree, that when the guard at the gates of Viterbo called *qui vive*, he replied that he was come to take possession of Rome in the name of His Majesty, Francis, Emperor of Rome. The guard was delighted at the news, and made no resistance. The captain marched his hundred and fifty men to the piazza of Viterbo, where he drew them up; they were billeted as usual; and, in another hour, the whole of the Austrian troops were getting more completely drunk with their hosts, and thinking no more of the conquest of Viterbo. But the papal commander of the place had in the mean time dispatched a courier to Rome. In a quarter of an hour, all Rome rung with this important news, and was already regarded by its inhabitants as the capital of the Austrian empire. On the following day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Austrian captain, with his hundred and fifty recruits, made his entry into Rome from Viterbo, by the gate of the people, in spite of the protestations of the Ambassador, Appony, thirty thousand spectators, delighted to be conquered, lined the way through which he passed. Even in the Conclave the report gained credit, and it is now firmly believed that, if Count Appony had been a man of any vigour and promptitude, he might have caused the Archduke Rodolph to be nominated to the Popedom that very day; he might, at least, have got some German cardinal elected. The new Pope would have instantly created thirty young German cardinals, who would have secured the election of Archduke Rodolph (who is himself not old) at the next Conclave.

The other anecdote is of little importance but as it illustrates the wonderful silliness of the French cardinals, M. Fare and de Clermont Tonnèrre. They were fully and constantly persuaded that they led the Conclave, while, in reality, they were so completely the laughing stock of all the others, that they knew nothing of the probable election of Severoli, till Cardinal Albani proclaimed the *exclusion* on the part of Austria.

The anniversary of some fête or other of the Bourbon family falls about the middle of the month of September. On the day of this fête the French cardinals said to their colleagues, before they proceeded to the examination of the votes, "Your eminences should choose this day for the election of a Pope. The compliment would be very agreeable to the King, our master." You can form no idea of the effect this insolent impertinence produced on the other cardinals. The power of the tiara is, indeed, greatly diminished, but the forms of the court of Rome are eternal, and these forms are all expressive of the profoundest veneration. The folly of the French cardinals is become proverbial at Rome. Cardinal della Somaglia (Prime Minister) said, a few days after this occurrence, that Cardinal de Clermont Tonnèrre was worse than an *epizootie* (a murrain).

Such, my dear friend, is the history of the elevation of Cardinal

Annibal de la Genga. Pope Leo X. so celebrated for his talents, who was poisoned in the midst of his enlightened efforts to advance the civilization of Italy, granted a fief to the family of the Marquesses de la Genga—very poor nobles of the little town of Spoleto. To show his gratitude for this gift, Cardinal de la Genga took the name of Leo XII. Leo XI. was a Medici as well as Leo X., but was very little known. He reigned only twenty-seven days.

Leo XII. has afforded a complete triumph to the Ultra party. There are many points of resemblance between him and Charles X. Both are old libertines enfeebled by age and debauchery, tormented with the fear of hell, and besieged by the Jesuits. Leo XII. is, moreover, very avaricious, and that quality is especially execrated by the Romans. His scheme of prohibiting all amusements and spectacles during the holy year, 1825, has converted Rome into a desert. I occupy a delightful lodging, which costs me twenty scudi a month, (4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*); and which, last year, let for forty-eight scudi, 10*l.*

The rent of their lodgings is the sole source of income to the poor citizens of Rome. The government is generally execrated, and I run no risk of being accused of exaggeration when I say that this country ardently longs to be conquered. The King of Naples, Francis I. is greatly beloved at Rome; and, if the Holy Alliance would let him, might conquer the whole papal dominions without firing a gun. Such are the political results of the Conclave of 1823.

R. P.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

WRITTEN OVER A FLASK OF SHERRIS.

Dear Lamb, I drink to thee,—to *thee*
Married to sweet Liberty!—

What!—old friend, and *art* thou freed
From the bondage of the pen?
Free from care and toil indeed—
Free to wander amongst men
When and howsoe'er thou wilt,—
All thy drops of labour spilt
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field?

Come,—another mighty health!
Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth,
Countless ease,—immortal leisure,—
Days—and nights of boundless pleasure,
Checquer'd by no dream of pain,
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain
Like a nightmare, and doth press
The happy soul from happiness.

Oh! happy thou,—whose all of time
(Day, and eve, and morning-prime)
Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes,—
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams
Such as panther'd Bacchus rules,
When his rod is on 'the schools',
Mixing wisdom with their wine;—
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine
Strayeth in some elder book,
Whereon our modern Solons look
With severe ungifted eyes,
Wondering what thou seest to prize.
Happy thou, whose skill can take
Pleasure at each turn, and slake
Thy thirst by every fountain brink,
Where less wise men would pause to shrink.
Sometimes 'mid stately avenues
With Cowley thou or Marvel's muse
Dost walk,—or Gray, by Eton towers,
Or Pope, in Hampton's chesnut bowers,—
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream:—
Or,—dost thou with our Milton dream
Of Eden, and the Apocalypse,
And hear the words from his great lips?

Speak!—In what grove or hazel shade
For "musing Meditation made,"
Dost wander,—or on Penshurst lawn,
Where Sydney's fame had time to dawn
And die, ere yet the hate of men
Could envy at his perfect pen?
Or, dost thou in some London street,
With voices fill'd and thronging feet,
Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay—
Or take, along some pathway sweet,
Thy calm suburban way?—

Happy beyond that man of Ross,
 Whom mere content could ne'er engross,
 Art *thou*,—with hope,—health,—“learned leisure,”
 Friends—books—thy thoughts—an endless pleasure!
 —Yet—yet—(for when was pleasure made
 Sunshine all without a shade?)
 Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest
 Through the busy scenes thou lovest
 With an idler's careless look,
 Turning some moth-pierced book,
 Feel'st a sharp and sudden woe
 For visions vanished long ago!—
 And then thou think'st how time has fled
 Over thy unsilver'd head,
 Snatching many a fellow mind
 Away, and leaving—what——behind?—
 Nought, alas! save joy and pain
 Mingled ever, like a strain
 Of music where the discords vie
 With the truer harmony.
 So, perhaps, with thee the vein
 Is sullied ever,—so the chain
 Of habits and affections old,
 Like a weight of solid gold,
 Presseth on thy gentle breast,
 Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.

—Ay: So it is. Ev'n *I* (whose lot
 The fairy Love so long forgot)
 Seated beside this Sherris wine,
 And near to books and shapes divine,
 Which poets and the painters past
 Have wrought in lines that aye shall last—
 Ev'n *I*, with Shakspeare's self beside me,
 And One, whose tender talk can guide me
 Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,—
 Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
 Like sunshine on a stormy sea,—
 Want *something*,—when I think of *thee*!

May 25, 1825.

C'

LOSS OF THE KENT EAST INDIAMAN.

[The following narrative records the proceedings on board the *CAROLINE*, Captain Bibby, relative to the preservation of fourteen men who were left on the wreck of the Kent East Indiaman. The details are exceedingly interesting, and may be relied upon as authentic. The scenes here described, took place *after* the departure of the *CAMBRIA*, from the burning remains of the Indiaman. From the account of Captain Cook, it would appear, that he thought none of the crew of the Kent had been left upon the vessel. Out of 637 souls were saved 554, the rest were supposed to have been drowned in making for the Cambria.—ED.]

ABOUT twelve o'clock at night on the 1st of March last, a bright light was observed in the horizon by the watch of the bark *Caroline* on her passage from Alexandria to Liverpool, proceeding apparently from a ship on fire. It having blown strong the preceding day, the *Caroline* was at the time under double reefed main and fore-top sails, main try-sail, and fore-top-mast stay-sail, close upon a wind with a heavy sea going. Word was immediately passed to Captain Bibby, who instantly bore up, and setting his main-top gallant sail ran down towards the spot.

About two o'clock, when every eye was intensely fixed upon the increasing brightness in the sky, a sudden jet of vivid light darted upwards, evidently caused by an explosion, though they were as yet too far distant to hear any report. In half an hour the *Caroline* had approached sufficiently near to make out the wreck of a large vessel lying head to wind, of which nothing remained but the ribs and frame timbers, which, marking the outlines of a double line of ports and quarter-galleries, afforded too much reason to fear that the burning skeleton was the remnant of a first class East Indiaman or line-of-battle ship. The flames, however, had so completely consumed every other external feature, that nothing could be ascertained with accuracy. She was burnt nearly to the water's edge; but becoming gradually lighter as the internal timbers and fallen decks and spars were consumed, she still floated, pitching majestically as she rose and fell over the long rolling swell of the bay. Her appearance was that of an immense cauldron or cage of buoyant basket-work, formed of the charred and blackened ribs, naked and stripped of every plank, encircling an uninterrupted mass of flame, not however of uniform intensity, as from two or three points, probably where the hatchways had supplied an additional quantity of looser fuel, brighter emissions were bursting upwards. Above, and far to leeward, the atmosphere was a cloud of curling smoke, the whole sprinkled with myriads of sparks and burning flakes of lighter materials, thrown up without intermission, and scattered by the wind over the sky and waves.

As the *Caroline* bore down, part of a mast and some spars were observed rising and falling, and almost grinding under the starboard,

or what might be called, the weather-quarter of the wreck ; for although, as has been stated, it rode nearly head to wind, in the course of drifting, these spars being fast to the after part, in some degree gave the stern-frame a slight cant to windward.

The Caroline coming down right before the wind was in a few minutes brought across the bows of the wreck, and as near as was consistent with safety. At that moment, when to all appearance no human being could be supposed to retain life within the sphere of such a conflagration, a shout was heard, and almost at the same instant several figures were observed clinging to the above-mentioned mast and spars. From their low situation, almost upon a level with the water, and the rapidity of the bark's motion, she could not have been visible long before they hailed—what then must have been their feelings, when (no rational hope of rescue remaining) they suddenly beheld within a few yards the hull and sails of a large vessel, brilliantly illuminated by the glare ; but whatever those feelings were, a fearful pause ensued, for, with equal rapidity gliding athwart the bows of the Kent, the stranger disappeared, leaving them to their own conjectures as to the possibility of being saved, even if the attempt were made, in consequence of the heavy sea and probable disappearance of the wreck before a boat could reach them.

Captain Bibby saw the hazard, and with excellent judgment immediately decided upon his plan of operation. The top-gallant-sail was taken in, the fore-topmast stay-sail lowered, and the ship's course continued under the topsails and trysail to leeward, at such a distance as to avoid the danger of falling flakes and sparks, but, at the same time, so near as to admit of rendering every possible assistance to the forlorn sufferers, and then the fore top-sail was braced aback, and the vessel hove to. This course to leeward was further determined upon, in the hope that if any boat or raft was hanging near the wreck, it might be cast off and steered towards the Caroline ; it being obvious that in such a sea it would be impossible for rafts, or spars, or even boats if much overloaded or imperfectly manned, to make their way to windward. In the mean time, the jolly boat was lowered down from the stern, and manned by Mr. Matthew Wallen, the mate, and four seamen, who pushed off without hesitation, and pulled for the wreck. It is almost unnecessary to add, that in their progress these gallant fellows were exposed to very considerable danger, for, situated as they were to leeward, the sea in every direction was covered with articles of every description and size. Masts spars, chests, packages, furniture, &c. were dashing about, now in the hollow and trough of the sea, now on the summit of high waves, threatening destruction to whatever they might come in contact with, but fearlessly and skilfully they persevered, and, having approached within a few yards of the stern, they caught sight of the first living being—a man was observed writhing as he clung to a rope or portion of wreck close under the ship's counter—so close, indeed, that as the stern frame rose with the swell he was jerked upwards, and suspended above the water, to meet a more dreadful fate, for with few and short inter-

vals streams of pure flame gushed forth through the casings of the gun-room ports, and scorched the poor sufferer, whose cries of agony they could distinctly hear, and which only ceased when as the surge passed on the descending stern frame plunging downwards buried him in the waves. Imminently dangerous, not to say hopeless, as was the chance of saving this man, alternately exposed to the horrors of the contending elements, Mr. Wallen made up his mind to run every risk, and accordingly the men pushed at once under the stern frame, without attending to their own safety, exposed as they were to the danger of these successive jets of flame. "He," said Mr. Wallen, "appeared to be the worst off, and therefore the first it was our business to look after." The gratification of rescuing a fellow creature from such an unparalleled situation of suffering was, however, withheld: for when almost within their grasp, when the poor fellow (if faculties and sense then remained, which may be doubted, for latterly he had been silent) looked for preservation, the fire severed the rope or spar connecting him with the wreck—he sunk, and was seen no more. Their efforts were then directed to the men on the mast, from which, in a few minutes, by cautiously backing in their boat, six of the nearest were secured and carried off, but not without considerable difficulty, as the swell rendered all approach extremely hazardous.

To have taken more would have risked the safety of the whole, for it may be easily conceived that in a small merchantman's jolly boat, about eighteen feet in length, and, in many respects, inferior to the generality of boats of this description, eleven persons in a heavy sea, and under such circumstances, were even more than it was consistent with strict prudence to carry, and, in fact, when returning, they were warned by a heavy wave which nearly swamped them of the consequence of overloading so small a conveyance. This first trip occupied a space of about half an hour; and no sooner were the six passengers disposed of than Mr. Wallen again shoved off for the wreck, from which the *Caroline* by drifting had now increased her distance. No survivors having been observed on other parts, or near the vessel, those on the mast under the weather-quarter became the exclusive objects of attention, and accordingly, as before, the boat was backed in, and with equal success—six more were taken on board.

During this second trip, Mr. Wallen had remarked, from the state of the remaining works above water, that in all probability, before he could make a third attempt, the mass would go down, in which case there was too much reason to fear that the survivors on the mast must be sucked under by the vortex, and inevitably lost. Exertions were, therefore, redoubled; and although, as has been stated, the distance between the vessels had materially increased, the second trip did not occupy more time than the first, and no sooner had the additional six been placed in safety, than for the third and last time the little jolly boat pushed off. But when struggling against the head sea, before they could reach the mast, the anticipated and dreaded event took place. The fiery pile was observed to settle slowly on the waves, and gradually disappear. In

another instant, the hitherto bright and burning atmosphere was involved in utter darkness, rendered still more awful by the contrast; a dense cloud of black smoke lingered like a shroud over the spot, and to the loud crackling of burning timbers and rustling of flames a death-like silence had succeeded.

With a presence of mind well fitted for the service he was upon, Mr. Wallen, as the last flash quivered upon the water, set the spot by a star—aware, but for this precaution, his remaining exertions might yet be vain; for even with the bright light, not inferior to that of mid-day, his approaches to the wreck had been attended with considerable danger, but now, involved in darkness, these dangers were increased an hundred fold, floating pieces of wreck could no longer be seen and avoided, and a single blow would have annihilated his frail boat. As a last and only chance of rescuing such as might possibly be still floating, he resolved to wait for day-light—but to keep up their spirits, and show that they were not deserted, loud and repeated shouts were raised from the boat. For a time none were returned, and they despaired of being further useful, but at last a feeble cry reached their ears, and then again the boat's crew cheered loudly and gladly. For an anxious hour, during which they hung upon their oars, or occasionally moved to keep their position, with his eye steadily fixed upon the friendly guiding star, Mr. Wallen remained in suspense.

At length the dawn began to break, and the mast again became visible in the very line in which its bearings had been taken, and four forms were still seen amongst the cordage and top work; but they were motionless, and it was doubtful whether life remained. On nearing them, however, anxiety was in part relieved, for two of the four showed symptoms of animation—they raised their heads, looked up, and stretched their arms towards their deliverers, who, pulling up, again backed their boat upon the wreck, and succeeded in securing them, though in a state of almost perfect exhaustion, from the length of time they had been exposed to the waves, with which they had been every moment nearly overwhelmed; but the other two made no signs; one had attached himself firmly to the spar, and grasping it in his arms, rested his head upon it as if asleep. The other, reared between the cheeks of the mast, stood half upright with his arms extended, and his face turned towards the direction of the boat, but he was motionless—both were dead—and, of course, no efforts were made to detach their bodies from the wreck. On Mr. Wallen's return, one of the Indiaman's boats was observed drifting at a short distance, and as it was possible that some survivors might be in it, they pulled along-side, but found it empty. This boat was, however, taken in tow, with the hope of being secured on board the *Caroline*, but it soon became necessary to cut her away, for as the dawn advanced, the windward sky assumed a stormy aspect; the wind, which had during the night been comparatively moderate, though strong, began to blow in gusts, and the long swells, instead of rolling on in one unbroken

mass, began to curl upon their summits, and break in feathery sprays—sure indications of approaching mischief. Not a moment was therefore to be lost, and, true to the lowering signs of the morning, before the jolly boat could be well secured, the wind had freshened considerably, and all hands were engaged in preparing for an expected gale. In fact, had the boat been half an hour later, there is every reason to suppose that she could not have regained the vessel. How long these fourteen survivors had been floating on the mast, cannot be ascertained with certainty, for their account is confused and imperfect; but it is known by the letter of Mr. Thompson, published in the newspapers, that the cutter, under his command, did not quit the Kent till after midnight,* when it was considered impossible to remain longer in consequence of the flames from the gun-room, ports, and cabin-windows. At that time the spanker boom was crowded with soldiers, whose perilous situation was, notwithstanding, insufficient to overcome their fears of leaping from that height into the water. The masts and greater part of the rigging remained standing, when the Cambria quitted the wreck, and the decks were not finally deserted until their heat became excessive, and the fire began to burst forth from stem to stern with overwhelming fierceness, and a general rush then took place towards the masts, spars, and such parts of the rigging as offered the slightest prospect of temporary safety. The work of destruction must, however, have gone on from that period most rapidly; and as the lower extremities of the masts and bowsprit must soon have been consumed, they probably all fell about the same time; but dreadful as was the situation of those who still clung to the spanker boom and mast, which seem to have been entangled together, the fate of those on the other spars cannot be contemplated without the keenest feelings of horror and commiseration. It is conjectured that some rope (as the floating mast on which the survivors were found rounded the stern, and was brought up under the starboard quarter) must have got foul of the keel or rudder irons, thus attaching it to the hull of the vessel, whereas other spars falling clear, drifted bodily away. In their fall, no doubt, those who clung to them must have been washed off; but it is equally probable that many must also have regained them, and, drifting to leeward, could have been at no great distance, when the Caroline, running down towards them, suddenly luffed up and hove to under the lee of the Kent. Every prospect of preservation being thus annihilated, we can only hope that in such a state of utter despair the sufferings of these wretched beings were not long protracted.

[Much has been done, and properly done, both in the way of compliment, and more substantial reward for Captain Cook, and his crew; we should be glad to learn that some notice has been taken of the humanity of Captain Bibby, and the highly meritorious efforts of Mr. Wallen, and the men under him.—ED.]

* About which time the fire had been observed by the Caroline, and when, in fact, she was bearing down towards the Kent.

A THESPIAN SUPPER.

SCENE,—*A Tiring Room in Drury-Lane Theatre.*

MR. ELLISTON, MR. TERRY, MR. WINSTON, MR. SOANE,
MR. MACREADY, MR. KNIGHT, MR. G. ROBINS, MR. MONCRIEFFE, &c.
At Supper.

TIME,—*Midnight.*

Mr. Elliston. George! as you love me, don't look at your watch now. *We* of the profession never take note of time, *after* the play. West! open *that* bottle!

Mr. G. Robins. Not to-night; Terry is grave, and Winston is keeping his wife up. "Let every man," as Old John Kemble used to say, "home to his idle bed."—Besides, I have to sell to-morrow, and I never am great upon landed property after late nights and long-necked bottles.

Mr. Moncrieffe. First, let us be able to enter upon the *open champain* this evening—and leave you, Sir, to describe it to-morrow.

Mr. Winston. What is that Mr. Moncrieffe says? Knight and I, down here by the broiled bones, lose half that is said—

Mr. Elliston. Doubtless—and don't understand what you catch.—But Moncrieffe has, it must be confessed, a villainous knack of talking into his own bosom or his plate.—His voice is,—is,—is—*near sighted*.—There—(to the Waiter)—hand it to Terry! Now, dear Terry, don't be looking at that yellow foam, as if you were playing the child's game of Parson and Clerk, and were watching until every spark went out!—Take it off!—off!—off!—as our Deities say. It will brighten your naturally bright spirits!

Mr. G. Robins. Terry, the comic writer, charged with champagne, cannot fail to be a treat. You must have written Faustus on champagne and water! It's a rare piece of wit!

Mr. Terry. You think so!—ah!—[drinks.]—There!—eh! Cream of the right sort!—I well remember one night at Abbotsford, when my friend Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, and I—

Mr. Elliston. Aye, aye, I know—you mentioned that before. We all know that!—For once, my dear fellow, let us keep clear of Scotland! Oh! my friends!—When a play goes off so well as this piece has gone to-night, I am always delighted with England, late hours, good friends, and bumpers!—Come, George, let us drink success to Mr. Soane and to Mr. Terry, and thanks to them for the matchless drama of Faustus, with which they have honoured the theatre this evening—gifted as they are—

Mr. G. Robins. Come, come, postpone that address,—you are not on the stage now; here's—Soane and Terry, &c.!

All. Soane and Terry, &c.!

Mr. Terry. For Mr. Soane and myself I beg to express all that grateful hearts—

Mr. Elliston. Good!—By the bye, Terry!—where the devil did you get your idea of the Devil?—It was very striking.—

Mr. Terry. Out of Retsch's outlines. I studied all his attitudes—dressed diabolically after the German mode—cultivated the hatchet face—the long legs—the erect postures—the whispering at the ear. Did you like it—eh?—

Mr. Macready. It was excellent good, Mr. Terry,—but these melodramas like me not. In sooth the vitiated taste of the town makes the labours of a profession to which ill-fate has exposed me, hateful. The classical drama is becoming stifled in these foreign mystifications.

Mr. Elliston. [To Terry.] Never mind *him*: he is soured with success. [Aside to Terry.]—Poh!—The classical drama be damned!

Mr. Moncrieffe. It generally is.

Mr. Elliston. Well done, Mon!—I always disliked you; but you pun prettily, dress neatly, and are to be depended on. Yet what, my dear Mr. Macready, is the classical drama after all,—when the town is made for devils and devilments.

Mr. Macready. Look at *Virginius*. *That* tragedy was strict in the unities.

Mr. Winston. Yes!—and never drew a half-price after the first week.

Mr. Elliston. Well done, Winny!

Mr. Terry. Oh! Winston knows what the unities are in a theatre.—He told me the other day, no house that was *divided* could go on.—He said he was all for the unities!

Mr. Winston. Well—and I think so still. *Virginius* is not a bad piece, but Past Ten o'Clock for me—if I had to choose.

Mr. Macready. Pshaw!

Mr. Elliston. Well, but turn we to survey *Orestes in Argos*, a piece which Charles, over the way, thought a bit of genuine Euripides.—What a mistake. It was classical, but dull as a Sunday at home.

Mr. Macready. I never saw it. They wanted me,—to elevate the passion!

Mr. Elliston. Why it was Greek to the Gods,—formal as Mrs. Fry's tucker,—long as the *Iliad*,—sober as Mrs. Harlowe,—and all as classical as Lily's grammar.

Mr. Terry. The scenery was good—

Mr. Elliston. Besides—(I beg your pardon, Daniel)—Besides—to add to its miseries,—it had three old fuddled furies billeted upon it for the night,—which were as unpleasant to the company, as three tipsy privates to a free and easy at the Ship and Shoulder of Mutton. No—no—*Orestes* must give way to the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

Mr. Macready. William Tell,—without all the vicious gunpowder,

and tasteless saltpetre, and wrong red light,—is an interesting play to all persons. Knowles is a man of genius.

Mr. Elliston. People,—Sir,—like to hear all about shooting at the nonpareil with a little boy under it. You are great in Tell with a bow and arrow.

Mr. Moncrieffe. I always liked Elliston in *Archer*.

Mr. Winston. Garrick was said to be great in *Scrub*.

Mr. Knight. I used to play in that little farce!—Little Knight—you know.

Mr. G. Robins. Yes—we know!

Mr. Moncrieffe. And *Little*, Knight, you will always be!

Mr. G. Robins. Poor Jack Bannister—do you remember him in *Squib*?—And Joe—Joe Munden!—

Mr. Elliston. [*Sighing.*] Ah!—gone!—gone!—Mortal all. West, another bottle!

“For now alas! my spirits sink,
I’ll raise them high with wine!”

Poor Jack! Poor Joe!

Mr. G. Robins. Bannister was always manly and pleasant!—

Mr. Winston. He was a good Gondibert, and generally perfect.

Mr. Terry. Eh! good indeed!

Mr. Winston. Holland, the wine merchant, says his Walter in the *Children in the Wood* was the best piece of acting he ever saw.

Mr. Elliston. Poh!—Sir! What should he, a wine merchant, know of Walter. I have acted Walter!

Mr. Moncrieffe. Or what should he, a wine merchant, know of the *Children in the Wood*—he might, you know, confound them with the *Children in the bottle*!

Mr. Terry. Eh! eh! eh!—pleasant—eh?—

Mr. Elliston. I know what good acting is—my friends! And next season, in *Fallstaff*, you shall see what can be done by me—Robert!

Mr. G. Robins. You—in *Fallstaff*!—

Mr. Elliston. I pledge myself to it.

Mr. Moncrieffe. Mr. Robins will have to sell *that*—amongst his other assortments of *unredeemed pledges*.

Mr. Elliston. Sir! you are getting personal!—I have a foot!—

Mr. G. Robins. Come—come—

Mr. Elliston. I’ve a foot!—This right leg and foot [*slapping his thigh a-la-Falconbridge*] stood me—

Mr. Moncrieffe. Stood him! well!

Mr. Elliston. Aw! Sir!—Stood me in eighty pounds besides costs? I love my right leg for its costliness—I venerate it for its fearless love of liberty—

Mr. G. Robins. You mean of taking liberty!

Mr. Terry. I think, Elliston, you were wrong in so considerably

kicking Mr. Poole, and giving the lie to his comrade, the half saint and half barrister,—I do,—upon my soul!

Mr. Elliston. Sir! Mr. Poole knew I should kick him, and he came, as I might say, to invite my foot to his *rout*. I never kicked a smaller man, Sir, in my life. It was quite a relish, I assure you. It was—upon—my honour!

Mr. Terry. But suppose, good Sir, he or his friend had retaliated.

Mr. Elliston. I should have sent for the House Constable and have had them put out! Corri, the Columbine's proprietor has threatened to be troublesome; but if he attempts in any way to be offensive, I shall give him a specimen of the fantastic toe, which he, with all his dancing experience, has no idea of. Sir, I shall molest him.

Mr. Winston. They say, he has brought an action against poor Spring.

Mr. Elliston. Yes, poor Samuel!—so I'm told.—But what for?—for saying Mrs. Corri was of a certain age and not *too* plump! One must, Sir, one must—have—one's columbine in good case.—Mrs. Corri is not muscular enough.—

Mr. Winston. Mrs. Corri is not a strong young woman, I am given to understand.

Mr. Elliston. By the bye, Winston, what *Fry* is that that has been making free with my name at the Public Office lately?—

Mr. Winston. Oh!—you know her very well, Sir, I suppose.

Mr. Elliston. I do not, on my word, *much* recollect her.

Mr. Moncrieffe. I was not aware, till lately, that the Two Managers of the Two Great Theatres, kept houses in Soho-square. Charles Kemble has a house there, and so has Mr. Elliston, I hear.

Mr. Elliston. Fry!—Fry!—Fry!—Oh! It must be that little creature, you know, Winston, that came for an engagement one morning—angled for a chuck of the chin,—and met me by appointment under the Pantheon in Oxford-street.

Mr. Winston. Yes, Sir!

Mr. G. Robins. Well!—well!—we want no particulars.—

Mr. Terry. No—no—only it's hard to be calumniated in the newspapers—as poor Elliston has been?

Mr. Elliston. [*Snaps his fingers.*] That,—and That,—for the newspapers. We are all friends, and I may therefore say—that the greatest curse upon a theatre, in my opinion, is the damnable Public Press.

Mr. Winton. Hush! For heaven's sake! Remember The Sunday Monitor.

Mr. Elliston. There's The Times—full of morality, personality, and advertisements,—The Chronicle,—The Post,—The New Times,—all,—fond of scandal and abuse of the Drama—they all hint at my Madeira; yet they live upon my free-list,—send in their raw critics to my establishment to see my plays for nothing,—and then do the malicious at a—guinea—a week!

Mr. G. Robins. You're eloquent !

Mr. Elliston. I have cause to be so ! With a great establishment like this on my hands—(These lobsters, Winston, have none of the red berry in them—there should be red berry in them, you know.)—I say, with an establishment like this on my hands, I am able to feel the effects of an overbearing Press.

Mr. Moncrieffe. I thought the *Press* was very great this evening—and you therefore ought not to complain.

Mr. G. Robins. Very well—yes ! and the rush was not gigantic at Covent Garden to-night. Only one or two fruit women, three country gentlemen, four or five foot soldiers, Donaldson, and the little Belascos.

Mr. Terry. The promise of a profitable and pleasant house—

Mr. Elliston. Yes ! I flatter myself—the *public press*,—at those doors,—*is suspended*.

Mr. Moncrieffe. My joke—I call heaven and Little Knight to witness.

Mr. Knight. I did not hear it—I was studying my profession.

Mr. Terry. Oh ! Knight ! how do you manage to get the printsellers to put your little picked-pointed visage up in their windows so regularly ?—

Mr. Knight. My son goes about, I suppose, and arranges it. There are several prints of me. I like portraits,—they are good gags for one's benefit.—I think Mr. Macready and myself are very fortunate in the print shops.

Mr. Macready. The artists intreat *me*, Sir.—I fear you reverse the picture !

Mr. Winston. I never had my face copied in my life !—I wish I could get my head into a magazine.

Mr. Elliston. Well—try the Evangelical.—“The Reverend Mr. Winston with a Memoir.” You've a charming cast of face,—for a back chapel,—in some bye lane,—about Barbican !—Do you know, Daniel, (*to Terry*),—He preaches occasionally to the Dressers.

Mr. Moncrieffe. So does Dr. Kitchener !

Mr. G. Robins. Well done.—I must tell the Doctor that joke, he is an amiable person, and respects his own joints and others' jests.

Mr. Terry. Suppose—to enliven conversation—we were to have a song ?—Come, a song ?

Mr. Elliston. A song—oh ! by all means.—How I used to astound the Benchers of the Outer Temple, about St. George's Fields, with my warblings in Macheath. Tom Dibdin told me (and he never flatters) that I had a perfect notion of the character,—and was better than his fondest hopes could expect,—in the songs !

Mr. G. Robins. Where is Tom ?

Mr. Elliston. Gone to Sadler's Wells.—*I* should never do at that New River Establishment—I hate “*real water* !” Winston knows I hate real water !

Mr. G. Robins. Well, a glass of wine and a song!—and suppose Captain Macheath begins at the beginning?—

Mr. Elliston. With all my heart, George!—Here's the King! my,—gracious,—Monarch!—Now—(silence Winston)—now for a lyric!

SONG.—MR. ELLISTON.

1.

Where have you been, my merry merry boys?—
Drinking punch at the Toy near Kingston?
Drinking punch at the Toy of Toys,—
With my lovely Dunn, and my lively Winston!

2.

Where have you been, my merry merry men!
With your tipsy eyes, so crazed with mad leers?
Quaffing sherry from eight to ten,
At the Middleton's Head, near the Wells of Sadler's.

3.

Whom met you there, my merry merry souls?—
No empty quacks,—no Goss,—no Aldis;—
But full honest spirits, and flowing bowls,—
The two jolly Joes,—oh!—the two Grimaldi's!

4.

Where have you been, my merry merry guest!
Where have you been to-night, my hearty?
Pulling away at old Hanbury's Best,
Behind the scenes, with Ducrow's Buonaparte!

5.

What saw you there, my merry merry Wags?
What saw you there, my crazy creature?—
A man going round with a brace of flags,
Good bottled ale—and the best saltpetre!

6.

Where have you been, my merry merry lads?—
In the Waterloo-road—carousing madly,
Getting ripe at the Flying *Prad's*,
With Sloman from town, and the Cobourg Bradley!

7.

But where—oh! where—my merry merry chaps,
(My merry chaps there's a jolly row been!)
With your ruby phizzes, and dinted caps—
Ah where, you graceless dogs! have you *now* been?

8.

Oh ! we've been leading a bedlam—bedlam life !
 In a neat back room, where it nothing cost us !
 Quaffing success to old Freischutz' strife,—
 And drinking like devils on Doctor Faustus.

Mr. Elliston. There !—There's a song for you—hit off at the spur of the moment, and bating the tune, which I don't know—I think it's not amiss !—Lively, eh ! Daniel ?

Mr. G. Robins. Admirable !

Mr. Terry. An excellent compound, egad !—a mixture of Blackwood, Captain Morris, and Shenstone.

Mr. Winston. Shenstone !—Who's Shenstone ?—Is he from the York Company ?—I think I recollect him—a man in a red waistcoat,—and clever in low comedy ?—

Mr. Moncrieffe. No—no—from the *Duncestable* Company. You ought to know that !—But the song is good indeed, considering it was composed by a manager !

Mr. Macready. It's not ill put together—but the unities are not preserved. Knowles would have composed it more chastely, and have given it a Roman air. No one could have warbled it more correctly.

Mr. Elliston. Upon my soul ! I seldom sing—except to my sons occasionally, at Leamington, after tea. But come—another glass of Tom Wright's Colonnade Cream, as my worthy friend the Chairman to the Fund, the Duke of York, calls it ; and then—George Robins—for a stave !

Mr. Moncrieffe. If *Cooper* were of this House now, he would be the man for a stave.

All. Ha !

Mr. Moncrieffe. A single laugh is like a single knock,—it alarms one !—

Mr. Winston. Well, now—I cannot see any likeness between a single laugh and a single knock. Do you, Little Knight ?—

Mr. Terry. Don't ask him—he is studying his profession, and you'll put him out.

Mr. Elliston. Come, George Robins, for a song !—Knock him down, Moses !

Mr. G. Robins. Original, or “Old Original,” as the coach proprietors call it ?—

Mr. Terry. Oh ! New—new—nothing second-hand.

Mr. G. Robins. Well—I'll try at something for the company.

Mr. Moncrieffe. Yes !—But first allow me, as clerk, to read over the *Conditions of Song* :—

1st.—The highest note to be tenderly received ; and if any dispute arise between a flat and a sharp, the verse to be put up again and resung.

2d.—The Hearer to put down his eyes as a deposit upon the table, and sign an agreement not to make his neighbour laugh until the sentiment is over.

3d.—The Songster to deliver an Abstract of Chevy Chase at his Hearer's expence ; and the voice to be at the cost of the conveyance.

4th.—A testy copy of a bad Hearer to be answerable for his own deeds.

Lastly.—If any bad notes shall arise, they shall not vitiate the song, but a reasonable allowance shall be made by the company.

Mr. Elliston. Well turned, by heavens!—I wish Hook, the John Bull,—or George Colman, the Examiner, (as they called each other,) may not have suggested those conditions—to George.

Mr. Terry. As Iago says, those are “most blest conditions.”

Mr. Moncrieffe. Come, Mr. Robins.—Tune your Piazza reed !

Mr. G. Robins. Let me see!—Let me see!—Oh!—

SONG. MR. G. ROBINS.

1.

Well ! we now are all assembled,
A very pleasant set !
To get very free and talkative,
And very very wet ;
Since you, the House's furniture,
Around me here I hail,—
I'll lot you here, and ticket you,
And put you up to sale !
Tol de rol, &c.

2.

Come gather round, my Jewish ones,
My cunning broker fellows,
Now first here's one brass Elliston,
That is, one pair of bellows !
He'll make a blow-up for a *fry*,
In kitchen or in attic ;—
What will you for the puffer bid—
He's by no means asthmatic !
Tol de rol, &c.

3.

Here's a gold *Macready*—almost new,—
Fit for the best of Houses ;
He's a stately piece of furniture,
And would be cheap to spouses

Who love the ornamental, and
 The useful all as well ;
 I wish it were my fate, each day,
 Such genuine goods to sell.
 Tol de roll, &c.

4.

What say you for a real *Moncrieffe* ?—
 An article worth selling,—
 He'll make a time-piece for your house,
 A dial for your dwelling :—
 What, no one bid up any price !
 By Christie ! 'tis a sin !
 He must not go for what he's worth,
 And so I'll buy him in.
 Tol de rol, &c.

5.

Next, a good old iron Terry !
 A thing for daily wear,—
 He'll do to get up small things—aye—
 And fine things too, I swear :—
 He's just that real cold iron,
 That can enter in the soul ;
 We'll sell him altogether,—what
 Will folks say for the whole ?
 Tol de rol, &c.

6.

Here's a supple Winston, half a *Cain*,
 (He wanders till he's sick,—
 About the waste of Drury-Lane)
 And surely half a stick :—
 To save the time we'll throw in Soane,
 And little Knight, likewise ;—
 I really think a prettier lot
 Ne'er gladden'd a Jew's eyes !
 Tol de rol, &c.

7.

I think I'd sell myself now,—
 If any one would buy me ;
 I'm a table service all complete,
 Will any person try me ?—
 I hold all meats,—all wines,—all sweets,—
 Am never at a loss !—
 And all will own, I'm not without
 Conveniences for sauce !
 Tol de rol, &c.

Mr. Terry. A right auctioneering song—on my word,—but what, George! a little hard upon friends—eh?

Mr. G. Robins. Nothing intended illnaturally, on my honour,—but rhymes are imperative and seductive.

Mr. Elliston. Oh, George means nothing when he makes a song, I assure you.

Mr. Moncrieffe. Why, those words would go to the tune of Mr. Simpkin,—would they not?

Mr. Elliston. I don't know—would they, Winston?

Mr. Winston. How should I know! What, Simpkin and Marshall?

Mr. Terry. No—no—Moncrieffe is right.—He means the air Mathews has chosen for one of his songs in his last Entertainment.

Mr. Elliston. Ah! I wish it was his *last* Entertainment. That confounded fellow is the greatest monopolist on earth. I hate him and Arnold.

Mr. Moncrieffe. I wrote the greater part of his Entertainment.

Mr. Winston. Indeed!

Mr. Moncrieffe. Yes,—only he cut it out!

Mr. Winston. You don't say so!

Mr. Terry. Mat is a pleasant fellow when you know him.

Mr. Elliston. I know him,—and I know he is *not* a pleasant fellow. I wish Price would take him to America again.—They say Price is in England,—actor-fishing.

Mr. Winston. I wonder whether he wants a stage-manager abroad.

Mr. Moncrieffe. Aye, if he does, you would just suit; for in you, he would find a stage-manager *all abroad*!

Mr. Elliston. West! another phial!—I feel getting up—and should be excellent company after another of those “foolish bottles.”

Mr. Terry and Mr. Robins. Not another cork unwired to-night, as we are Christian gentlemen!

Mr. Winston. No—no—no more!

Mr. Macready. Too much wine disrelishes me!—Drinking is not the Appian way.

Mr. Moncrieffe. Here's enough in this bottle for me.—

Mr. Elliston. The morning is not half into its grey-coat yet.—Come—phiz—phi—z—pop!—here!—fill—fill up, hip!—hip!—only this one!—To the Devil's health!—Hurrah!—and long life to Terry, Soane, and Doctor Faustus.—There,—now for our domestic fire-sides!

[*The bottle has an apoplectic fit, and the Company rise to go.*]

Mr. Knight. Will any gentleman take a ticket for my benefit?

Mr. Elliston. Hurrah!—Mephistophiles and Mrs. Coutts for ever!—George Robins, go straight home, and avoid the Piazzas. Daniel, be discreet!—West! a coach! a charioteer to the West! ha! ha! Egad, we've been merry!—This establishment which is now—

Mr. G. Robins. True—true—come—let us quit the House.

Mr. Elliston. Away! Away! Gentlemen, farewell. Hurra! I give you the health of Faustus and the late lamented Mr. Wilberforce!—Where's Soane?—

Mr. Soane. Here, Sir!

Mr. Elliston. We've been lively rattles—eh?

Mr. Soane. Yes, Sir!

Mr. Elliston and Mr. G. Robins. Hurrah!—Good night, Mr. Dornton! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Watchman [in *Brydges Street*]. Past three.

THE WIDOW FAIRLOP.

I HATE stout people. Nature, I am certain, intended the whole cumbersome breed to have gone extinct with that obsolete monster, the Mammoth. They were created, clearly, to inhabit the vast barren blanks of the antediluvian world: not to encumber, with repletion, our modern cities and towns. One of them is too much for a metropolis. In London, A. D. 1825, they, (the Giants) are out of both season and place. They ought to herd together like the elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, and inhabit the deserts idle of the earth; they should seek out fitting solitudes, like the whales, and not flounder in our populous shallows. They are irksome, if not dangerous, to our thronging millions. It is neither delicate nor fair, with their disproportions, to thrust themselves as they do upon our narrow highways and byeways; to dam up our small courts, and straight alleys. They ought not to engross, as they are accustomed, our neat houses and gardens, our tables and benches, our *spare* beds; above all, our public mail coaches, and flying stages. Our trim elastic vehicles, like “cany waggons light,” are not adapted to such preposterous freightage—our safety-coaches are not safe under such burthens—only the old double-bodied machine, long since obsolete, was competent to the transfer of such enormities. Waggon carriage, the conveyance of the bulky in the days of Fielding and Smollett, hath lamentably declined in fashion: but then are there no navigable rivers? no canals? no barges? If not for the transporting of the Blacketts and the Lamberts of the earth, I wonder why water-carriage was invented?

I have my eye, especially, in this lecture, on the Mistress Fairlop. Oh! worthy of the huge oak, her namesake, was the circumference, of that largest of widows! I should be afraid to write down any guess at her girth, or an estimate of her tonnage. What must not her husband have been to bequeath such a *relict*! A Titan doubtless, for she was too monstrous for any meaner embrace. She was infinitely too large an object for mere human love; if it were not, besides, notoriously, a timid and humble affection. What a hand for any meek passion to sigh for!

What a waist to have hoped even to encompass! "Give me but what this girdle bound," applied to *her* girdle, would have seemed neither refined as a compliment, nor modest as a request. What a face was here to dwell (unless to *reside*) upon! What a pelican-chin to have toyed with! What a bosom! What arms! What a trunk! The Wisbeach Day Coach, in which for the first time, I conceived or beheld such a Titaness, groaned under her intolerable weight. Our co-travellers panted and pouted, if they did not openly cavil, at her unreasonable bulk. One of our overstrained cattle dropped dead upon the road. At last she condescended to be set down, and I exchanged with her a joyous and final farewell, (at least so I hoped it was) at Ware. She intended, I understood, to sleep there, and she was worthy of its broad illimitable bed. Our acquaintance, however, had only commenced. Nature, in one of her wayward moods, had bestowed on one of her hugest offspring a violent desire for migration and travel. It was in her inclination to have ascended Mount Blanc, or to have journeyed over land to India, which her bulk forbidding, she was content to be shifted about from place to place in caravans and stages. In consequence, within a month from our first encounter, I and the Widow Fairlop again found ourselves, face to face, in the same vehicle, on a Saturday's journey to Hemel Hempstead. She was still in her weeds. Her bonnet, hung with deep crape, in dimension an ordinary bed-tester, overcanopied her ample face: her convex body was clad in its wonted sables, and looked like a bombasin balloon. A dozen packages, the least of them a bundle, reposed in the amplitude of her lap. From her bulk and her garb, she might have been taken, at a first glance, for the goodly Widow Blackett of Oxford, whom Elia hath immortalized, as well as compressed, in one of his admirable essays. But she had none of the womanly softness of *his* gentle giantess. Mine had no thin feeble voice—no small feminine conversation—no delicacy—no timidity—no tenderness. She was altogether magnified,—as Gulliver complained of the Brobdingnagians,—into coarseness. I was disappointed when we stopped at Edgware, the coachman there taking on a pair of supplementary horses, under pretence of a hill, at her choosing only a simple half dozen of cakes. It would not have misbecomed her to have called for a quintal of biscuit. Her voice was loud—stentorian,—she did not speak, but bellowed;—and gave this large utterance to big, bold words. Her person matched with, but could not outvie, the jolly breadth of her jests, and slimness and gentility of person were especially the subjects of her mirth. Her serious stories were monstrously extravagant,—her lies, great gross ones, like herself. Her estates in various counties and shires were prodigious,—her establishments immense,—her personals in proportion with her person. Her diamonds were large as paving stones; her pearls big as egg plumbs;—and they ought to have been so,—the trifling hair bracelets she wore being oft-times buried and lost, in the amazing plumpness of her wrist. Her cumbrous pomp at last oppressed me. Would to God she had still

maintained the carriage of her own, which she affirmed she had lately laid down—a gentle phrase, of course, for her having crushed it! Her bulk smothered me,—my spirits fainted under her real and assumed greatness. My co-travellers sympathized with my annoyance. In a clear space, the world might have seemed “wide enough for us all;” but a coach did not. On sleek Primrose Hill, or beside it, with a proper vantage, we might have borne with her bulk; but in our cramped area, where we could see only her—and yet not all of her—she was too much for our horizon. Her voice stunned us—we gasped for air. One corner of the coach, tasked far beyond the resistance of springs, preponderated fearfully against the wheel. The machine groaned:—the horses panted:—now labouring with a cloud of steam, up a gentle ascent on the hither side of Watford. The coachman blasphemed, conscious of having lost exactly fourteen minutes and a half of his allotted time on the road;—but hoped to make up for the deficiency, by taking advantage of the ensuing declivity.—Only for that imprudence, must he be joined in the guilt of our catastrophe with the Widow Fairlop. His cattle, pushed into unusual speed, became incapable of check, urged on as they were by the irresistible impetus given to the coach by the weight of its enormous inmate.—In fact, it outran the horses, swerved to the side of the road,—lunged,—tilted,—balanced, equipoised for half a second, and, in ordinary cases, would have righted, but the weight of the Widow, our evil genius, prevailed,—and the vehicle fell over!—

Then rose from earth to sky the wild farewell!—

The crash, however terrific, was not loud enough to smother a tremendous groan,—the common voice it might be of six suffering “insides,” but rather to my ear, the proportionate emission of one enormous shattering body. For my own part, whether oppressed by the whole bulk of that incumbent being, or only of a leg or arm,—I had no breath either to moan or cry. “The weight of twenty Atlantics lay above me.” I was crushed by Jaggernaut’s waggon—I was buried under the Pyramids. And crushed too,—like Cheops,—into a pinch of dust. I wonder, supposing me to have perished, whether Mr. M. the coroner for Hertfordshire, could have imposed a deodand on the Mistress Fairlop?—I fear not,—though I am informed that Messrs. Waterhouse and Co. the proprietors, intend to dispute the payment of damages—(when Mr. R. the attorney, shall bring his fractured tibia into court),—on the ground, that they should be charged on the overwhelming Widow.—And, were I a juryman on that question, she should bear a moiety of assessment—so help me God!”

To return to our condition.—Four of my fellow travellers, whom fortune had cast uppermost, were extricated through a window;—myself, meanwhile, lying senseless,—at least of their departure.—The fifth was more painfully liberated, her accommodating bulk had so jammed itself into nooks and recesses. Fortunately, during the labour, she was passive,—had she kicked or struggled, I must have been annihilated.—My

own turn succeeded—and here I cannot help remarking a difference which attended on our several exits.—When the widow emerged, every hand, every arm, and there were many present, was extended to help her—whereas, when I scrambled forth, I was not tendered the aid even of a finger :—not, I am persuaded from any backwardness of humanity—but from a mistaken notion, in comparison with the giantess, that I was aerial—buoyant.—The bye-standers would as soon have thought of uplifting a butterfly.—It was just as natural a feeling as mine, when I alighted, that I was not safe even on terra firma with the Widow Fairlop. Her first care, on feeling her feet, had been to inquire for her packages; and a bag of crushed oranges,—extempore marmalade, was delivered into her hand. A bonnet shape followed

If shape it could be called, that shape had none.

and her bundles, compressed like so many biffins, were distributed around her feet.—“Here we are,” quoth she, “all safe!” Me, in particular, she singled out to stun with her boisterous congratulations, and proffered to wring hands with me on what she was pleased to call our providential escape. But I declined it:—I could neither sympathise with her disproportionate gratitude, nor join with the voice of a bullock in her pious ejaculations.—With a slight, hurried farewell, which I prayed might be an everlasting one, I bade adieu to the Widow Fairlop.

It is now twenty months since that parting, and I have not yet recovered from my injuries:—my unhinged mind, especially, hath never regained its tone. I would not read again that *History of a Stout Gentleman*, by Washington Irving, with his portentous entrance into the mail coach, for a thousand pounds. The remembrance of my own stage catastrophe still haunts me—and daunts me. I am ridden by perpetual night-mares. I have dreams of hippopotami, mammoths. Daniel Lambert, heading a whole lumber troop of kindred giants, stumbles over me. Sometimes I am trampled, methinks, by herds of buffaloes and wild elephants:—anon, I am passed over, on Holborn-bridge, by hour-long processions of waggons and ponderous brewers’ drays. Tuns of Heidelberg topple upon me;—Pelion with Mount Ossa, pick-a-back, is heaped upon my chest. In my lighter visions, I am only deposited with the coins and inscriptions under the foundation-stones of hospitals, Methodist chapels, and new churches—These are my horrible nocturnal phantasms:—by day I am rendered only less miserable by realities. Clumsy Yorkshiremen, of sixteen stone, beset me in the streets: I am jostled by Big Ben; and Bitton, the corpulent Jew pugilist, pesters me continually,—as though I could ever patronize bruising—to take tickets for his benefit. The pestiferous large race are as swarming as they are intrusive. In church,—at the Little Adelphi,—on St. Paul’s. I once encountered one, where I could have vowed the thing impossible—in the strict, narrow, niggardly thoroughfare of Passing Alley. Twice have I forfeited my fare in long stages, on account of a corpulent companion;—and I once refused to proceed in a

Richmond steam packet, from a dread, absurd enough but invincible, of our being swamped by an overgrown Wapping barge builder. My interest suffers with my pleasure: I am disclaimed by a wealthy, unmarried uncle, just dying of a dropsy, because I cannot bring myself to visit him;—I have broken with the oldest of my bosom friends, because unfortunately he was the plumpest. Bear with, Courteous Stout Reader! and pity, my involuntary infirmity!

Who loves fat people must himself be fat.—

I must have favourites, like Cowper's Hares,—that are called, or might be called, *Tiny* and *Lightfoot*.—I can enjoy my small delight only with the small. The mouse does not keep company with the elephant,—nor the frog with the ox. I must have creatures of my own size,—or less,—for my affections. I can dote on manikins—dwarfs—bonnie Scotch wee things—but I abhor giants.

Sprites!—Elfs!—Fairies!—darling Minimi!—whither are ye flown?—Delicate Pygmies,—why are ye extinct? The traditionary *cranes*,—if any kin to those which overhang our wharfs,—were meant for the removal of a more ponderous race!—But nature to spite me takes the best first. Crachami, the minute,—the ethereal,—the Ariel, the all-but invisible girl, is, alas! no more,—whilst Mrs. Fairlop,—the monster!—still lives to encumber the earth!—

She is lately gone,—I am informed,—to the Continent;—and truly she was “too big for an island.” I doubt, even, she is too large for our planet. She is a world of herself,—and ought to get a sun, and an atmosphere of her own.

MASTER SLENDER.

THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND

BY JOHN MACCULLOCH, MD. FRs. LS. GS., &c. &c. &c.

THIS is a work full of mind, knowledge, and information, and yet it is little known to the public: did it, however, possess no qualities more generally popular than mind, knowledge, and information, the neglect which it has hitherto experienced would not in any measure surprise us, but it also happens to be a singularly entertaining book; and when we consider the quantity of amusing matter that is contained within these four volumes, we are astonished that they are not in as much request with the many idle as they already are with the few scientific, philosophical, and thinking readers. The name of the book has probably prejudiced it in no slight degree. Tours are at present held in deserved suspicion, and “The Highlands and Western Isles” is a title of a tourish sound, and consequently by no means promising; but it is impossible to read a single page or paragraph, without discovering that it is a production of no common order. Somebody says that one cannot stand

under a tree for shelter from a shower with a great man without finding him out ; and we will contend that it is impossible to peep between the uncut leaves of this book, without perceiving the marks of a vigorous and original mind, which, as we become better acquainted with it, appears actually saturated with information on almost every subject. It is evident, indeed, that Dr. Macculloch is a man of very varied acquirements ; he possesses extensive stores, and scatters them with a prodigal hand over his pages as if they cost him nothing ; he makes, as it were, ducks and drakes of his knowledge, often flinging it from him as if in mere sport, and this he does without the slightest air of pedantry ; he scatters his wealth about with profusion, but without the smallest apparent tincture of ostentation ; and if there be any, it is admirably concealed by the carelessness of his manner. It is not our purpose to attempt any thing like an analysis of this work ; such a review as it deserves would require a study that we monthly labourers cannot give to it, and a space that we cannot afford to any one subject, and moreover it would not consist with the plan of our journal ; all that we propose is, to show that Dr. Macculloch's book, without reference to its higher merits, is entitled to popularity with the general reader as being no less rich in amusement than in information. It is, in fact, one of the most entertaining productions that we have met with for a long time, and abounds with descriptions of infinite pleasantry, and passages of great spirit and gaiety always bottomed in good sense.

As we should forfeit our critical charter if we were to dismiss a work without espying a flaw, we must just hint a fault, and say that we think the author's scene-painting the least happy part of his performance ; it seems to us to want freedom and breadth, and in this respect it differs essentially from the general style of the book which is evidently written *currente calamo* ; and here we may remark, that the style, while it has all the charms of rapid composition, is not wholly free from the errors incidental to it ; but the author sweeps us on so quickly in the current of his ideas, that we cannot stop to observe these small blots. This is a sorry sum of defects to be found in four thick and closely printed volumes, and therefore, for the honour of our critical acumen, we must add another, a more serious, and more prominent fault—Dr. Macculloch is somewhat too much disposed to be contemptuous.

We shall now proceed to make some extracts in support of our assertion, that this book abounds with entertaining matter that should cause it to be in as much request with persons who read to be amused, as it already is with those who read to be informed.

We laugh immoderately at the Americans for their inquisitiveness ; it is very certain, however, that the Highlanders are about as much distinguished for an inquiring turn of mind as brother Jonathan. Our author gives a humorous specimen of this troublesome peculiarity in wild people.

I was considerably troubled here respecting certain roads, and applied to an old snuffy-looking native, who was cutting some hay with his pocket knife by the way side. It is true, I saw the inquisition painted in his face; but there was no choice, so I made up my mind to a cross-examination of more than the ordinary length, and was determined to indulge it for once. "How far is it to Killin?" "It's a fine day." "Aye, it's a fine day for your hay." "Ah! there's no muckle hay, this is an unco cauld glen." "I suppose this is the road to Killin," (trying him on another tack). "That's an unco fat beast of yours." "Yes, she is much too fat; she is just from grass." "Ah! it's a mere, I see; it's a gude beast to gang, Ise warn you." "Yes, yes, it's a very good pony." "I solded just sic another at Doune faire, five years by-past; I warn ye she's a Highland bred beast." "I don't know; I bought her in Edinburgh." "Aweel, aweel, mony sic like gangs to the Edinburgh market frae the Highlands." "Very likely: she seems to have Highland blood in her." "Aye, aye; would you be selling her?" "No, I don't want to sell her; do you want to buy her?" "Na! I was na thinking of that: has she had na a foal?" "Not that I know of." "I had a gude colt out of ours when I solded her. Yere na ganging to Doune the yere." "No, I am going to Killin, and want to know how far it is." "Aye, ye'll be gaing to the sacraments there the morn." "No, I don't belong to your kirk." "Ye'll be an episcopalian then." "Or a Roman Catholic." "Na, na, ye're nae Roman." "And so it is twelve miles to Killin?" (putting a leading question). "Na, it's na just that." "It's ten then, I suppose?" "Ye'll be for cattle than, for the Falkirk tryst." "No, I know nothing about cattle." "I thocht ye'd ha been just ane of thae English drovers. Ye hae nae siccan hills as this in your country." "No; not so high." "But ye'll hae bonny farms." "Yes, yes, very good lands." "Ye'll nae hae better farms than my Lord's at Dunira." "No, no, Lord Melville has very fine farms." "Now there's a bonny bit land; there's na three days in the year there's na meat for beasts on it; and it's to let. Ye'll be for a farm here awa." "No, I'm just looking at the country." "And ye have nae business." "No." "Weel, that's the easiest way." "And this is the road to Killin." "Will ye tak some nuts," (producing a handful he had just gathered). "No I cannot crack them." "I suppose your teeth are failing. Hae ye any snuff?" "Yes, yes, here's a pinch for you." "Na, na, I'm unco heavy on the pipe ye see, but I like a hair of snuff, just a hair;" touching the snuff with the end of his little finger, apparently to prolong time and save the answer about the road a little longer, as he seemed to fear there were no more questions to ask. The snuff, however, came just in time to allow him to recall his ideas, which the nuts were near dispersing. "And ye'll be from the low country." "Yes, you may know I am an Englishman by my tongue." "Na, our ain gentry speaks high English the now." "Well, well, I'm an Englishman at any rate." "And ye'll be staying in London." "Yes, yes." "I was ance at Smithfield mysell wi som beasts: its an unco place, London. And what's yere name, asking your pardon?" The name was given. "There's a hantel o' that name i' the north. Yere father 'll may be a Highlander." "Yes; that is the reason why I like the Highlanders." "Weel (nearly thrown out) its a bonny country now, but its sair cauld here in the winter." "And so it is six miles to Killin?" "Aye, they call it sax." "Scotch miles, I suppose?" "Aye, aye, auld miles." "That is about twelve English?" "Na, it 'll not be abune ten short miles (here we got on so fast that I began to think I should be dismissed at last), but I never seed them measured. And ye'll ha left your family at Comrie?" "No, I am alone." "They'll be in the south, may be." "No, I have no family." "And are ye no married?" "No." "I'm thinking its time." "So am I." "Weel, well, ye'll have the less fash." "Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin." "Oh, aye, ye'll excuse me; but we countra folk speers muckle questions." "Pretty well, I think." "Weel, weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill, but ye maun had wast, and its na abune tan mile. A gude day."

Scotland, every one knows, is famous for breakfasts; but Highland inns, from the showing of Dr. Macculloch, are by no means famous for breakfasts; the mortifications of this meal are painted in the subjoined passage in such a sort as to bring them home to every man's stomach.

If I did not choose to tell you how I breakfasted at Callander, at Mrs. Maclarty's inn, that is no reason why I should not tell you how you may breakfast at Tyanuilt. I admit that the inn at Tyanuilt is a vile pot-house; but the fashion of a breakfast here is not so singular but that the resemblance may be found in more places than one in this country. Have I not undergone it myself.

The morning is fine, it is seven o'clock, and you are in a hurry to depart for the top of Cruachan, which you know will occupy you nine or ten hours. Consequently you have no time to lose; nor can you afford, either to wait, or to go without your breakfast, as you will find nothing to eat till night. You order it immediately—immediately; having ordered it, the preceding night, to be ready at six, having ordered it again when you got up an hour before. After ringing, stamping, and knocking nine times, that is, three of each notice, up comes a bare-footed woman again, half dressed, without a cap, and her hair hanging about her ears like a mermaid, wondering what you want. You repeat, breakfast immediately. "Aye," says she, "is it breakfast you was wanting?" and down she goes. In another quarter of an hour, you repeat the same complicated notice. The maid re-enters. "Is it breakfast you want?" "Yes, to be sure, did I not tell you so an hour ago." "It is coming," says she. You must not be angry with the fair sex, and therefore you wait patiently another quarter of an hour; assuming much merit to yourself. At length she walks in, with a look of much self-approbation and a table-cloth: having evidently made no common exertion to deserve your praise.

All this time the sun is shining temptingly bright on the summit of Cruachan, as it may not shine again for six months, and another period of patience is passed in wishing yourself there. Lo, the tea-board arrives⁶; displaying a tea-pot never washed since it issued from the furnace; a milk jug, containing half as much milk as you are likely to want, and a tea-canister holding a mixture of black dust and little white sticks. In the mean time you are carrying on two new wishes besides the wish to be on Cruachan, one for the teakettle, and the other for some peats to repair the fire, which is at its final gasp. As the maid enters, the last spark is extinguished. You console yourself that at last the kettle is come; behold, it is the sugar dish. You point to the fire and ask for the kettle. She returns after the usual time; not with the kettle, but with an apron-full of wet peats. You sigh, first at Cruachan, and then at the peats; but the kettle really comes; think of that. With the kettle, there arrives a delicious herring, hot from the fire, and you perceive Peggy takes no small praise to herself for having brought two things at once. Having poured the water on the tea, it floats. Why would you not give the kettle time to boil. This is, however, a minor evil, and you turn up the top plate and regale yourself with the smell of the herring. That is a consolation for the want of knife, fork, and bread. You have ordered the bread; you hear her heavy foot on the stair, you draw the herring close to you, when she enters with a couple of eggs. You ask again for bread. "Is it bread you was wanting?" To pass the time, you crack an egg, and it is hard. You pour out a cup of tea, and going to sweeten it, find in the sugar bowl, a dingy mixture of white and brown sugar, damp and melancholy. You ring, somewhat violently perhaps, for white sugar. "There was some last month, but its a' dune." You wonder where the bread is. "She should have brought it but she thought you rang for something." You then discover at last, that though you can bring up Peggy, you cannot bring up what you want at the same time. You pour milk into your tea, it curdles. You go on drinking it nevertheless; now out of hope. But she comes—with the bread? No, with the salt. The herring is now cold, but you eat your herring and your salt, and when it is done the bread arrives, a musty damp loaf. You desire to have it toasted. "The toast is making." It comes, half brown on one

side, and more like paste than before. You resort to the oat cake. It sticks in your throat for want of butter: you call for butter: she brings you a plateful of cheese, and another of salt butter pulled out of a pot by her fingers and plastered into it. You depart for the top of Cruachan, and arrive just with a cloud that remains there the whole day, and will probably remain till you come this way again.

Nothing can be better in its way than the following description of the miseries of sketching. The author's manner here, and in many other places, reminds us strongly of that of old Burton; indeed, we cannot help fancying that the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is in great favour with Dr. Macculloch.

I had reason to lament that I could not make a single drawing of this place, nor even one of Castle Swin, which, at a lower part of the loch, forms a fine ruin, standing on the margin of the water. It unfortunately blew a gale of wind, with showers and squalls, and with so troublesome a sea that it required no common attention to keep our boat afloat. The prospect of drowning is an enemy to the drawing at least, if not to the enjoyment of such scenery as this. To draw in a boat, indeed, in any sea, is no easy office. And after all, by sea or by land, it is both wonderful and provoking how seldom we have the undisturbed power of doing, what especially requires peace, and freedom from all provocation. It is also no less pleasing than instructive to watch the motions of the commentator, who, after a good dinner, with a good fire and a bottle of wine before him, sits down in his night gown and slippers, to direct Parke, or Browne, or Moorcroft, or Mackenzie, what they ought to have done. How should they have hungered and thirsted and been frozen—lazy dogs; why should they have found difficulties in reaching the top of Cotopaxi or the springs of the Congo, when we can all do it in a minute by unrolling Mr. Arrowsmith's map: and how can there be any difficulty in travelling with a chaise and four on one of Mr. Mac Adam's roads paved, lighted, and watched, ending with a bed at Salt-hill, or a supper at Marlborough. It is a fine thing to sit in our elbow chairs and discuss these points. Who that has not tried it even knows the perils that environ the man who would, as in the case before us, make but a drawing of a castle, or of a mountain. Is there ever a day out of heaven that we can sit quietly down and say; now I will draw it. Is there ever a day in which there is not too much sun or too much wind, or else rain, or fog, or mist, or twilight? or are you not blinded, or frozen, or wetted, or is not your paper wetted. Or must you not sit on a sharp stone, or in a boat, or on a shelving and slippery bank, or on a precipice, or a dunghill, or a crumbling wall, or amidst cows, or hogs, or near an ant hill, or an earwigery, or before a mad; bull or else stand in a marsh, or in the mire, or in a quicksethedge, or among nettles and thistles, or under a rookery, or with your back to the wall, if you can get one, amid boys and staring people, or with one arm round a tree, over a cascade. Or else it is fine weather and you are besieged and beset with muscæ, tipulæ, tabani, conopes, oestri, hippoboscæ, culices, and all sorts of winged monsters, who get into your nose, your eyes, your mouth, your ears, shutting up every avenue to sense. Notwithstanding all which, you must attend to your vanishing lines and your perpendiculars, and measure your distances, and duly space your windows; and much more. But if you can find no seat, you may draw from the back of your horse; if he will stand still. If not, he will turn his tail where his head ought to be, while the gnats are teasing him before, and the flies are goading him behind, and you are goading him laterally. Then he shakes his tail, lifts up a hind leg, stamps, shifts all his legs, tosses his head, bites here, whisks there, during all which time you are trying to settle the perspective of half a dozen turrets and chimneys. Of course you dismount in the mud; perhaps you cannot now see over the hedge; you hold his bridle and the book in one hand, and draw with the other; he jerks the book out of your hand, and it falls into a pool of water; you tie him to the branch of a tree and begin again; he shakes the rain-drops from the leaves upon you. You take a new position;

and by the time you have settled the leading points, you hear a noise behind you, and find that he has entangled his legs with the reins, or that in trying to tickle his ear, he has put his foot into the stirrup, or is preparing to run away, or is departed and gone. Thus drawings of great pith and moment are turned away; and yet you ask, why is that not a better drawing.

We extract a pleasant account of Highland navigation :—

Having reached Gillan and engaged a boat and a crew in the evening, that I might have the benefit of a long day, I was on the beach at six o'clock in the morning, as the men were appointed to have been. The boat was there, it is true, because I had left her securely moored before I went to bed; and I was too much used to the ways of the world here, to be much surprised to find that there were no men. By nine o'clock they came straggling down, half awake, and then they began to talk. As usual, the palaver was high and hot, and probably as useless as, to me, it was mysterious; being all in the heathen tongue of the country. Like many other councils, it seemed to produce no event, except that, in the mean time, the tide had ebbed away, and the boat was high and dry. They attempted to launch it, but in vain; so that it was necessary to return half a mile to the "town" for more help. More help produced a fresh palaver; all, probably, tending to know whether the Saxon would pay them something more for their having detained him four hours; for by the time the boat was afloat again, another hour had elapsed. The launch being completed, we found ourselves quite ready for sea; except that, out of the four oars, there were three absent. Another hour served to procure the complement of oars from certain other boats; and my exemplary patience being thus at length rewarded, I took my seat in the stern, full of hope, as the day was not yet half done. A third palaver, however, arose, in which the word "putachan" seemed to be pre-eminent; while the men were fishing with their hands for something that was expected to come out of the dirty water which filled half the boat; forming in this country the usual ballast, as not being subject to shift, perhaps. Two rowing pins, where eight should have been, extracted out of this receptacle of all manner of fishiness, explained the clamour about "putachan." If there are trees in Sky, there were none at least at Gillan; but still I did not despair, as I knew that a Highlander is never at a loss for an expedient. He has a good humoured philosophy that is not easily disconcerted; and accordingly a harrow was procured, and a few of its wooden teeth being drawn, we found ourselves stored with the very best of putachans.

At length we were really under way; even the first stroke of the oars had been given, when, as fate willed it, an unlucky breeze sprang up. It was now time to think of despairing; and, though not always of Gonzalo's opinion, in this difficult country, I would have preferred a good many furlongs of the worst moor in Sky, to even an acre of the navigation which I saw impending. It was immediately proposed, of course, to return for a sail; the very evil which I had tried to guard against, by choosing a boat that had neither rudder nor mast, nor even a step for a mast. If all these were not obstacles, what could one feeble "filet" of English voice expect to do against the "gueules" of five Highlanders, all talking at once in an unknown tongue. In a minute we were again on shore, and away they all went to get a sail; while I sat, ignorantly consoling myself that they would be unable to rig it when it arrived, and hoping that it would not arrive at all. It did arrive, however, and what was much worse, it was rigged too. The trunk of a birch tree, not particularly straight, formed the mast, and that, for want of a bolt, was fastened to one of the thwarts with some twine. The yard had been abstracted from a broom or a rake, and was secured in the same manner to the top of the tree; while the sail, made of two narrow blankets, pinned together by two wooden skewers, was also skewered round the broomstick. Haulyards, of course, there were none; and as I was wondering whence the sheet and tack were to come, one of the men very quietly stripped the scarlet garters from his chequered stockings, and thus a ship

was at length generated, not much unlike those of the heroic ages, the memorials of which still exist in the sculptures of Iona. It was now two o'clock, and in consequence of this unexampled activity, in seven hours more than a frigate would have required, we were ready for sea.

I knew it was a four hours' row at Loch Scavig; with a fair wind it would probably be as many days' sail, but I knew too that matters would not be better if I waited a month, and that every to-morrow would be as every to-day to the last syllable of recorded time. So I took the helm, the oar I should have said, and away we went; rejoicing that the trouble of rowing was at an end, and looking very much like a party of school boys in a washing-tub. The wind being right aft for half a mile, we proceeded as boldly down the stream as the Bear in the Boat; but as the breeze drew along shore, it first came upon the quarter and then upon the beam. By degrees we went to leeward; and then we made nothing but leeway; and then the wind came before the beam, and the separate blankets beginning to disagree, we lay to, upon a principle as ingenious as it was new to me, then unskilled in Celtic navigation. Dr. Keating's Phenician theory must certainly be wrong. The queen of the ancient ocean never can have left such a progeny as this. I almost doubt if my own Norwegian one will hold. I explained to the men that whenever we moved we went sideways, and that when we did not go sideways, we stood still. But any thing was preferable to rowing; and as long as the wind was blowing the sail about they were satisfied. "He must have a long spoon, however, that would sup porridge with the deil;" and as neither Saxon authority, Saxon money, nor Saxon arguments, seemed of any avail, the Saxon steersman was obliged to have recourse to a little nautical cunning. A grey squall was just ruffling the water a-head; so I threw the boat up into wind, brought the sail back, and the whole apparatus, garters, skewers, blankets, broomsticks, and tree, all went overboard. I arrived at Loch Scavig, of course a little before dark, just in time to put about and return, made fresh vows never to go into a Highland boat again and spent half the night at sea.

Those who are acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton's Cottagers of Glenburnie (and who is not?) will have the more relish for Dr. Macculloch's Chapter on the Procrastination and Indolence of the Highlanders; could we afford the space we would gladly quote the whole of "To-morrow," but under circumstances we must confine ourselves to a couple of pages, and refer the reader to the book for the remainder of the treat—

Procrastination:—a great deal might be said about it; but he will be a clever moralist who will say any thing new. All that I mean to say about it here, is, that it is one link of a chain, in which it has for very near neighbours, indolence and contentment. Such is the moral; now for the fable. But the fables here are true ones. We were at anchor in Sky, and our friends were dining with us; there was profusion of lobsters and crabs; to the great surprise of the audience. Whence could they have come. "Thence; just under your house." "How." "By means of a crab pot." "How could one be made or procured." As if they had not seen the lobster smacks of London passing their very windows every season. We gave them our own. We returned next year and found it in possession of the chickens; guiltless of fish as from the first moment it had reached its new destination. We dined with the new owner of our Trap, and our dinner was just what it had been a year before, and what it will be till he goes to that dinner where he himself will be eaten; boiled mutton at top and roasted mutton at bottom, potatoes when it pleased Heaven, and in the interregnum, nothing.

We had dined three days at the house of a worthy friend, on the same eternal boiled and roast. Our turn arrived to give a dinner. There were salmon; the deck was covered with them, in all the progressive stages of kippering. "And where could we have

got them—" "In the river that runs past your door; this morning." We sent him two dozen as a due. He recollected then that there were salmon in this very river; he had possessed a net "twenty years ago," but it was "full of holes." "Salmon were very convenient in a family; kipper was a good relish at breakfast; he would have his net mended to-morrow." Our boat put him ashore within twenty yards of his house, in the evening; the tide had ebbed, and she could not be brought up to the rocks; the boatmen jumped into the water to pull her up; the Laird lost his balance and fell in. The ten idle fellows who are for ever lounging about the doors and wondering whether the boat can land in the surf "to-day," might build a pier in three hours; instead of which they stand looking quietly on till she is thrown ashore and, perhaps, makes a hole in her bottom. The Laird and his men jump into the water and get a hearty ducking, and the ten men descend and draw her above high water mark to the destruction of her sheathing. In the morning she must be launched again, but the ten men are wondering at some other thing somewhere else; the tide ebbs out, two or three hours are lost, the wind changes, the boat, at last afloat, is half the night at sea, or is driven to leeward of her port, and the Laird has a two days' journey over land, provided he is not drowned; because one of those days, well spent, would have given him the command of tide and time to all eternity. Thus too, instead of being carried in and out of the water pick-a-back when sober, or tumbling into it when otherwise, he might have reached his own door dry shod any day for these twenty years past. Twenty, did I say; it is fifty years since a predecessor of mine made the same remark on the same place, and it is four hundred and fifty since the Lairds of this estate have been breaking their shins and destroying their boats, generation after generation, on these very rocks. Four years after, the boats and the stones remained just as before, as might be expected: the holes in the salmon net were quite as large and as numerous as we had left them, and even the Argyllshire Highlanders who accompanied me, swore that the "Deil was in thae Hieland louns." Sky abounds in oysters, as it does in crabs and lobsters. But who eats an oyster in Sky? If any body ever saw a fish at table, that was not my fortune; yet our deck was covered with cod every day. But as luxury is a vice, this is praise.

The author is particularly happy in his accounts of nautical adventures. One reads the subjoined description of a sudden squall with breathless interest, and, another sketch, which we also extract, of a brewing gale, is given with striking effect—it would be fine romance were it not a copy from nature.

I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was roused by all the noises to which a seaman's ear is alive. At first, came low and intermitting sounds, with an occasional hollow noise, like that of distant thunder; succeeded by a tremendous and unintelligible roaring, with intervals of an awful silence, as if all nature had expired at one violent effort. Shortly they became more frequent and more steady; and as the squalls came down the mountain in more rapid succession, causing the vessel to heel to their force, they hissed through our rigging, as if the trees of some ancient forest were yielding to the storm which was to tear them from their rocks. Exasperating themselves at intervals, they now whistled loud against the mast: the tones increasing in acuteness, as if augmenting in rage, till the whole was one fearful concert of furious and angry noises, intermixed with the general hissing uproar, and the short inveterate bursts of an obscure, deep, and hollow sound, more heart-sinking than that of thunder. It seemed as if all the stormy demons of the mountains had at once been let loose on us; and, experienced as we were in these islands, we agreed that Cuchullin was the only and true father of squalls.

All the men were on deck in an instant; every thing around was darkness; except when the surging of a white sea to leeward, breaking on a reef of rocks, gave a tran-

sient gleam, faintly illuminating the high cliffs around us, like a feeble lightning in a dark night. "See the lead ready," was the cry; and, on heaving it over the stern, there was found to be only a foot of water. We were drifting fast on the rocks. All hands flew to the windlass; the foresail was hoisted; and the anxiety of many hours was condensed into the few minutes that bowed us into deeper water, and brought the anchor a trip. It was a shorter but a more terrific moment, when it left the ground. We made stern way. "Put up the helm,"—cried the captain. The landsman ran to the tiller; the vessel struck the rock with her keel, swung round into the surf, cleared the breakers that were foaming far away under her quarter, and, in a few seconds, we were in deep water.

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During two days it blew so hard, that the sea whisked round us mast high, in one whirl of white foam, so that no one knew what was rain, or sea, or wind; we seemed at anchor in the clouds themselves. At last, we concluded that it had blown out for the present; but who shall say when it shall not blow here, or what notice it will give. Dr. Francis Moore, indeed, had prognosticated a gale; just as, in the same page, he had desired the grand Turk to "look to it, as he had given him fair warning." I and the grand Turk agreed to despise his prognostic, and the boat was hauled up. We ran round the north end of Sanda "in no time." There was a formidable swell from the west, but the strait was under the lee of the land for a space. I wished to see the Craigna feoulan in their poetical dress; and, in all this kind of scenery, the dangers constitute half the value. They were nothing from the shore, safely entrenched under a fault dyke. Black, now as night, they rose defying the enormous surges which, at every instant, broke on them, whitening the sea far round with the hissing foam, which, as it swept backward, was gradually swallowed up in the green wave. Blacker than the rocks themselves, was the dense curtain of clouds that rose wildly, like a mountain ridge, in the south; growing slowly upwards till it overtopped the high hills of Rum, and contrasting with the long line of breakers which whitened along that dark and frightful shore. Not a boat was to be seen; even the gulls had left the sea: and the puffins, ranged high on the rocky shelves, were eyeing with fear and doubt the coming storm. Still the clouds grew up, a solid and pitchy mass; the gale began to freshen, and as the driving mists that sailed in, curling grey beneath the black canopy above, began to entangle the towering cliffs, all became sky and water, except where the breaking of the waves still showed an occasional glimpse of the dark masses against which they were impelled with the noise of thunder. "Its going to be an awsome day," said the gunner; and we were on a lee shore close to the breakers. It became alike difficult and dangerous to put the boat about before the sea. Keeping my eye fixed on every coming wave to watch for an interval, in an instant there arose in the distant horizon the gigantic form of a man, white as the foam around, its feet repulsing the sea, and the arms extended upwards, with an expression of ferocious energy, to the black solid cloud on which it was pictured with all the distinctness of life. It sank in an instant as it arose, and there remained but the dull misty line that divided the ocean and the sky. I had seen my Wraith. Doubtless, you think that my nervous system must have been grievously deranged at these repeated prospects of searching the deep bottom of the flood: there to repose among the finny droves. But use makes all things perfect; and he who has long braved the ocean and the gale, becomes, at length, a piece of the "æs et robur" of the ship itself, and acquires a proverbial confidence in his own buoyancy.

NEW CEMETERY PROJECT AND CEMETERIES.

IN our last Number we noticed the project of an "Economic Funeral Society;" but the operations of Joint Stock Companies do not end here. The projectors of the same association are determined likewise to provide us with graves at a cheaper rate, and on an improved plan. Thus we shall not only have hearses, mourning coaches, and palls, by joint stock, but sepulchres, "epitaphs, and worms."

We remember to have seen in one of the churches of Oporto, the proposal of a Lottery for the souls in purgatory, addressed *aos fieis devotos das Beniditas almas*. Lotteries are now abolished in this country by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and purgatory by Act of Parliament. We cannot, therefore, establish a Little-go for the relief of any of our deceased friends, but even though no *reformation* had taken place in our finances or our religion, a project like that of the Portuguese monks would have been quite unnecessary in the present improved state of trading speculation. The business of providing for our posthumous relief or security, would have been undertaken without the aid of any spiritual "Hazard and Co.;" an "Economic *All Souls* Society" would have been formed to engross the trade of priests and monks; and we should have obtained passes from purgatory by joint stock as easily as we do Metropolitan fish or Alderney milk. Such a society would certainly have had to struggle with another great Joint Stock Company which has hitherto claimed a monopoly of the trade—a company which long domineered over both worlds—of which the successor of St. Peter is chairman, and the Roman Conclave the Board of Directors; but there is no doubt that a coalition might have been brought about for the advantage of both parties, as easily as between the bell-ringers and the new Funeral Association.

The projectors of "this Père la Chaise, or British Burying Ground Society," after telling us that our "ancestors and the empire of China" interred their dead apart from the habitations of the living, and "that Rome became the mistress of the world by the sound policy" of interment, add that they expect the clergy will support them in "a design which will tend so essentially to increase the purity of the air of London, and to ward off those consequences which the page of history presents to our notice." We are then treated to the following paragraph, "Those whose duties require their frequent presence in the church, the vault, and the burying ground, are they not constantly suffering from the effects of a cold and humid situation and corrupt atmosphere, producing coughs, asthma, and rheumatism? Hardly any arrangement could be proposed more likely to secure them from *unusual* sickness, and continue to them a *sound constitution*. What earthly treasure is, indeed, equal to health? And does not the mind become feeble by the debility of the

body?" Against a truth so overwhelming as that which is contained in the last sentence, we have, indeed, no protection, but we would beg leave in the name of the grave digger, the undertaker, and the curate (the only persons "whose duties require their frequent presence in churchyards"), to deny the catalogue of ills ascribed to their peculiar employment. Grave diggers, from Hamlet's friend downwards, are generally stout, good humoured, merry fellows, who suffer more from "moistening their clay" in ale houses, than from the "humid situation" in which they use their spades, and oftener die of "*blue ruin*, or Hodges's best," than of a corrupt atmosphere. With respect to undertakers and curates, we suspect they dread small fees or insufficient employment more than asthma or rheumatism. After such specimens of composition, the subscribers to the stock and the supporters of the scheme must be alarmed at a proposal from the board of directors to write their epitaphs.

But though we are averse to the scheme of buying our graves from a Joint Stock Company, and think that nothing can be done by the present projectors, we are not blind to the evils of our existing practice of interring within the precincts of our towns, nor are we the less anxious for a change. On the subject of cemeteries, and the mode of interment in the metropolis, therefore, we shall beg to make a few further remarks. We are afraid that a good deal of the reverence for monuments and churchyards which superstition had a tendency to heighten, has disappeared in this Protestant country, with masses and purgatory. An English town churchyard has generally a neglected and forbidding appearance. However well-peopled with past generations, it has few temptations to living visitors. It always gives one the idea of being the very *last* place one would wish to go to. It has few monuments and no trees, shrubs, or flowers, to attract attention. The "*hated cypress*," as Horace calls it, will not there follow its short-lived master,

———brevem dominum sequetur.

Nor is this all—the ground is so frequently turned up that it generally looks as red or black as a recently ploughed field, and scarcely an unbroken turf remains to suggest the age, or to mark the dimensions of the tenant below. The numerous flag stones too, which cover the surface, either give it the appearance of a street, or of the mouth of a Portland quarry. Accordingly, where our London churchyards are not thoroughfares, like those of Westminster and St. Martin's, we either avoid the sight, or pass by them with as much indifference as a field of rubbish. Our only object seems to be

O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance—

If we are saved the nuisance, we are satisfied with the deformity, but is this always the case? Must not the exhalations arising from such masses of putridity be sometimes as noxious as the sight of recently

turned up bones and splinters of coffins is offensive and disgusting? Must not the confined air of some churches and churchyards contract qualities injurious to the health of the neighbourhood? The temperature of our climate may render these charnel houses less offensive here than in warmer regions, but we cannot believe that they are always innoxious. The very distribution of these places of interment, situated as they are in the most populous neighbourhoods, and so surrounded with houses that they cannot be easily ventilated, increases the danger. Why then continue the present practice? If even the least degree of the evil complained of is felt, what capital could so easily as London effect a change. As in this projecting age, every person may be allowed his project, we shall state ours—not for the benefit of a joint stock, but for the adoption of the legislature.

We should then propose that an act should pass, or a regulation should be adopted, prohibiting interment within the churchyards of the cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark, and enclosing a certain number of cemeteries round them for the general burying grounds of the inhabitants. These cemeteries should be at a considerable distance from the most populous parts of the capital, but not so remote as to render the conveyance of the dead inconvenient, or funeral expenses burdensome to the poorer or wealthier classes. They should be placed at proper intervals from each other, and ranged around the metropolis, so that from any part of it one of them would be easily accessible. Their number might be left to be determined, when the details of the plan came to be considered with a view to its execution. Probably eight or ten of no very large dimensions might be sufficient for this metropolis. The population of Paris is considerably more than the half of that of London, and Paris has only four cemeteries, the largest of which (Père La Chaise), though it far exceeds the other three, includes only about sixty or seventy acres. One cemetery, on an average, should be made large enough for the demand of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. Over such an amount of inhabitants, the number of deaths or interments would be about three thousand a year. It would not be at all difficult, therefore, to determine the quantity of ground necessary to receive such an annual accession of coffins as would thus require to be deposited, without breaking up the same mould oftener than once in seven or eight years. In many cities of the Continent, containing a population of between eighty and one hundred thousand (as Cadiz, for instance,) we find only one burial ground. The determination of the particular spots around London best fitted for cemeteries by their situation, the nature of their soil, or their facilities of access, may be left to a future period. We would strongly urge the propriety of uniting, as far as possible, picturesque effect with public convenience. All these cemeteries should be surrounded with a high wall; one, or at most two gates would be sufficient; a porter should be appointed to each; and a proper complement of grave-diggers should have houses in

the neighbourhood. For the performance of the funeral service, a small chapel or oratory might be erected near the great gate, and one clergyman might be appointed, who should be in attendance a certain number of hours in the day, or within call, whenever his ministry should be required. We are aware that the claim of the different parish clergymen or their curates, for funeral dues, might render this part of the arrangement of difficult adjustment in such a consolidation of burying grounds; but it might be suggested that after paying the services of the active cemetery chaplain, the remainder of the sums collected should be divided among the parish clergy within certain limits, in their former proportion, taking the average of five years previous to the change. The sale of the ground to individuals, which ought to be fixed at a moderate rate, would, after paying the purchase-money of the land, the construction of the wall, and the other preparation of cemeteries, be a profitable source of revenue. A regulation should, of course, be adopted, to prevent a too great appropriation of it by the wealthy or the ostentatious, for making large enclosures, or erecting great monuments, though a considerable discretion in this respect ought to be lodged with those who may be entrusted with the management of each cemetery. The kind of monument, the size of the structure, and the nature of the inscription, must, of course, be left to individuals, as at present; but there can be no doubt that by the assemblage of so many memorials of affection and regret in one place, the power of selection would be increased, and the general taste improved. A species of monumental agency would soon be established near the most popular cemeteries of London, as near that of Père La Chaise, in Paris; and the tomb statuary, or stone-mason sculptors, would execute their work in better style when stimulated by a more active competition. The wealthier classes having the use of more extensive ground, and more picturesque exposure than they can now command in the limited space, and concealed situations of our churchyards, would feel a proportional ambition to erect and to adorn their family monuments. The original selection of the ground for each cemetery, and the best general disposition of it for effect, as well as convenience, should be left to persons of taste and judgment. In all cases, there should be such trees planted as are generally found in and about the churchyards in the country.

If the plan above suggested were adopted, the most populous parts of our towns would cease to be endangered by putrid exhalations, our churches and churchyards would no longer present any thing offensive either to the eye or any other sense; the space now occupied for burying ground round our sacred edifices, instead of threatening contagion, or exhibiting loathsome objects, would become, if not the lungs, at least the *spiracles*, or breathing holes of the city, and the graves where our friends repose, instead of being shunned as a nuisance, or resorted to as a necessity, would possess attractions, and offer facilities for our visits. The public cemeteries, a short time after their enclosure and preparation,

would become *populous*, and their monuments would rapidly increase. The disposition of the ground—its convenient distance from town, and the growth of the trees planted round it, would invite the steps of the idle or the contemplative. The walk would thus become, if not fashionable, at least frequented. Even the busy and the ambitious might steal from the tumult of life to this comparative seclusion, and desert the noise and the riot of their friends within the city, to visit the great dwellings of those without. For this purpose, the gate of the cemeteries should never be shut, like those of our cathedrals or our churchyards, but left always as open as moralists describe that of death.

Having thus stated our own plan, we may allude to what has been done by our neighbours in this respect. At various times a necessity was felt at Paris to suppress cemeteries within the city, and to remove the accumulation of mortal remains, which had become the centres of contamination. No progress however was effectually made in this work till within a few years before the revolution. In 1785, the council of state decided that the greatest of the cemeteries should be converted into a square, that the bones and putrefaction of seven centuries should be carried from the heart of the city, and that no more interments should be permitted in that neighbourhood to endanger the health of the inhabitants. In the course of three years this order was happily executed, and the mortal remains of nearly a million and a half of people were carried to the far-famed catacombs for final deposition. At successive periods during the Revolution, and under the empire, the exhumations were continued, and extended to most of the other churchyards, so that those wonderful subterranean vaults above-mentioned, out of which Paris had been dug, received at last the *debris* of its countless generations. While public attention was thus turned to the evils of the old system, and while the rage for innovation was fresh and strong, the National Assembly in 1790 passed a law, ordering all the cities, towns, and villages of the kingdom, to abandon their ancient burying grounds, and to create new cemeteries without their precincts. This decree, embracing the first general measure which any civil authority ever adopted on the subject, was entirely unconnected with those furious and insane projects which disgraced a subsequent period of revolutionary violence. In consequence of this law, three cemeteries were enclosed for Paris without the barriers, namely, those of Montmartre, of Père La Chaise, and of Vaugirard. Though a generation has scarcely passed since the new system of extra-mural sepulchres has been adopted, it is surprising to observe already the density of their subterranean population. In two of them there is scarcely a spot unappropriated. That of Montmartre was the first enclosed, and is still the most interesting to the visitor. It is situated between that rising ground north of Paris and the city, occupying the bottom and the sides of an ancient quarry or marl-pit. It was called at first the

Champ du Repos, and never did any spot better deserve the title. Nothing can be conceived more picturesque and romantic than the situation of the ground. No cavern on a desert shore could be imagined more excluded from the hum of worldly business or the intrusion of worldly cares. Nothing is heard or seen to disturb reflection, awaken passion, or withdraw the mind from that solemn train of sentiment and thought which the objects around have a tendency to inspire.

Umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporæ.

The cemetery of *Père la Chaise* is of an entirely different character. It occupies a beautiful rising ground on the east of Paris, which was anciently the pleasure grounds, garden, and country residence of the Jesuit, Father La Chaise, the Confessor of Louis XIV. It is as large or larger than the other two cemeteries put together. Though the ground used for interment extends down the slopes of the hill to two or three little valleys, the greatest portion of it is a height, whence a most extensive view is commanded of the capital, and the range of hills which enclose the Grand Basin of Paris. The disposition of the ground does not thus seem so appropriate as that of the *Champ du Repos*, but in other respects the arrangements and the conveniences are nearly the same.

These grand depositaries of the dead of Paris are always open to the public, and much more frequented than the proverbial gaiety and frivolity of the Parisians would lead us to expect. To this, their fondness for display, and their affectation of sentiment, may contribute as much as their taste for contemplation or their strength of attachment. It has become an object of vanity, or a point of fashion, to dress recently made graves, to plant flowers or shrubs round them, to fix a wooden cross or to erect a marble slab upon them (where more costly monuments cannot be easily procured) and to adorn them with bouquets or garlands, brought by the nearest relatives or the most intimate acquaintance. These bouquets and garlands are sold ready made, and procured for a trifling sum at the gate of the cemetery. The fabrication of them is as much a occupation as that of grave-digger or undertaker.

Neither in the construction of the monuments, nor in the style of the inscriptions which adorn these cemeteries, can we praise the taste or admire the good sense of our lively neighbours. We find, it is true, the parade of sorrow, the masquerade of sentiment, and pedantry of knowledge, but no indication of profound feeling, and no appreciation of real worth. Every spinster who dies in her teens is a rose cut off in its bloom; every wife is a model of conjugal attachment; every mother of maternal tenderness; every shopkeeper of virtue, grace, and amiability. The jargon of heathen mythology, and the pedantry of classic allusion, are employed to colour the calamities of life and to profane the solemnity of the tomb. Hence we have the "fates inflexible and jealous," cutting the thread of life, and snatching a husband from the "bed of Hymen;" hence we hear of a husband seeking the "wandering

shade" of a father, wife, and daughter in the cemetery ; and hence we find such trash as the following lines, which conclude the epitaph on Mademoiselle Chameroy the actress :

————— Les Graces t'aimaient encore dans l'Elysée,
Elles aiment *ton ombre*, et lui jettent des fleurs.

A member of the Institute dies, and he must have a Greek inscription, to show the learning of his surviving friends: an opera dancer hops off in a *pas seul* from the stage of life, and on her monument has the modesty to ask our "tears and our regrets," if ever we admired her success in "the art of *Terpsichore*." But perhaps, the most curious inscription in the whole collection is that on M. J. B. Very. On a column surmounting a magnificent tomb, we find these words :

Que tes cendres reposent en paix !
Tu regnes *dans nos cœurs*.

And at the foot of the column :

Bon frère, ami sincere,
Toute sa vie fut consacrée
Aux arts utiles.

Most of our readers who have had a trip to the French metropolis have not returned without eating *poulet à la Marengo*, *tête de veau aux truffes*, or *turbot aux câpres*, and drinking a bottle of *Champagne-Sillery*, or *Clos Vougeot*, at Very's in the Palais Royal. Well! then be it known to all such, that the "useful arts," to which this illustrious man "consecrated his life," were the cooking of the said dishes and the providing of the said beverage. Let his ashes therefore repose in peace under the monument which "good cheer" has raised ; let his fame be perpetuated as a "sincere friend," and an expert cook, and let his memory "reign in the hearts" of those whose stomachs acknowledged the *utility* of his life.

It is strange to see under the reign of the Most Christian King, that amid all this profusion of laboured inscription, and this farrago of sculptured sorrow, that we scarcely find an allusion to Christian hopes, or a thought borrowed from the Christian faith.

The capital of France does not stand alone in having obeyed the law for burying without the precincts of towns. The regulation has been generally observed in all the great towns over the kingdom. Wherever French power extended during the empire it was likewise partially or generally enforced. In the Rhenish provinces, in Belgium, and in the northern parts of Italy, it was universally executed. The Emperor Joseph of Austria, who began this improvement, extended it, we believe, over a considerable part of his dominions. In Spain, where the power of the clergy had reached its height, and where its bigotry had least relaxed from its pretensions, the reformation of churchyards, though not of the church, has been permitted. It began under Charles III., who enacted a law forbidding interment within the precincts of towns. It

will be recollected that the greatest part of the population of Spain is assembled in towns, in cities, or in villages of considerable size. The habit of burying in churches and churchyards had followed the same course in that as in other Catholic countries. At first, bishops and martyrs only were interred in cloisters round the churches—then the bishops entered the churches, and the rich laity took the cloisters—then the clergy were promoted to the choir, and the laity entered the church—then all persons entered the churchyard, the cloister, the church, and the chancel, according as their money or the power of their relatives could be turned to the advantage of the clergy. This omnipotent corporation asserted a more unlimited authority over the disposal of the dead in the Peninsula than in any other country. The corpses of all classes of Spaniards and Portuguese before interment were and are habited according to their direction; and whatever aversion a man may have had for monks during his life, he is compelled to go to heaven or be prayed out of purgatory in the uniform of a monk after his death. It was not, therefore, likely that they would all at once consent to a measure which, by abolishing one of the special privileges of their domain, seemed to limit their power. The order of the sovereign was therefore at first partially resisted, and not till long after its promulgation fully obeyed, the priests and monks reminding the people that none but malefactors or suicides had as yet been excluded from the old consecrated depositaries of the Catholic dead. In Portugal no general rule on this subject is enforced, so far as we are acquainted with.

“It cannot but appear strange,” says a recent traveller, “that a people so dull and unenlightened as the Turks, should in this respect show more sense, and even more taste, than nations in every other respect their superiors. Their cemeteries are in general out of the precincts of their cities, most commonly on a rising ground, and always planted with cedars, cypresses, and odoriferous shrubs, whose deep verdure and graceful forms bending to every breeze give a melancholy beauty to the place, and inspire sentiments very congenial to its destination.”

The English or Protestant burying grounds at Lisbon, Oporto, Leghorn, and some other towns on the continent, seem to be formed on a similar model in point of ornament, and leave nothing to be desired in point of seclusion, decency, and solemnity. They present in this last respect a perfect contrast to our town churchyards at home. In traversing the shady walks, surveying the appropriate monuments, and enjoying the tranquil solitude of the cemetery of Lisbon in particular, the mind is led to contemplate the lot of mortality with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, and connecting its own destiny with that of those who animated the kindred dust around, can think with a feeling of resignation, that—

Discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris.

THE OPERA.

The last month has been a month of melancholy and disappointment at the Opera. Pasta left us on the 4th; shortly after which depressing event, Madame Ronzi di Begnis took occasion to fall sick; her indisposition is not, however, ascribed in any measure to grief at the departure of Madame Pasta; Curioni lost his voice from cold, and Remorini lost his memory one night, from what cause we cannot pretend to say; Begrez, on the same evening, was struck with a sudden hoarseness; a few days afterwards, Madame Vestris or Caradori, we scarcely know which, was taken ill; and Garcia, having been very properly hissed for making a disagreeable noise, instead of singing, soon followed the general example, and numbered himself with the invalids. Owing to these various disasters, we have not had an Opera tolerably well performed since Pasta left us; her loss has, therefore, been the more sensibly felt. Out of a small company of nine performers, five have been non-effective, on different occasions, during the month; under these circumstances, Mademoiselle Garcia was engaged, and but for her there would have been no Opera on Saturday, the 11th, (unless, indeed, they had given us one as before, without the principal character). Of this lady's merits we shall speak in another place, as we shall mention the performances that deserve notice, in the order in which they have occurred.

Since our last article, Madame Pasta appeared in 'Nina Pazza per Amore,' and also in 'Romeo e Giulietta.' The music of Nina, by Paesiello, may be described as *rather* pleasing, and that is all that can be said in its favour: to ears accustomed to the richness of Mozart, and the brilliancy of Rossini, it sounds tame and occasionally insipid. The story is the hacknied one of a lady mad, in white muslin, for love; and who is not sick of madness on the stage, however cleverly it may be represented? Altogether, even supported by the talents of Madame Pasta, Nina cannot be said to have succeeded. The last act of Romeo e Giulietta was produced for the benefit of Madame Ronzi di Begnis. As a whole, this Opera is extremely tedious, but it boasts one scene of deep interest, and one song, "Ombra adorata," which is a singularly happy effort, or rather inspiration of genius, for effort there seems to be none in it; every note, indeed, appearing to be suggested by the spirit of the scene. Perfect as this composition intrinsically is, its beauties are enhanced by the fine taste and expression with which Madame Pasta in the part of Romeo breathes it. When apostrophising the shade of Guilietta, in this song she assumes an air of composed delight, as if Romeo exulted in the thought that death was about to re-unite him with his mistress; and in the anticipation of these joys, the lover's soul seems already in heaven. As a piece of acting, nothing can be conceived more finished or more deeply affecting than the scene

between Pasta and Di Begnis, from the time when *Giulietta* awakens from her trance, to the final catastrophe. Their fond and graceful endearments, at first accompanied only by a few simple sounds and broken exclamations, and afterwards the desperate agony with which *Giulietta* clasps her dying lover, as if she were clinging to his life as a drowning wretch clings to a plank, form a spectacle the most true to nature, and the most touching we ever beheld within the walls of a theatre. How different from the whining or bellowing scene we are accustomed to witness in *Romeo and Juliet*, as commonly performed on our stage, when Mr. Charles Kemble roars under the operation of the poison as lustily as did *Gil Blas* with the feigned pains of the cholic in the Robber's cave; thus carrying the mind of the spectator at once to the ignoble seat of his intestine troubles. In this case, we think not of the lover's heart, but of his bowels; and the tragedy seems to demand, not our tears, but the rhubarb and magnesia of the apothecary. The *Juliet* meanwhile shows the excess of her grief by the utter disarrangement of her head-dress and the vehemence of her outcries; her hair falls down and her voice rises—and this is tragedy. There is more pathos in the simple action of Pasta fondly clasping the beautiful head of *Ronzi di Begnis* than we have ever been able to discover in the obstreperous sorrows of the lovers on our stage. The most flattering testimony to the merit of this very finished performance was to be traced in its effect on the feelings of the spectators; never do we remember to have seen an audience more unaffectedly or more deeply moved. There, was indeed, no demand for glasses of water, or hartshorn, or smelling bottles; no blowing of noses marked the emphasis of sympathetic grief, nor were any females carried out fainting, and we do not believe that a single stay-lace was cut in the whole house;* nevertheless, the audience was touched, but the ladies were so much absorbed in the interest of the scene that they never once thought of hystericks.

Together with the last act of *Romeo*, Madame *Ronzi de Begnis* had

* In Miss O'Neil's day, it was curious to watch the progress and symptoms of sympathy. At about the third act (no matter what the performance might be) the cambric handkerchiefs were observed in motion; at first, they were passed gently across the face, shortly after commenced the blowing of noses with considerable violence; this sound, which began like the dropping fire of skirmishers, increases by degrees to volleys or discharges of the whole house; then the opening and shutting of box doors were heard, and hasty demands for glasses of water, and then the bustle of carrying out numberless fainting ladies, and the outcries for burnt feathers and hartshorn, and the patting of hands, and the cutting of laces. All these operations became so much of course, after a time, that families went to the theatre provided with a store of restoratives, and the orange women made money of superior accommodations for fainting; and, so much did these things become matter of habit that, night after night, the handkerchiefs were flourished, and the noses began blowing at exactly the same period, even though there did not happen to be any provocative to tears at that particular time, as often was the case in the third act of plays in which Miss O'Neil acted—nay, if the third act was decidedly humorous the tantarums still held their course.

the first act of *Pietro l'Eremita* for her benefit ; and, strange to say, without apology, or any one apparent cause, she omitted the beautiful and popular duet, "*Ah se puoi cosi lasciarmi.*" We number ourselves among the most enthusiastic admirers of this charming performer, and no men can be more disposed to put the most favourable construction on every thing she does than we are ; but, nevertheless, we feel ourselves compelled to say that, in this instance, she deprived her friends of part of their expected gratification with marvellously little ceremony. Actresses generally make extraordinary exertions on their benefits for the entertainment of their friends ; Madame di Begnis did not even do what properly fell to her part ; indeed, in the course of the night she only sung one song, and that one a composition of no particular merit. Report says that she was impatient to get away to a grand private concert, and anxious to spare her voice. Madame Ronzi di Begnis is a great favourite, but she must not trespass too much on the patience and good nature of the public on the strength of her popularity—the experiment is a rash one. On the next night of *Pietro*, "*Ah se puoi cosi lasciarmi,*" was again left out, as was also another charming duet in the second act ; there was, however, some apparent reason for this omission in the illness of Curioni, who was so hoarse that he could scarcely articulate. On the whole, nothing could be more melancholy and miserable than the maimed performance on this occasion. Though the opera has been repeated so frequently during the season, and though the first act of it had been played only four or five nights before, Remorini had contrived to forget his part ; and, in the opening of the scene, finding himself at fault for the words of his recitative, he uttered a long growl something like the vocal efforts of the elephant at Exeter Change, which he doubtless supposed would pass for Italian with the stupid English audience. The laughter of the band, however, discovered the joke. In another part he came to a dead halt, and quietly waited till the prompter, who was any thing but prompt, instructed him what he had to say. As we have mentioned the prompter, we think it right to observe that we hear a great deal more of this person's voice than we at all desire, he really contrives to make himself one of the principal vocalists, and often aggravates his voice in such a sort, as by no means to improve the harmony of the performance. One night, in particular, he destroyed the effect of one of Madame Ronzi di Begnis' songs, by vehemently prompting the chorus, whose part came occasionally in ; thus his voice was perpetually crossing the voice of the singer before whom he was ensconced, than which nothing can be more disagreeable ; in a word, this prompter is by far too prominent a personage, and such is the malice of the star which governs opera houses that he is never hoarse, he never catches cold, sore throats, or catarrhs, like the performers, whom we delight to hear—no, he is the only individual on that stage who possesses uninterrupted good health and a vigour of lungs which cannot be too strongly deprecated. The insurance offices ought to make a special

calculation for the life of bores ; for certainly they are a highly favoured and privileged class, free from those ills which are perpetually afflicting the more agreeable part of the species ; nothing ever ails a bore, he is always in full force, and enjoys all his faculties of annoying in the most curious perfection. Porto and the prompter are never sick—we could moralise on this dispensation most edifyingly had we sufficient space and leisure.

In the second week in June, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Signor Curioni, and Madame Vestris (we believe) being all ill, not a single opera could be played without the omission of a principal character. By resorting to this expedient, indeed, we might have had any thing, but it having been already tried once, and not greatly approved by the public, it was possibly not judged prudent to practise it again. Under these circumstances, Mademoiselle Garcia was engaged, and she appeared for the first time, in Rosina, in the *Barbiere*. The newspapers have been extremely prodigal in their praise of this young lady, with the exception indeed of one, *The Morning Chronicle*, which, though not complimentary, has been on the whole, we think, just on her merits. She has considerable capabilities, but her style is at present encumbered with ornament ; in a word, it is that of her father, who is, as every body knows, inordinately addicted to embellishment, and who has the art of making a great master so fine that one does not recognise him again. If Mademoiselle Garcia will consent to simplify her manner a little, she will be a valuable acquisition to the opera ; but if not, we apprehend that musical persons will prefer hearing the compositions of Rossini and other favourite masters, delivered by those who will confine themselves to the beauties set down for them, and who will forbear adding perfume to the violet. We must also hint that, while Madame Pasta is so fresh in the recollection of the public, it is not prudent in Mademoiselle Garcia to attempt that incomparable singer's graces. As an actress, we think it likely that Mademoiselle Garcia will be more than respectable : there is a smartness about her now, new as she is to the business of the stage, that may be improved into a better quality ; she is not pretty, but her figure is rather good ; at present there is a slight *gaucherie* in her air, which is possibly attributable to the novelty of her situation, and it will probably wear off, as she becomes accustomed to the stage. With her reception, this young lady has every reason to be satisfied ; it was most flattering ; indeed, her friends made a strong muster, and manifested their satisfaction with an ardour and extravagance of admiration, that would have done honour to professed *claqueurs*. We were particularly struck with the ecstasies of one foreigner, who appeared to act as *fugelman* in the manual exercise, and to direct the raptures of the first row of the pit ; his exclamations were very choice superlatives ; and, from various signs and tokens, we are inclined to think that this person must have been a gentleman of the lustre from Paris.* In the scene in which

* For a description of this class, see the preceding number of the *London* :—Article *Claqueurs*.

Rosina takes a lesson from the pseudo music-master, Mademoiselle Garcia, has on each night introduced one of those Spanish songs which she sings so delightfully. We do not generally approve of introductions into master-pieces like the *Barbiere*, but these have been so charming, so full of grace and spirit, that it is quite impossible to quarrel with them.

The ballet of *Clari*, which was brought out for the benefit of the *Vestris*s, has had a run which has caused many people to run away from the house much earlier than they otherwise would have done. It is extremely tedious to see these ballets of story more than once, and the repetition of them becomes an insupportable nuisance to the frequenters of the opera who visit the theatre regularly. Madame Ronzi Vestris' acting in *Clari* is as clever as every thing else that she does, and her dancing in one scene is brilliant—we wish there was more of it.

A piece of humbug, copied from the other theatres, has just been played off at the Opera. There was no performance on Tuesday the 11th, in consequence, as it was advertised, of the preparations making for the production of Meyerbeer's '*Il Crociato in Egitto*.' At theatres, which are open nightly, there may be some reason for shutting up the house for one night on extraordinary occasions, in order to give time for a last rehearsal, and opportunity for the hammering and sawing of the mechanist; but this reason does not hold good in the case of a theatre only open twice a week, which allows of rehearsal and all sorts of carpenters work* four nights (if nights be absolutely necessary for such operations) out of the six, without interrupting the amusements of the public. But then the honest answer on the other hand is, that shutting up a theatre furnishes the very best scope for advertisements, touching extraordinary

* On the behalf of the public we entreat the good offices of a hammer, if indeed there be one in the house, which we should be inclined to doubt, seeing how those subjects of hammers, the nails, have got head. For a long time this season there was a prodigiously large nail sticking out of the pit rail, on the right side, and by the first entrance, or, more properly speaking, gap, into the pit, that would have impaled a dandy, such as dandies now are, had he been thrust against it in a crowd; somebody has humanely turned its point latterly, so as to render it less perilous to polite life and limbs, and at present it only threatens destruction to men's clothes, and perhaps a flesh wound not more than an inch deep—this is something gained—but it would be as well to extract it altogether, and to drive it into the gallery, where such things are wanted. There is also a door (the west door) in the round room, that well deserves the attention of an active and well disposed hammer. It is actually studded with small nails, the heads of which are so curiously bent on mischief, being raised a little—a very little above the surface of the wood, so as not to give any indication of the danger, that in the twinkling of an eye they will tear the coat off a man's back who is pressed against the door, as men commonly are in that man and woman-squeezing apartment, and will perhaps *card* him, hibernice, into the bargain. This peril is not speculative, we ourselves witnessed the demolition of a coat one night, and narrowly escaped the same misfortune: if it had happened to us we would have written the house down. While we are about the small nuisances of the Opera House, we cannot omit the mention of one which addresses itself immediately to the nose, on going out of the right side-door from the pit, and ascending the stairs to the boxes. That sink of filth is, beyond description, disgusting and disgraceful.

preparations ; and thus it excites expectation and curiosity, and moreover causes the thing to be talked of, which we all know is particularly desirable.* Velluti is to appear in *Il Crociato in Egitto* ; we shall have an eye to those busy persons who would show their zeal for humanity, by depriving this unoffending individual of his bread.

We understand that Mr. Ayrton has taken our observations on the opera in ill part, and that he has even felt personally aggrieved by them. We are, in truth, by no means disposed to bear hard on Mr. Ayrton, whom we are inclined to think well qualified for the post that he *nominally* fills ; but he has unfortunately placed himself in what the French would call a false position, by assuming a title with which his powers, we fear, do not correspond ; and thus the responsibility of failure falls on him, while, perhaps, he is not allowed to make the best exertions to secure success. If Mr. Ayrton be, what he somewhat emphatically styles himself, the director of the King's Theatre, he is answerable for its miscarriages ; but we apprehend that he is not answerable for the miscarriages ; we suspect that another person who possesses none of Mr. Ayrton's qualifications for the management of the concern exercises a controul by no means consistent with the proper conduct of the establishment, or conducive to its prosperity. If Mr. Ayrton had had the undisputed direction of the theatre, we are willing to believe that we should not have had to complain of the disappointments and musical mortifications to which, as frequenters of the Opera, we have this season been so repeatedly subjected.

THE CONVALESCENT.

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader ; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such : for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw day-light curtains about him ; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it ? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse ?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there ! what caprices he acts without controul ! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and raising, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length,

* In this instance no other object was attained by depriving the musical public of their amusement on the Tuesday, for after all the new Opera was not produced on the following Saturday.

then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed ; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself ! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration !

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapt in the callous hide of suffering ; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself ; he yearneth over himself ; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers ; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself ; studying little stratagems, and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself ; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very scull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over ; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are ; only he has a glimmering

conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him: he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking “who was it?” He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the uncereemonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving of them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family’s eye? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days’ respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with every thing else ! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of every thing but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw ! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck is he dwindled into !

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In *Articulo Mortis*, thought I ; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of ; a gentle call to activity, however trivial ; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines, and monarchies, of the world alike ; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding ; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a *Tityus* to himself—are wasting to a span ; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant monthly contributor,

ELIA.

TO-DAY IN IRELAND.*

SOME tales illustrative of the present state of society in Ireland have lately appeared under the above title ; they are clever and entertaining, but they are unpuffed, consequently unknown to that large and intelligent class of persons who are guided in their reading by the panegyrics which authors and booksellers pronounce on their own publications in paid paragraphs in the newspapers. While we oppose the quackeries of the press, we feel ourselves bound in consistency to do our best to prevent works of any merit from suffering from the absence of that very

* *To-day in Ireland*, in Three Volumes, 8vo. London : Knight, 1825.

system which we have such frequent occasion to reprobate, and accordingly we shall always rejoice in the opportunity of noticing, and doing justice to, productions that come into the world without the customary fulsome flourishes. The first tale in the volumes before us is called the *Carders*; as may be supposed from the title, it treats of the disorders of the country, and describes a magistracy possessed of that sort of activity which sailors ascribe to the devil in bad weather, and a peasantry precisely such as must be expected under the gripe of famine and jobbing justices. The hero of the story, Arthur Dillon, is placed in the disagreeable predicament of becoming obnoxious to these two respectable classes, the rebels and rulers, who govern the country by turns, the one by night the other by day, and who testify their dislike of persons after their respective fashions; the former, by combing the flesh off the back with a card, whence they are, or were, called *Carders*; the latter, by lawful hangings. Arthur Dillon, a youth of an ancient and Catholic family, decayed in fortune, but extremely flourishing in population, falls one night by an unlucky accident which we have not room to narrate into the hands of the *Carders*, who, finding that he has seen more of their operations than is consistent with their safety, propose to him the alternative of either being initiated into the mysteries of carding or murdered; he naturally prefers the less violent horn of the dilemma, and is accordingly sworn. After this formality, Arthur, who has been wounded by a shot, is carried to his father's house by some of the party of rebels. Old Dillon, well knowing that the religion of his family subjects them to the odium and suspicion of the neighbouring Orange magistrates, and aware that the circumstance of his son having been wounded in the night, and having been borne home by such characters as had formed his escort, would furnish materials for a case that might at least cause him much personal inconvenience, such as a winter in gaol, deems it prudent that he shall keep out of the way for a season, until the affair has blown over; and Arthur therefore goes into temporary banishment from the paternal roof. In the mean time, Blaney, an informer, discovers to Mr. Crostwhaite, a clerical magistrate, who handles a blunderbuss more frequently than a bible, that young Dillon has been sworn by the *Carders*. These tidings are particularly grateful to the curate, who has an enmity to the Dillon family; a Mr. Plunkett, a kind but easy man of influence, friendly to Arthur, stands, however, between him and the malice of this champion of ascendancy on this occasion. After a time, the hero ventures to return home, but new troubles await him; Murtagh, a zealous servant of his family, takes it into his head to shoot Blaney, the informer, at mass. Suspicion falls on the right person, he is searched, some circumstantial evidence of his guilt appears, and he is apprehended together with old Dillon and his son, whose participation in the crime is presumed. The speech which is put into mouth of the murderer, when endeavouring to sooth the sorrow of Mrs. Dillon, seems to us but too characteristic; one smiles at the ignorance and shudders at the ferocity of it.

The sorrow a use now in crying at all at all, Mistress ; for if the worst comes to the worst, what can they do but hang poor Murtagh ? And sure enough," continued he, lowering his voice, " whoever did take vengeance on the bloody informer that lies there, couldn't look for less than a blessed martyr's death of the kind, a happy one it 'll be, *I've been tould by them that knows ;—four elegant angels catches him as he drops, and carries him clane off to Paradise, afore a body could cry trapstick.*

The Dillons and Murtagh are committed to the keeping of their friendly neighbour, Mr. Plunkett, of whose daughter Arthur is enamoured ; O'Rourke, an old rebel, concerta a rescue, and attacks the house in the night ; it is obstinately defended, and the good-natured master is shot dead by the leader of the Carders, who is himself severely wounded. In the confusion, Murtagh escapes from his place of confinement. This affray is described with great spirit, and reminds us of the manner of Scott, as does also the following account of the pursuit of the murderers, O'Rourke and Murtagh. Major Hempenshaugh has received information that the fugitives are concealed in an island in Lough Ree ; for this place he embarks in a gale of wind.

It was a squally November day, such as are common in that month, with neither cloud nor sky over-head, but a dun uniform heaven, that seemed a compromise between both, spread above, clear, though the blue appeared not ; for the bitter blast dissipated and chased before it every lingering speck of vapour that could gather into a cloud. Over the lake, too, it swept as sharp and uninterrupted as on high, unless when it encountered the lurking isle or jutting head-land that called forth its wrath, and over which it caused the waters to rage in foam. A tempest on one of these lakes, however inland, is far from being despicable ;—I have seen stout timbers creak, and canvas fritter into rags, under the influence of its storms ;—distress and wreck are not strangers to its narrow sea ;—and a life may be perilled on its fresh waters as imminently as on the salt. Perhaps one, indeed, is more struck with the lake-storm, than with that of the wide ocean itself, deprived of all the accessories of land participating in the fury of the hurricane ; and there is, perhaps, less of the terrific and sublime in the tempest with all the ocean to itself, than when we can behold it not only stirring the waters, but agitating also the whole earth's surface, with all its productions, from the swaying oak to the solitary blade of grass that quivers on the ruin :—

" And when the fitful winds do sigh,
Wafting the plover's lonely cry,—
And when the storm sweeps loud and strong,
Hymning aloft his thunder-song,—
When in its might the black lough roars,
Chafing within its narrow shores,
And writhing fierce, with madd'ning shock,
Gnasheth his white teeth on the rock."

It is to be doubted, if Byron's sketch of an ocean-storm be much more sublime than these few touches of a lake-one by Limrick, in his " Ourawns."

All the inconvenience of the storm, however, and little of its sublimity, was felt by Major Hempenshaugh and his crew. The murderers, hidden in the sacred ruins of the Nun's Island, listened to its howlings with more superstitious dread. They were for the present the only tenants of the old vaulted building, that once had been a church ; into the half-buried portal of which it behoved him that would enter, to do so on hands and knees. At its threshold now was our old friend Sib, holding in through the aperture a smoking dish, or skib, as she called it, of potatoes, but no one from within, according to her expectation, seemed coming to take it from her hand.

"Maybe the victuals isn't worth your stirrin' for, ye lazy pair o' nat' rals."

"We cannot see a stim, nor stir a peg, mistress," was the reply from within.

"Ouh! who's to be sweeling tallow in a wind that's enough to blow the eyes back in one's head? Yees may ate and live in the dark;—ye've done other deeds in it afore," cried Sib, holding in the potatoes, as benevolent in heart and act as she appeared malevolent in word.

"Curse the hag!"

"Ah! captain honey, what for ye be cursin' in sich a holy place the poor body that's feedin' you. Spake fair, when the wind's high. But whisht wid your grummelling, where naughting but prayer should be hard, and I'll do my endeavour to bring a rushlight in my praskeen."

And the old dame set off to bring a light, not so much from commiseration to the wretches, as to prevent their swearing or otherwise profaning the holiest place, the very *sanctorium* of the island, and thereby entailing misfortune on its inhabitants. With much difficulty, and after many failures, Sib brought the rushlight safe to the buried portal; beneath which she crept with it, soon mingling its puny ray with the damp and thick darkness of the cavern chapel. A cavern, indeed, it must still have been in its best of days, as, notwithstanding the wonderful workmanship of its roof and portal, it was without window or other aperture for light. In one corner of it now lay Murtagh, fore-shortened, unfortunate wretch, by the consequence of his fall: his broken back had already communicated to his features the dragged and haggard expression that always accompanies it, and which in him might have been mistaken for a consciousness of crime, and a remorse that his heart belied. Opposite to him lay O'Rourke extended; the damp air of the cavern evaporating in moisture on his fevered brow, and with features, where the rage of anger and disappointment still struggled with the undermining faintness of disease. The eternal good humour and unvarying spirits of O'Rourke had given way under weakness and torture, and the horror of spending many days and nights in darkness and discomfort. A fire might have been lighted in the chapel, but the islanders would not hear of the profanation; and, moreover, smoke, "the wickedest informer," they said, "that ever whispered exciseman," if seen to issue unusually from the island, would be most apt to prove a tell-tale. Reasons for this caution were evident in the quantity of barrels, kegs, and other vessels for liquor, that tenanted the chapel; for although fire might profane a sacred place, "sorrow a saint in paradise could have the last objection in life to whiskey."

Some clever dialogue follows here, a part of which is of so profane a nature as to scandalise Sib, who has a superstitious respect for the sanctity of the place, in which the ruffians are concealed: she accordingly takes her departure in disgust, leaving the blasphemers to their meditations, and applying herself to her household work. In this occupation, however, she is soon interrupted by the disagreeable tidings conveyed by the children "that the gauger's bum-boat was bating up the lough." Sib is grievously alarmed at this news, at once for the fugitives, and for some illegally distilled whiskey which she happens to have under her charge. She repairs again to the chapel, and apprises Murtagh and O'Rourke of their danger; their deliberations are shortened by the near approach of the enemy.

The report of a musquet at the instant startled them; and on Sib's putting forth her head, the noise of shouts and laughter came upon the wind, mingled with the plashing of the dreaded barge, that was evidently nearing the island.

Sib returned.

"Come," said she, "it's ill biding mysel' the worrying of these hell-hounds! So let's all have a rin for it: if ye stay, they'll surely nab you;—if we rin, yees may

escape; and they 'll let alone the kegs, I warrant, as soon as they see a boat flirting ower the lough."

How far the saving of Sib's kegs predominated in her idea above the *safety* of her *protégés*, I shall not determine. Going over to Murtagh instantly, and taking up the maimed wretch in her brawny arms, she conveyed him to the portal, and pushed him through it, helping O'Rourke to effect the same exit. Having herself emerged, she carried Murtagh to a boat, whither O'Rourke had in the mean time dragged himself; and all aboard, Sib spread her little sail, though, such was the storm, the revenue-barge itself feared to mount a shred of canvass; and with one oar playing to keep her boat's head to windward, in order to make St. John's, away they scudded from the Nun's Island.

It so happened, in the mean time, that the old dame's contrivance in securing part of her kegs had the effect of betraying them, and at the same time of favouring the Carders' escape. The sharp eye of a revenue-officer had descried one of the kegs under shore, and the shot which he had fired from the barge "to broach the potheen," was the report that had alarmed our worthies in the chapel. On this discovery the barge had made for that side of the island, and while its crew were engaged in seizing Sib's floating whiskey, she herself, with Murtagh and O'Rourke, were making swift way to the Connaught shore. At length Major Hempenshaugh descried the fugitive boat, that had not, he knew, put out in such weather without cogent reasons. He speedily called his party off, though with some difficulty, from the professional exertions they were most accustomed to; and with not a few imprecations on kegs and gaugers for the delay, that might very possibly permit the escape of his prey, he set forth in pursuit of the island bark.

"Put up a gib," cried the anxious Major, "don't you see how that cockle-shell sports canvass, and runs away from all our oars."

"A bold one she must be, to sport a rag in such a gale;—she must have some lost lives aboard, that it's all one drowning or hanging."

"That's the truth on 't," said another; "I see a head bobbing in her stern; and see there, she's mounting, there's another fellow lying stretched in her bottom. ———, pull, boys! pull!—I hear the two hundred pound reward clinkin' in our pockets."

"Now, by all that's good and great," exclaimed the Major, "it is a woman, and nothing but a woman, that guides and pulls yon boat at that rate."

"It's ould Sib of the Nun's—she'd scull a boat, the witch, against ony two rowers in blue jackets, and an ould hag too—split her!"

"Pull, boys, pull away!" cried the Major; "if we but catch 'em, the two villains shall hang, an' old Sib, as you call her, shall have the best drop in my canteen for licking, with her one oar and a petticoat of sail, this six-oared barge."

Sib, however, did not give the Major credit for any such generosity, and believed, that if he laid hands on her, he would make her almost share the fate of the fugitives, whom she was endeavouring to rescue from his grasp. Furiously, therefore, she plied her oar through the waves; and, although in imminent danger of being swamped every moment, she held on, and left the struggling barge in vain labouring to overtake her.

There is something superlatively glorious in a chase, especially when the force of the pursuing vessel is so irresistibly greater than the skiff that flies; one's sympathies are always with the lesser, from the same principle on which the running fool bestowed half his glass regularly on the fore-wheel of the coach, as an encouragement for its not letting the big hind-one overtake it. In this case, when a female's prowess, which the muse of Ariosto, by the by, would have gloried in, was braving peril in the attempt to rescue her friends and kegs, and, what is more, seemed succeeding in her purpose, the very pursuers could not withhold the admiration extorted from them. They could not but laud old Sib; and laud her they did with execrations. Still their exertions slackened not, incited, as they were, by the ideal clink of the two hundred guineas, and they tugged magnanimously against the breasting wave; whilst the wind, chill as it was,

blew thick pearl-drops of mingled spray and perspiration from their foreheads. The Major's recommended gib had, 'twas found, done more harm than good, and had blown the barge to leeward far of Sib; who was now likely to make the land a full half-hour before them. The gib was accordingly lowered, with a fresh volley of oaths, and the barge toiled on by the force of oars alone.

The pursued made, in the mean time, with all her might, for the bay of St. John's, which she knew would be the best place for concealing Murtagh, and favouring the flight of O'Rourke. In despite of her benevolent toil, the old woman still found time and a subject for her deadly wit:—

"Arrah! look yonder, boys," said she, "what does that quare lookin' thing there mind you of?"

"What would you have us lookin' or thinkin' of, but that boat full of blood-hounds aghter us?"

"Hout! the sorrow a quicker they'll come for yere looking about. It's only Hudson's gallows I was showing you—a pictursome object, as the gentlefolk say, that a clargyman of those parts rected to look at from his bawn. A pretty thing it is, an' a proper for a minister, if he be a minister like yere Mr. Crostwhaite, to ha' builded. But a gallows it is, the devil a halfperth else, as pictursome as they call it; and sorrow a luck the poor boys of the Nun's have had, since they builded it right afore us, but hangin',—my curse attind the masons!"

While thus attributing the untimely fate of so many lads of the lake to the innocent erection, which its founder intended to represent the Pillars of Hercules, and which the neighbourhood knew by the name of Hudson's gallows, Sib's boat swept into the bay of St. John's, where the shore of Connaught rose from the lake, with all the conveniences of concealment that the old dame had reckoned on. A thick oak-copse, from which even the furious wind of that day had not shaken the adhesive leaves, covered the water-edge, whilst beyond it a full and far-extending wood of firs covered the rising ground, and shook their dark foliage in the storm, that seemed, by the continual noise of snap and splinter, to be making havoc among its little branches. Sib swerved not to any quay or landing-place, but ran straight forward till she was aground. O'Rourke she bade to save himself as best he could; Murtagh, as the more disabled, she assisted further, by lifting him out, and bearing him beyond the thick oak-copse that would have impeded him. Then she abandoned both murderers to their fate, with the remark, "that if e'er a one of their saints would exert himself half as much for them as she did, sorrow a fear there was of 'em!"

The old woman soon regained her boat, rowed it free of the bay; and some time before the barge arrived, she escaped from it without exertion, letting her skiff run down the wind, as she reposed, and enjoying, in the midst of her anxiety for the fugitives, the labours of those who impelled the lagging barge, distanced by her woman's arm and puny oar.

From the barge's stern Major Hempenshaugh held towards her, as she retreated, his canteen bottle, by which motion he meant to entreat her to return and share it: but Sibby deemed the bottle to be an horse-pistol, shook her fist in return at the Major, and straightway plied her oars to get out of range of shot.

The specimen of the author's manner has occupied so much of our space that we have little room left for the further details of the story, suffice it to say that Arthur is saved from hanging by the surrender and confession of Murtagh, that O'Rourke is executed, and that the tale ends as usual, with all sorts of good fortune for the good, and marriage. The story, it will be seen, is slight enough; but it abounds with incident, adventure, and picturesque descriptions, which together with acute observations and clever sketches of character make amends for any deficiency in the fable.

The next, and perhaps the weakest tale, is *Connamara*. Mr. Martin of Galway is the hero of it, and we do not admire the introduction of what are called real characters into novels and romances. The author should leave this stale and catchpenny device to the concoctors of *Three Weeks at Long's*, *Summers at Brighton*, *Autumns at Cheltenham*, and such miserable trash.

Old and New Light is, all things considered, the best story in the book. Charles St. George, a rational young clergyman, is appointed to a curacy in the county of Louth, which had previously been filled by a very common sort of character, thus described—

Mr. O'Sing, the predecessor of Charles, of whom a certain portion of the *Dumfermlines* spoke in such raptures, was a young man of weak intellect, and warm imagination; the ascendancy of the latter power over the former faculty being greatly increased by nerves of the weakest order, and a sensibility most diseased. His was one of those minds, upon which reasoning, even demonstrative, has no influence: feeling, with him, included every thing—argument, conviction, creed, devotion;—and, accordingly, to his beloved *feeling* he reduced every thing. In private life this might have been amiable, even if it had been a little ridiculous; but in the grave ministry of the church, where manly votaries at least are to be won and cherished, not as a lover would his mistress, by tears and pathos and fond pleading, but by a rational exposition of the truth, the dolorous and sentimental behaviour of Mr. O'Sing became really absurd. Sure, however, that *feeling* could not be wrong—Mr. O'Sing obeyed its capricious dictates to a most ludicrous extent: he prayed in society, and conversed from the reading desk;—in the drawing-room he preached, and in the pulpit he wept;—so that the sanctified curate might have been described, as when nearest the church to have been farthest from God!

With his particular tenets I shall not trouble my readers; not intending to allow the light ploughshare, with which I skim the surface of character, to sink deep into the heavy earth of polemics. Suffice it to say, on this point he talked a great deal about something that he called *grace*; and that his opponents made use of a word of equal importance, for it contained precisely the same number of letters, and this was—*works*. Being, however, a novelist, not a controversialist, *Davus non Œdipus*, I shall confine myself to the apparent consequences, without discussing the mysterious and subtle principles of very evident and substantial discord.

However ridiculous and weak, O'Sing was, owing to his very defects, highly calculated to be the disseminator of a sect; and his success had been proportionably great. His proselytes in and about Ardenmore were numerous, especially amongst the weaker sex, whom his pathos, and cambric handkerchief moistened with pulpit tears, never failed to move. Even the good squires, who slumbered or snored during the young apostle's preaching, heard his doctrines subsequently republished to them by domestic missionaries, with whom for peace sake it was always best to coincide. This proselytism had, however, not been universal; many of both sexes still held out against Mr. O'Sing, and shut their eyes against his *New Light*; the old people, from hatred of innovations, and respect for their old established church and creed—the young, from dislike to the puritanic spirit of the *New Light*, that sought to banish dancing, and every innocent amusement from society; and even chid too exuberant a smile from the countenance. It was the remonstrance of this latter, or *Old Light* party, that had influenced the Primate to remove the saintly O'Sing from officiating any longer in his diocese.

The anxiety of the *New Light* folks to ascertain whether the young curate is a *New* or an *Old Light*, and their attempts to win him over to

them are pleasantly imagined. Between the Old Light, the New Light, and the no light at all, or darkness of Papacy, we suppose we must call it, the good town of Ardenmore is thrown into hot water. The leading lady of the New Light takes the field against the Priest, by instructing young Catholics at her school, where under cover of wedges of bread and trenchers of stirabout, she endeavours to sap the holds of Catholicism in their infant minds. At last she proceeds to the overt hostile act of giving a bible to one of her young charges; the Priest takes the alarm, the children are forbidden to attend the lady's school, and on her seeking of the parents the cause of this defection, the following characteristic dialogue takes place:—

"And what reason has the priest for forbidding you to send the children to me?"

"His own reasons, sorrow a bit of myself knows them! Father M'Dowd was here on Saturday the night, Miss, and the booke the children brought, set him dancing mad."

"I dare say it did," said Miss Lowrie.

"And you may say that, Miss. I tould him, sure, the children couldn't spell hardly, and wouldn't know any thing about it; and that yoursel, if there were any harm in it, didn't know of it neither; that it was a praty book, and would look well on the dresser,—and all to that; but the sorrow a halfperth ud satisfy the priest but to carry it aff in his pocket."

"Carry it off!—what, take the bible I gave you? Upon my word this *is* insolence. And you let him take it?"

"Arrah! how could I be helping it, Miss?"

"You had better get the book back from your priest then, Judith Byrne; I am not bound to supply *him* with religious learning."

"Give the priest larning, C— safe us—a young lady to larn the priest," cried the woman, horrified, however before obsequious. Even Martha cast up her eyes; but the old grandmother in the corner lost all patience.

"Tache the priest!—och! the conceit of them quality," muttered the hag; "they think the readin o'books is the only way to get larnin. Did ye ever see or hear tell of Father M'Dowd, Miss Lowrie?" said the hag, becoming intelligible.

"I know nothing about him," replied the young lady.

"Then the more's the pity; if ye did, ye'd go by what he said, and not go agin him. He's a larnid and powerful man, M'Dowd."

"In what is he learned and powerful, good woman?" asked Miss Lowrie, who loved controversy, even with an old Catholic crone.

"He's a very miracle-worker, that young priest; and can drive the ould one (that's ould Nick, saving your presence,) afore him through the country. Sure he preached a devil out of Bess Bothus, in the shape of a brass button, wid a lock of hair in the shank."*

"Indeed!" said Miss Lowrie, amazed in despite of her ill-humour at finding her bible had fallen into the holy miracle-worker's hands.

"Ay, indeed, and in troth! And it's he that knows what's good or bad; he'll give up the book, I warrant him, to Miss, if she wants it; though it'd be better if she'd ha naughting to do wid it. By the same token the priest'll be here the day, to curse the red worms out of the pratie garden; there's no banishin 'm at all at all, and they're ating the oats up by the roots; and what could we do, I'd like to know, against varmint of this sort, but for the priest? long life to him!"

* Fact. A miracle of late years, and announced, as having veritably taken place, from a pulpit in the Irish metropolis, by one of the most learned and popular preachers of the Roman Catholic church of Ireland.

The consequences of these ill-judged attempts at conversion are discord, and the bitter spirit of religious dissension in a before peaceful community. Besides these feuds, which are painted with much spirit, there is of course a love story in the tale, which is by no means so insipid as love stories usually are. St. George becomes enamoured of an experienced coquette, who uses him like a dog; the author has attributed to his hero exactly that character which suffers most grievously from female caprice. Its weak parts are thus given in a passage which shows a just observation of nature :—

It may be said, that St. George, like many people of his studious and contemplative cast, possessed at once a perception most inattentive to what was passing round him at the time, and a memory most fearfully retentive of the smallest occurrences in society or particulars of conversation. Those heard or seen at the moment never then excited his suspicion; but when he retired, and reviewed all with a scrupulosity, heightened at once by vanity and love, the most trivial expression, the most unmeaning trifle was then sufficient to rack his mind with torture. Hours of solitude would he thus spend recollecting, interpreting looks, and drawing meanings, spun to impalpable tenuity from the haphazard remarks of the associates from whom he had parted. It is thus that beings, not early conversant with society, become self-tormentors upon entering into it late; are driven back into the retreat of misanthropy, owing to early unsocial habits, and often die man-haters, with nevertheless the most social tendencies, and with hearts that, in reality, have need to repose on those of their brother men.

Many strikingly acute remarks, expressed with considerable felicity, and much modesty of manner, will be found in this book; they are highly creditable to the author, and show that he is a thinker and a nice observer of the world. In *Old and New Light* we have again to take exception to the introduction of real character; in the person of Sir Harcourt Lees; no fiction, no power of imagination can improve the absurdity of this individual.

The last tale is entitled, *O'Toole's Warning*; it is short, and an amusing legend cleverly told.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. I.

THE opening of the British Institution with a selection from the works of the living artists of our country has given us an opportunity of making some remarks on the British school, and on the progress of the Fine Arts among ourselves. We shall not enter on so wide a field as the history of painting among ourselves; a subject, indeed, scarcely compatible with our periodical and interrupted system of communication with the public; but bring forward, as opportunities may occur, such remarks as the works occasionally displayed before us seem to justify. If these works should also lead to any speculations on the na-

ture, objects, and utility of the arts, or on the methods of cultivating them, or the obstacles by which their progress is retarded, our readers will probably excuse us if we do not arrange these in the formality of treatises or essays.

We presume that no man who has looked at nature, or looked at pictures—no man who has any pretensions to what is commonly called taste can enter the gallery, which is here the object of our remarks, without immediately feeling that he is surrounded with works of great attraction and high merit. The much more ignorant spectator will perceive, that almost every department of painting has here been attempted; and both will admit that Britain does contain what is popularly termed a school of painting. It will be for the more experienced spectator, and for the artist himself, to determine by what that school is characterised, to point out what pretensions it has to originality, and how far it has but trod in the steps of preceding schools. To be a school of painting, it ought to possess originality; and that quality, we hope to show, it does possess.

Originality is not here a mere departure from models and rules and fashions—an attempt at novelty, merely because it is novelty. We may perhaps most easily define it by its reverse. To make copies of ancient or former pictures is not the only copying. He who, with his own pencilled sketch before him, and a picture of Wilson at his left hand, produces a Conway Castle, like Sir G. Beaumont, or who, like Varley, transforms an English landscape into a picture of Poussin, by the same process, or because he has, by long practice, formed his eye to look at nature through the eyes of Poussin, that man is a copyist. The artist in landscape, who does not see for himself, who does not feel in his heart all the peculiarities which distinguish British nature, all the character, all the sentiment, entwined with its atmosphere, its colour, its outline, its verdure and foliage, and its buildings, people, occupations, every thing, may paint landscape to eternity; but, whether his style be a transcript of Claude, or Poussin, or Cuyp, or Wilson, he will be but a copyist, and no more.

It is the same in the other departments of painting. Vandyck is a great master in the art of representing the individual man. Rubens, Titian, Moroni, will not perhaps be exceeded in the department of portrait painting. These are noble models and noble teachers. But he who, instead of studying to see how these great men saw nature, instead of labouring to derive information from them in the general treatment of their subjects, in their airs and attitudes, their colour, their light and shadow, their draperies, back grounds, composition, and much more, makes any one or more of them his absolute guide, that man is in danger of becoming the thing which we have in view—a copyist. He will be a copyist, when, like Jackson, he paints the man before him so, that, were Sir Joshua Reynolds alive again, he might almost imagine it his own work. If he could rival or reach Titian or Moroni in his

practice, he would paint the bishops and peers of England as these men painted the Jesuits and Cornaros of Venice; he might produce admirable works, but they would not be originals. When Howard chooses to make his daughter a Florentine or a Venetian, he chooses to be a copyist: did he never do more, he would have no claims to originality. It is indifferent to us, it is indifferent to this view, what are the lineaments of a British beauty, or a British warrior, if the portrait, the picture rather, is a Venetian picture, a Flemish picture, or even a British picture of the last century.

It is the same, though to a more limited extent, in the still higher, and in the highest departments of painting; in common history, or the low, or Dutch Epic, and in the higher class of historical painting, or the great Epic. We have limited the comparison here, and may do so particularly for the low Epic. In this, the matter does, or may, predominate so much above the manner, and here also the modes of treatment are comparatively so limited, that we will not accuse Wilkie of this fault when, in his *Blind Fiddler*, he emulates and becomes the rival of Teniers in colour and general effect. Our artists have not, and possibly never may, reach to the better masters of the Dutch school in the mechanical part of their art. It is fortunate that it is so; because this will compel them to think for themselves, and ensure to us, and to the British school, that originality without which it would be undeserving of the name. We should be sorry indeed to see Leslie thinking more of Netscher than of himself and his models, because he can paint satin as well, and every thing else better. If Mulready chooses to profit by Gerard Douw, or Ostade, he does wisely; but he would have been most unwise if he had attempted to make an Ostade out of his *Rhubarb Merchant*, as Callcott has made Cuyps, and Stothard, Watteaus.

It is a different thing for an artist to imbue himself with the colour, the light, the arrangement, the general management, of his predecessors; to profit by the views which other eyes have taken of nature, or to translate their works; to render Dutch into English, or rather to convert English men, English feelings, English actions, into Dutch pictures. If we have called some of our artists copyists, and if we might have called by that name many more whose names we suppress, because of the high respect which we entertain for them in other points, and for British art in general, it is an extreme term; translators is a more just one; for we consider the pictures to which we allude as being little more meritorious than translations from one language to another, and as requiring little other talent than the very small one of copying well, and very, very little effort of mind.

We may make similar remarks on the greater Epic, or, on Historic painting, as it is generally called. Here, also, nearly every thing, in conception, style, colour, and much that we need not enumerate, has been so far anticipated by one or other of the great masters of the art,

that it is not easy for a modern artist to be absolutely new, or to paint in a manner which shall be peculiarly his own. And yet that is not impossible. Sir Joshua Reynolds has gone far to prove it, on one hand; and so, God knows, has Fuseli in another way. But if it were so, that is no reason why any artist of our day should hold up to himself one model only, should see nature, as far as he sees nature, or conceive poetry, through the eyes and mind of any one ancient painter whom he may affect, and through his alone. To use such an artist as a model, is not an expression sufficiently strong for our meaning. It is to take, not the artist, but one of his pictures as the model; to copy his thoughts and his execution, transferring them merely from one set of figures to another. This is but translation also; though it should be translation of a more difficult order. We could point out instances where it has amounted to little better than copying; but we are desirous to avoid any thing that may be imagined personal, as our object is not to give pain to worthy and industrious men, but to state, generally, some views as to our school, from which it may learn to profit.

But we may, without offending Mr. Etty, or any other name which we might have adduced, suggest that, even where productions of this nature do not justify this censure to its whole extent, it is not good policy to adopt even the manner of any preceding artist. To be a mannerist is always a censure; to be an inveterate mannerist has never failed to call down blame. But the mannerist who has invented or formed his own system has at least the merit of originality, though it should be of a bad kind; he who has become a mannerist on the ideas of another, has added nothing to the resources of art; and there is here an analogy to mimicry. The mannerist in Paul Veronese or Rubens, is a mimic, and nothing more; he is not merely a copyist or a translator. We cannot imitate the voice or the actions of another, without exaggerating or caricaturing them: the very imitation, indeed, be it ever so accurate, becomes a caricature, from a metaphysical feeling which we need not stay to analyse. In truth, in every species of imitation, in painting, as in all else, we tend naturally to follow the peculiarities which are faulty, because these are necessarily the most prominent, and the most easily seized. Beauty is a vapour, a ray of light, a delicate spirit wandering over the surface of things, which flies as we attempt to catch it, to bind it down, and to define it. It vanishes before the efforts of the painter, who hopes to transfer it from his predecessor to himself, and he becomes the mimic and the caricaturist of the manner he would fain borrow.

But we will not, at present, say more on this department of art. On the inferior ones, which we have passed by, we need not add much. He who is to paint flowers cannot do better than paint like Van Huysum or Van Os; and if Van Dael's pictures might be mistaken for those of the latter, it is no blame; since to be the most accurate transcript of fine nature, in this walk, is the highest praise which can be

claimed and allotted. It is the same for what is called still life ; though here, as in the former, there is room for invention and judgment, and for much more that belongs properly to the art of painting. But these are unimportant departments ; and, provided the picture be good, it is rarely worth our while to inquire whether the modern artist has been looking at Kalf over his left shoulder, while he was studying a brass pan on the other side.

Historic painting has often been compared with poetry, and justly. But we carry our comparisons much further, and include every one of its departments in the same analogy. We might, indeed, produce pictures divested of any claim to thought and invention ; and yet that would not be so very easy as it may appear to those who have never studied and practised the art. There is more effort of mind in the production of a picture, in the production of even a very ordinary composition, in any line, than those who look at pictures only as “ pretty ” objects, imagine ; and it is he who does possess mind, that will be the painter, be his choice of subjects what it may. In the greater productions, we can never contemplate without a species of veneration the mind which has conceived the work ; and we know that, even in the least, great stores of knowledge, great efforts of thinking, and great power of feeling, are often called into action. The painter is an inventor, a poet : he is such, even where he appears the mere imitator of nature.

Every man cannot see what nature displays before his eyes, for the *art of seeing* is a complicated and a laborious one, and must be acquired by study and practice. Those who are inclined to deny this, as far as the mere sight of objects is concerned, will scarcely deny it when they are to be recorded in language, as well as seen ; for this is poetry. The poet is not the mere man who has mastered all the powers of his language ; but he who has first ranged through all nature, through the metaphysical as through the material world, that he might procure objects to record. The business of the painter is the same. He, too, must *learn* to see, whatever original assistance nature may have given him in a happy organization, that he may be able, like the poet, to record his thoughts, in that which is his language—the language which most purely speaks to the mind through the eye.

If he, therefore, is the poet, who, viewing nature for himself, records it according to his own conceptions ; that man also is the painter who, equally searching the world around him, sees nature under all her forms and modes ; extracts her most delicate varieties, her beauties, her sublimities ; gives to them a colour derived from the constitution of his own mind, and records them by the powers of his art, that he may excite in the minds of others the impressions they have made on his own. We need not tell our readers who is the original poet, who is the imitator, and who the plagiarist, for the world is quick in assigning these distinctions. And our readers can now decide for themselves who is the

original painter. The parallel indeed is hackneyed; but the proverb "*ut pictura poesis*," slips through the ear and leaves little impression.

The ancient classics had their school of poetry; and the history of poetry well informs us how long it produced a herd of imitators; not of men profiting by these great models, and still being poets, but of men viewing the world around them through eyes long before closed, and recording it in the worn-out language of their masters. A later age has learned to see and think for itself, and to speak for itself; and later ages have created their schools of poetry. Painting, too, has had its successive schools; and in all, truly deserving of that name, something marks a period of creation, of invention, the result of new minds seeing and thinking for themselves, and discovering new modes of recording their conceptions. If in painting, as in poetry, a school has worn itself out, the result of successive imitations, and of constant deterioration, another has risen to supply its place; and new views, new conceptions, new modes, have maintained, or renovated, an interest which is always and necessarily entwined with the progress of society.

It is an important consideration to this great art, that it should keep pace with the progress of society, and yet it is one which seems scarcely to have attracted the attention which it claims. In the humblest departments, the face of nature itself, the whole physical world changes as civilization proceeds or modes alter. It is one part of the business of a painter to be the historian of the physical world before him, of the objects of art as they vary with the progress of man, of the more transient variations and modes which caprice or fashion may cause and produce. If the landscape itself changes, so does the architecture, the dress, the thousand ingredients of the world about us. And this historian he must be, if he would speak his language to an understanding audience, if he would paint to the feeling and spirit, to the sympathy of his age. In this, too, the poet is his model or his parallel; and the poet knows well the imperious law which society here imposes on him.

Still more does the world change in those features which are the foundation of the highest departments of art. Man himself changes. Not only do his pursuits vary in different periods of society, but his very feelings and thoughts change their cast and colour from age to age. It is true, unquestionably, as is commonly said, that human nature is always the same, and that human passions, being founded on our very constitution, must display themselves in the same manner in every country and every age. But if this be a truth, it is, like many more, too general for use, and like many more, one which misleads us by its wide generality. Human nature and human passions are mere words, under which are ranked a whole army of feelings, actions, and consequences, endlessly implicated, and endlessly modified. Whatever original foundation they may have in our constitution, it is by collision with the surrounding world, by the influence of external circumstances, that all these assume

their characters, producing the endless moral appearances and effects by which they are recognized, and which constitute man and his history.

Thus it is that man, the sport of the world around him, existing only in combination and collision with man, becomes the mutable and the changed creature that we find him in different countries and in different states of society. In spite of his original identity, he is not, from age to age, nor from land to land, the same being; and the poet who would paint him knows that he must study him through all these changes; knows that if he would paint him, his contemporary, he must study him, his contemporary. This also is the painter's duty.

The painter, who is here the object of our remarks, has other reasons of his own for watching and following the progress of the world, for studying those circumstances in which one country differs from another. If the conduct of man changes, if his pursuits and interests vary, in any class or division of society, so does the general opinion of the whole society vary as to the value and interest of these pursuits. These are things with which it sympathizes, there are others which it may despise or ridicule. He will have widely mistaken the ends of his art; he will, at last, be painfully disappointed in the expected results of it, who does not indulge the taste or the fashion, as far as these are not mere caprices, on which he must depend for public sympathy or admiration. He may, perhaps, persist for some time, without positive ill success, in repeating the ideas of former schools of painting, in working for the people of a past age instead of for his own, because the general public is always led by habits, and does not easily learn to judge for itself. But its eyes will open in time, as they have, in fact, done on many points, and he will be deserted.

We are here bound to illustrate, by examples, a few of these general remarks. But we cannot afford space for much detail in this matter. Perhaps this is of no moment. The artist who has considered his art, not as a mere mechanic, but as a painter and a philosopher; he who has attended to painting as a liberal art, we had almost said as a branch of literature, will understand us without difficulty; while we feel that no detail would assist those who look at pictures, merely as such, and who have not acquired habits of generalization.

To put a very obvious case before our readers. There was a time when, if religion was not the sole occupation of the European world, the only fashion, it was that of its more enlightened and literary portion at least, and was, in particular, that of all those whose means and habits allowed or induced them to be the purchasers of pictures. Hence arose that enormous mass of scripture history which occupies, and almost forms, the works of the ancient painters of Italy, and which constitutes in succession so many schools of painting. It will be said, as it has been, that the various historical portions of the Scriptures offer inexhaustible materials for painting, and that the peculiar interest attached

to them will always render them the most legitimate and attractive subjects. We will grant something, but not all. Though entertaining the highest veneration for the sacred books, we must still say that rational religion, the religion of our own age and nation, freed from former superstitions and modern enthusiasm, does not desire to see the walls of its houses covered with religious pictures, a biblical history ; and that it is not consistent with right feelings on this subject that its pictured pages should be intruded among our lighter occupations and hours, should be found in the halls destined for conviviality or idle amusement. Still less propriety is there in seeing the Venuses of Titian, the fables of heathenism, or the base occupations of Dutch boors, placed in parallel with those subjects which form the basis, or furnish the earnest of all our future hopes.

The reformed church has nearly rejected pictures from among its ornaments or means of devotion, the monastic associations are found in it no longer ; and, to use commercial language, one great branch, the great branch of demand, is cut off. Hence, therefore, biblical or religious subjects are scarcely now legitimate subjects for painting ; they are, at least, not convenient ones. If we may use such a term without the imputation of irreverence, they are not the fashion of the age. It is another objection to them, that they have been exhausted by the greater masters of former days. It is difficult now to produce novelty in this line of history painting, and it is almost a vain hope to do better what has been done by Raphael, and Daniel of Volterra, and Rubens, and other great men, the giants of their art.

The Bible is not the great fund of historical subjects which it has been called ; and that which the Catholic church connected with it, the lives and actions of saints, are rejected by Protestants, and no longer the same objects of veneration to Catholics. Of that greatest and most interesting portion of Biblical history, the sufferings of Christ, it is impossible to expect any thing better than the thousands of pictures already in existence, and almost hopeless to expect novelty. And thus, though we allow a high merit to Hilton's production of the present year, we do not consider the choice a judicious one. This particular history we, of course, except from the deep interest connected with it ; but we must always think that portraits of human suffering never can be legitimate subjects of an art intended to give pleasure ; an opinion which condemns an immense mass of ancient art, the produce, we may almost call it, of gloomy superstition and monastic self-torment. Whatever space the Bible may afford to the excursions of art, assuredly painting has profited little by it, when the same limited number of subjects has been repeated again and again through centuries. We own that we shall be sorry to see the British school indulging further in this class of painting ; since, in addition to all the other objections, it can scarcely be more than the imitator or translator of Italian pictures.

We are inclined to seek another illustration of our opinions, in the genus of allegorical painting. This has been a fashion, and a most absurd one it has always seemed to us. We are sorry to see our own attempts to revive and perpetuate it, and here also we must select Hilton again for animadversion. Nature blowing Soap Bubbles appears to us a picture based on nonsense, whatever merit it may possess; a merit which we are most ready to grant. Allegory has always appeared to us a mere waste of powers. It is not redeemed by all the splendours of Rubens; and how it has fared in the hands of West, needs not be told to those who have seen his Nelson, scarcely less absurd than that most contemptible picture of Douglas Guest on the same subject exhibited at the British Institution this year. Allegorical poetry is sufficiently wearisome, even from the bright pen of Spenser; but when the virtues and vices, the moralities and feelings, are to be embodied in flesh and blood, cased in plate armour, or thrust into breeches, it is nearly a matter of indifference whether we are contemplating the gallery of the Luxembourg (when it was the Luxembourg), or the sprawling Gods of Verio and Thornhill. We aver that no man can, by any effort, go through three of the pictures of Mary of Medicis with any attention, that he can scarcely feel or understand one, and that, if he is honest, and not a canting connoisseur, he will confess that he would rather possess the magnificent portrait of the Queen itself, than any ten pictures in the collection. In truth, no man looks at them; or if he does, it is to select some particular part, or else to enjoy what he equally might from one as from the whole, the colour, the facility, and the boldness of the artist, not the picture.

We need not say how much the absurdity of allegorical painting is increased, when, as in the portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, by the same hand, the real and the allegorical personages are intermixed. To labour through wretched enigmas is an useless and disgusting toil, but it is at least free from the absurdity that characterizes the mixed allegory. Surely, Rubens ought here to be held up as a rock to avoid, not a light to follow. It ought to be sufficient for us to be compelled to lament the waste of powers in him who could indeed afford to waste; and he who will run through the works of that master, must lament it. To follow such an example, and with no powers to waste, is a folly, of which we hope we have seen, or shall soon see, the last. Mr. Hilton can never be at a loss for legitimate subjects. Let him seek them, and, with his powers, he will produce works that will carry his name to posterity, as one of the founders, we may fairly say, of the British school.

We believe that we shall now be understood without further statements or further illustration, and that it is unnecessary to cast our retrospect over the other departments of painting for the purpose of explaining our views. We are desirous of showing that the painter, like the poet, should see and study Nature through all its parts for

himself, and should express his own feelings in his own language. Nature is the great teacher, as she forms the great storehouse of the painter and the poet. It is the duty, as well as the interest, both of the painter and the poet, to inquire how other minds have viewed her, in what manner they have recorded her, in what modes they have attempted to transfer their own feelings of her to the minds of their spectators and readers. But they must use this assistance without abusing it; lest they become imitators, translators, copyists. They have much to learn, by studying what their forerunners have done; but they will learn nothing worth acquiring, if they are content to imitate, or servilely to follow. Let the painter, like the poet, be deeply versed in the works of the great masters who have gone before him; let him see through what departments of Nature their views ranged; let him investigate the feelings under which they conceived what they saw, the line of study by which they acquired, the conduct, the contrivance, by which they conveyed their notions, the modes in which they produced unity of impression, the power of abstraction which they excited, and all the inferior details more purely belonging to the execution of their works, by which they sought to produce powerful and pleasing impressions.

It was the wish of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the last words he should pronounce from the chair of painting should be Michael Angelo; from the same chair, our last word should have been Nature. It is to Nature we owe our Shakspeare, it was from her endless stores that he drew his pictures of "many-coloured life:" "Exhausted worlds and then imagined new." If Chaucer has debts to other Nature than that which he had observed for himself, it was to that which he had seen and studied that we are indebted for his truth and brilliancy; for all, from which we derive our pleasure, and he his imperishable fame. Such was Byron, the name of our own day. And if we have named extremes, let us name Crabbe, let us name Cowper, uniting these extremes in himself, since we have selected these names that we may exhibit parallels to the higher and the lower departments of painting. If Persius and Juvenal, if Young and Pope, have searched the moral world, if Thomson has ranged through physical nature for his pictures, it is thus also that Raphael and Claude painted; and hence in different modes do they derive their merit and their fame. We have a Michael Angelo as we have a Milton; and from the same wells drew Hogarth and Butler. Let us repeat it again, for it never can be too often said—The painter and the poet are one; they are the pupils of Nature. She is their great mistress, and art is but their stepmother. It is he who studies in her school that will be the painter and the poet. Whatever aids he may add, here he must refer, and hence ultimately he must draw, if he would be remembered hereafter—if he would be a painter.

Thus it also is in sculpture, for these are sister arts; rather, they are an art. We are not now about to examine this branch of painting,

but we may draw an illustration from it. It is not too much to say, that we scarcely knew what sculpture was in our own country till the fortunate arrival of the works of Phidias. There we trace the great teacher of sculpture, as of painting and poetry, Nature. Sculpture is a term, a cant word, we might almost say, which few had, few perhaps have, even yet, considered; and, educated as we at home were, in the dry stony gods and heroes of the Townley collection, and in little else, the public looked here for its scale of merit, and for its opinions in sculpture. There were persons who saw the worthlessness of all this Roman Greek art; yet there were few who dared to say what they thought, overpowered by the cant of connoisseurship. The eyes of the public are opened, or opening; and in no long time, we trust, three-fourths of what remains to us from antiquity, will be valued as so much marble.

Antiquity may remain the mistress and the teacher of connoisseurs, if they please; it will remain so; for he who has not the power to form an opinion will be governed by what is called opinion, by traditional and hereditary cant. But the public will in time learn to judge for itself, because, when its shackles are removed, it will dare to think for itself, and it will seek for grounds of judgment where alone they are to be found. It is thinking for itself in politics and legislation, it is thinking for itself in morals and literature, and it will soon learn to think for itself in art. It will seek its real teacher, and suffer the connoisseurs to talk as they have long talked; it will extract from antiquity what is deserving of admiration, and it will judge its good works on the same principle as those by which they were produced. It will then dare to say, that one production of the French school of sculpture is more worth than three-fourths of the Greek art which stands its rival, rather its foil, in the splendid saloons of the Louvre; and when it is called on to admire the Apollo or the Venus, it will admire them, not because they have been admired, but when it sees the reasons why they should be admired. And it is when the public has learnt to judge, that we may expect to see what, we grieve to say, we do not yet see, a British school of sculpture, as we do see a school for painting. It will then be indifferent to the public, as it has long been with us, whether the name be Canova or Turnerelli, Phidias or Chantrey; for names will then carry no more weight than their works can bear.

We may, perhaps, have occasion to recur to the subject of sculpture at some future day; but, having named the habit of blind respect to antiquity in contrast with the study of Nature, we may proceed to say, that, in painting, we consider the connoisseur as placed in the opposite scale to the enlightened critic, and as the great obstacle to the progress of art. We need not define a term which is but too well known for censure, and which Goldsmith has illustrated to our hands in his character of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is not only, however, the spectator who is imbued with this disease, but the artist himself; and it is thus

that he becomes the obstacle to his own progress and to that of his art. It is thus that he becomes the copyist, the translator to which we formerly alluded, and it is thus that he impedes, as far as he can, the foundation or progress of a school of painting. He seeks in antiquity, in fashions, what he ought to search for in Nature; he models his mind by that of another, and ends in being nothing. But he finds his admirers among the connoisseurs, because the connoisseurs, like himself, have no other ground of judgment than his own. Each increases the other's disease.

We ought to have said that they have no grounds of judgment at all. In our own country, and elsewhere, it is most obvious, that whoever is born in the peerage, whoever is born to wealth, whoever has acquired it, becomes, as if instinctively, imbued with all the knowledge of art—a connoisseur. It is amusing to hear the talk about pictures which we hear every day in galleries and elsewhere; it is scarcely a subject for indignation, so absurd is all this jargon about “their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,” often ridiculed, but still surviving. It is not very clear that mere taste can be inherited, and still less that it is to be purchased by any stock-broker, who has made a series of successful speculations, or gambled himself into a house in Grosvenor-square. It is very certain that the knowledge of pictures is neither bought with money nor born with a title; if by knowledge of pictures is meant a knowledge of painting, of art. Nay, the mere knowledge of pictures alone, that trade which belongs to the broker and the dealer, is the labour of a life. The knowledge of painting is a knowledge to be purchased only by education, by the education of a fine mind, by the study of Nature, by the study of art, by the study of its very details and mechanical practices, by familiarity with pictures and styles, and we scarcely fear to add, by practice in art itself. If power, the power of production in painting, is long and hard of acquisition, so are knowledge and judgment. It is the artist alone, we do not hesitate to say it, who can ever become a thorough critic in painting, who can ever know and feel what a picture is; though even the artist may be, and is often, a partial and imperfect judge, from the same causes as the mere connoisseur, from an artificial education, from the habits and prejudices formed in a master, a style, or a school.

It surely will not be denied, that education in any science or art is necessary to knowledge in them; and it is not less certain, that the mere power of seeing Nature is the result of education and study. As well might the noble and the opulent hold themselves forth as judges and critics in poetry and literature without a literary education, as in painting. Yet we know that painting, in any of its branches, does not form an object of general education among us; that our youth does not even learn the commonest principles of drawing; that it is never shown the external anatomy of the human figure. Whence then is the adult to derive his knowledge of this intricate and extensive art? not by intuition most certainly.

We should not have said so much on these pretensions, had we not considered them as pernicious in their results. The Public, thus forming its judgment, if judgment it can be called, from names, from Titian and Raphael, rather than from the pictures of Raphael and Titian, or assuming as the scale and measure of merit, the works of antiquity, bad or good, often half-ruined or destroyed, or repaired, mutilated, copied, decides on modern pictures from a false scale, and injures those whom it cannot appreciate for want of real principles and feelings, checking the progress of art. The connoisseur is the enemy of the artist, not his friend: he overlooks merit which he knows not how to value, because he has not studied in the only school, and because he has framed his opinions, if opinions they can be called, on false models. In time, perhaps, he corrupts and misleads the artist, who, too often abandoning nature for art and artifice, is always but too ready to mislead himself. Let the artist assume, like Turner, courage to defy the connoisseur and the public; let him dare to see and think for himself; for thus only will he make to himself an imperishable name, and thus also, in time, be the reformer of the public taste.

Common sense, no less than taste and knowledge in art, is outraged every day by these false judgments, founded on the sound of a name, or a blind acquiescence in antiquity. If it were not that we are unwilling to give pain where our purpose is to promote the increase of innocent pleasure, we would point out, in many well-known Galleries in London, crowds, regiments of pictures utterly worthless, yet bearing the records of great names, purchased at high prices, and praised in lofty terms. Such judgments, and we may add, such prices, are the oppression of modern artists, and an injury to modern art. It is a justifiable cause of anger, if not of despair, that such a production as the Parmigiano of the British Institution should be purchased at a price so outrageous, and lauded in such outrageous terms. We would ask what are the merits of the St. Bruno in the Grosvenor collection; or whether, if the six or eight square inches which include the face were removed, such a picture would not be thrown into the fire? We would ask, if such a picture were now exhibited by a living artist, whether any one would look at it, whether it would not be universally condemned? For the reasons which we have just given, we refrain from any general remarks on the Angerstein collection; and yet we must ask what possible merit can be found in the well-known Corregio of that gallery, where, abstracting the face also, there is not one spark of talent, or one feature of attraction? And yet this is a picture purchased at a price which might have commanded the most magnificent and meritorious production of modern art.

We might produce illustrations without end; but we have, perhaps, said enough towards our object of defending the artists of our own day from the connoisseurs, from the blind admiration of names, and antiquity,

and Italian, and Dutch, and we may indeed add, from themselves. Let them show that they too can think and paint, and thus compel the public to understand and admire them. But this will scarcely happen, unless that part of the public, which is the purchaser, and would be the judge of art, be educated in the arts. As long as our education shall consist of "*Propria quæ maribus*" and nonsense verses, it is almost vain to expect a public competent to appreciate a school of modern painting. This is the curse of modern art, of our architecture, as of our painting and sculpture. But we must pass from this subject for the present, to resume it possibly at some future opportunity. We foresee that we shall yet have much to say, and it is time to draw this essay to a close.

But we cannot pass from the great question of Nature, without offering a word to our Artists; of whose merits we are abundantly sensible, but whose faults we cannot, and must not pass.

We have seen them, as individuals, rise, become stationary, and fall; and it is not difficult to trace the causes. If we have traced them rightly, they confirm what we have been saying respecting the study of Nature. We desire to avoid the names of individuals as much as possible; but those who have attended to the progress of our school of painting cannot be at a loss for illustrations. In landscape, perhaps, this is most obvious; because our landscape is most purely founded on Nature, and is the most purely original portion of our school. All remember the progress of Havell, whom no censure of ours can now reach, from excellence to absurdity. The history of Varley's career is, like himself, still before our eyes. With the exception of Turner, and as yet of Fielding, and a few more, almost every one of our artists in landscape has risen till he became stationary, when his decline has been more rapid than his rise.

The cause is obvious. Studying carefully the works of preceding masters, but studying still more carefully in Nature, they have risen as long as they followed their great teacher. Becoming indolent, or avaricious, or fancying that they had nothing left to learn, they have at length quitted the fields for the painting room, and ended in producing what Peter Pindar called "*garret landscapes*." Thus it must be, when the artist looks into himself only, or into his former works; when he ceases to refresh his mind with new ideas, to check his natural and necessary deterioration by a perpetual recurrence to his great model and corrector. Nature is the best critic of his works, as she is the only model: it is not the public, and far less, himself.

But we must end. In a future essay we hope to pursue this subject, and to examine the works which belong to our title, as far as they may fall under the general objects of remark which we have here introduced.

THE PLAYS OF CLARA GAZUL,

A SPANISH COMEDIAN.*

THE French comedies, which are now in possession of the stage, are nothing more than a series of long-winded monologues, frequently well written, and sometimes witty, but totally destitute of well combined and probable incident, and possessing no interest but that arising from a false and mawkish sentimentality, entirely foreign to the nature of true comedy.

In the midst of this general decline of dramatic literature, a very young man has given to the public a volume of dramatic pieces, entitled, *Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul*. If the author's after efforts should fulfil the promise held out by this his first attempt, he bids fair to redeem the literature of his country from the reproach we have been obliged, so unwillingly, to pass upon it. All and each of the pieces contained in this volume merit the immense praise (and which the productions of no other writer since Beaumarchais are entitled to), of being perfectly original, and not modelled upon the works of any other author. All the writers in possession of public favour; all the poetasters, versifiers, and pretended critics, who have smuggled themselves into a kind of literary reputation by learning by rote some score of common places upon the dramatic art, and which they are sure to parade in the same words, and the same order, whenever, unfortunately for their hearers, the subject should be started—all these,—in fine, the whole French republic of letters have been thrown into the utmost consternation by the appearance of the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*. Happily the Bastille is no longer in existence; or otherwise the French academy would, probably, in imitation (it is so fond of it) have solicited "fetters and warder" for the young and insolent innovator, who, if permitted to pursue his daring course, will not only eclipse but annihilate their glory. Instead of the forced and improbable incidents, exaggerated and falsely coloured characters, and usurped sentimentalities, of the *Ecole de Vieillards* of M. de la Vigne, the *Tyran Domestique* of M. Duval, and of numberless other uncomic comedies, we have in the pieces of this collection, and particularly in the principal one, *Les Espagnols en Danemarck*, a simple, probable, well-managed and singularly interesting plot; a rapid, original, natural, and energetic dialogue; and, above all, a most masterly and accurate picture of French society, as it existed under Napoleon.

The volume contains six dramatic pieces, under the following titles: *The Spaniards in Denmark*,† a translation of which will terminate this article. *A Woman is a Devil*, or the *Temptation of Saint Antony*; *African Love*; *Inés Mendo*, or *Prejudice Vanquished*; Continuation of

* *Théâtre de Clara Gazul, Comédienne Espagnole.* Paris, 1825. 1 vol. 8vo.

† We have subjoined an entire translation of this spirited Comedy. It is for an

Inés Mendo, or the *Triumph of Prejudice ; Heaven and Hell*. In the first of these pieces, the ferocious manners, worthy of the middle ages, which Napoleon was desirous of, and had in a great measure succeeded in forming, have met with a painter equally faithful and inexorable. The comedy does that justice upon Napoleon, which Tacitus executed upon Tiberius. It is, at the same time, interesting and appalling from the force of truth. Napoleon sought to make of the young men of France so many *Charles le Blancs*, and *Residents Français*, two of the principal characters in the piece, entitled, *Les Espagnols en Danemarck*. The military instrument is drawn with the most felicitous truth of delineation in the person of Charles le Blanc, a lieutenant of the imperial guard, and an equally accurate copy of the civil instrument is presented by the French Resident, in the island of Fuenen. The baseness and villany allied to the bravery of Charles le Blanc, and the same qualities mixed with the poltroonery of the Resident, offer a striking contrast to the frank, generous, and wild heroism of *Don Juan Diaz*, better known as the brave and unfortunate Porlier, surnamed *Del Marquesito*, who afterwards fell under the bloody fangs of the Nero of Spain, Ferdinand VII. Madame de Tourville, and Madame de Coulanges, are the representatives of the higher class of female spies. The scene is in the island of Fuenen, in 1808, and the subject is the heroic resolution, so ably seconded by the English, adopted by the Marquis de la Romana, on learning what had taken place in Madrid on the second of June, 1808. This brave Spaniard, resolved to return to Spain, and join the defenders of the independence of his country. Like most of his countrymen, he had not sufficient judgment, and too much pride, to see that, despot for despot, it was better to have a mild and reasonable man like Joseph Buonaparte, than an obstinate, cruel, and hypocritical fool, like Ferdinand VII. He did not see that Joseph, having no hereditary hold upon Spain, would have been necessitated to be less absurd and more humane than the legitimate Bourbon. He was not aware, in fine, that to be less intolerably governed under an absolute regime, it is necessary that the monarch should have some rival to dread, and that he should hold his power, in some measure, by the force of contrast, and be able to say to his people, "You see I am a lesser evil than he would be who seeks to supplant me." Reflexions of this stamp were equally beyond the reach of a brave Spanish soldier, like the Marquis de la Romana, and of the young author, who has, with so much talent, introduced him upon the scene. Every one knows with what address and secrecy the Marquis de la Romana concerted his escape with the English admiral, through the intervention of Captain Don Rafael Lobo, then serving on board the British squadron in the Baltic. Romana and the English admiral com-

article in a Magazine excessively long, but it is also excessively good ; and we may ask if the Magazines do not give translations of such matters, where is the English public to find them—the volume itself will, in all probability, not find its way into the hands of half a dozen in this country.—*Ed.*

pletely succeeded in outwitting the Prince de Ponte Corvo, the present King of Sweden, then Commander in Chief of the French army. Such is the principal action of this piece, so successfully dramatized by our young author. As a translation of it will follow, we shall enter into no further details, but confine ourselves to a few observations. To prove to the English reader the unerring fidelity with which the manners of the times are sketched in this production, it is only necessary to state, that the public of Paris already name the personages, whom they suppose the author meant to designate by his principal characters: he only meant to paint the vices of the times, but he has done it with such an intuitive *tact*, that his figures are found to resemble in the most striking manner well known persons. But to remove any idea of the author having meant his sketches to apply personally to any individual, it will be sufficient to mention, that at the period when his personages act, as he represents them, namely, in 1808, he was then but four years old, and consequently could not have come in contact with the supposed originals, whom he has described with almost the profundity of Tacitus, and the brevity of Florus. How high above the heads of the pretended dramatic poets at present in possession of the theatre, and the seats of the academy, does this precious quality place him? a quality which he partly owes to having followed with unfettered footsteps the voice of nature and the impulse of his heart. Compared with his characters, who are beings of flesh and blood, full of life and reality, the personages of MM. Duval, Etienne, de la Vigne, &c. mere imitations of their predecessors, the shadows of shades, appear indistinct, unreal, and without the slightest stamp of individuality—mere vain abstractions that talk and fret their hour in elegiac verses. To go into much detail upon the other pieces attributed to Clara Gazul would extend this article to an unreasonable length. Besides, the temptation may be resisted with the less regret, as perhaps our example may stimulate somebody to undertake a translation; of this, however, we confess our hopes are not sanguine—people do not buy translations from the French because they think they *ought* to be able to read the original. The piece called *L'Amour Africain* is a rapid but energetic sketch of that passion as it exists in the fiery children of the sun—for forceful simplicity it may be compared to some of the best of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. In the *Ciel et l'Enfer*, will be found all that finesse of delineation to which Marivaux has accustomed the lovers of French comedy; this is particularly observable in the character of Fray Bartolomeo, an inquisitor and a libertine, who at one and the same time confesses and covets his fair penitents. A residence of three years in Spain, during the time of Joseph Buonaparte, enables us to say, that after the novels of Cervantes, we have met with no other production that conveys so accurate an idea of the manners of that country as this comedy of *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*. In the piece called *Une Femme est un Diable*, the depravity of the Spanish convents is sketched with a terrible and unsparing energy. It resembles a painting of Tintoret. The youthful author, dreading the

hostility of those dramatic literators whose *commerce* he is about to ruin, has thought proper to preserve an *incognito*, and has ushered these six comedies to the world as the productions of Clara Gazul, an actress of the principal theatre of Madrid. He has divided his pieces into days, instead of acts, and at the conclusion of each comedy the principal personage turns towards the spectators, and says, "Gentlemen and Ladies, excuse the faults of the author." We have little doubt but the public will accede to this request, and reckon for the verification of our prophecy upon the fact, that the contents of this volume are more true to nature and more impressed with originality than those of any other that has appeared in France for many, many years. There is not a single line in it dictated by cant, or consecrated to the fastidiousness of convention. It may be also necessary to remark, that the author has enfranchised himself from the two causes of mediocrity and sterility, which, at present, shed so destructive a blight upon French literature. As we have observed, he has dared to imitate no one—not more Molière than Destouches; and he has completely set at defiance the censorship, not having sacrificed a single trait of character or truth to the hope of having his comedies acted. It is this noble daring that has so strongly raised the choler of all those authors at present in possession of the stage; for nothing can place in a more glaring light their utter nullity than the bold sketches of Clara Gazul. There are not, it is true, in these productions, the witty repartees, the frequent traits, and sprightly bon mots, which sparkle in the charming little comedies of M. Scribe and M. le Clerc, such as the *Somnambule*, the *Plus beau Jour de la Vie*, and the *Charlatanisme*. It may be answered, that the subjects did not admit of such; but, at all events, this defect, if it be one, will be less evident to English readers than French; for the latter are not satisfied with a phrase which accurately paints a character, unless it be, at the same time, *piquant* and epigrammatic. This merit is, perhaps, the only one wanting to the very original author of the comedies of Clara Gazul.

THE SPANIARDS IN DENMARK,

A COMEDY, IN THREE DAYS.

Characters represented.

MARQUIS DE LA ROMANA, DON JUAN DIAZ, THE FRENCH RESIDENT, *in the Isle of Fuenen*; CHARLES LEBLANC, *a French Officer*; WALLIS, *an English Naval Officer*; *The Master of the Hotel of the Three Crowns*, MADAME DE TOURVILLE, *alias* MADAME LEBLANC, MADAME DE COULANGES, *alias* MADemoiselle LEBLANC.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE,—*Isle of Fuenen, in 1808.*

SCENE 1.—*The Resident's closet.—Spanish military music heard in the distance.*

Resident [alone]. La, la, la, to the devil with this detestable music—the parade is over. I do not relish at all finding myself in the midst of these old bronze visaged soldiers [*looking out of the window*]. Ah! there is General Romana galloping by—he is returning to his lodgings. Let us repose ourselves; Good God! what hard work it is!

my instructions oblige me to be continually with these officers. I have just been walking a whole mortal hour with them. Faugh—my clothes smell of tobacco sufficient to make one faint. In Paris I should not dare to show myself for six weeks after such a smoking; but in the Isle of Fuenen, in this barathrum, people are not so fastidious [*sits down*], 'umph! They almost frightened me with their long mustachios, and their black and savage looking eyes; and the fact is, that they do not appear to be over and above in love with us French; and these devils of Spaniards are so ignorant, they cannot comprehend that it is in order to secure them happiness that my master gives them his august brother for their sovereign. They complain of the island being cold. Parbleu, I find it so also. I pay dearly for the honour attached to this mission of mine. Morbleu! when I entered upon the career of diplomacy, I imagined I should have been first sent to Rome or Naples; in fine, into some country where good company was to be found. I went to solicit the minister, and, in the course of conversation, had the misfortune to mention that I knew Spanish. "What! you know Spanish?" (said he); I was in extasy. On returning home, I found passports and instructions, as I thought, for Madrid; but, alas! how different! they were, for the Spanish division, under Romana, in the Isle of Fuenen! Isle of Fuenen! Good God! How they must be astonished in Paris to hear that I am in the Isle of Fuenen! And, moreover, they make me trot about here and there as if I was one of the military. It would be something if I were in Denmark with the army of the Prince.* I should there find Frenchmen to speak to. But, alas! I must remain here with a crew of Spaniards, Danes, Hanoverians, and Germans. All which good people love each other like cats and dogs. I must watch them, amuse them, and speak to them the language of reason, nature, and civilization, as my instructions prescribe me. Faith, the task is not so easy. I cannot beat it into their heads that the English, with their sugar, are their mortal enemies. They wish to have colonial coffee, and a hundred other things; but as we do without them, they must also manage to keep their health without these luxuries. My God! when shall we take England! It is the English who force me to remain in this cursed island with these gibberish speaking Spaniards. Ah! how damp the air was to-day! Fortunate shall I be if I get away without a consumption. I am almost tempted to go to bed, but I must, however, make out my report. Cursed office! Never an instant of repose! A report! and what can I say? The Prince writes to me that he has reason to suspect the fidelity of the Marquis de la Romana; that I must strictly observe his conduct, and sound the dispositions of his soldiers. Yes! sound them—that is easily said. But how am I to look into their hearts. The skin of these dingy dogs is so black that nothing can be seen through it. Ah! Parbleu! that is not badly imagined! why is there not some one present to hear it. I shall write that to the Prince de Ponte Corvo; it will make him laugh—and it is by making people laugh that one gets on in the world—that's it. I shall write that to my friend in Paris, also [*writes*!—the idea is not bad.

SERVANT enters.

Servant. A lady requests to speak to you, Sir.

Resident. A lady! and what kind of lady?

Servant. Why, a French woman, Sir. She is well dressed, and of a genteel appearance.

Resident. A French woman in the Isle of Fuenen! A French woman at Nyborg! Oh! unexpected happiness. Lafleur, give me my blue coat, and my watch and trinkets—a comb—good—show her in.

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, in a travelling dress.

Servant. Madame de Coulanges.

[*Servant retires.*

Resident [*aside*]. The devil! She is certainly the wife of a General [*aloud*]. I am quite in despair, Madam, at receiving you in the midst of the diplomatic horrors of a cabinet, which—

Madame de Coulanges. Have the goodness to read this letter, Sir.

* Bernadotte.

Resident. Let me first request you to take a seat.

Madame de Coulanges. Sir—

Resident. Ah! I beseech you, take this arm chair.

Madame de Coulanges. If—

Resident [without reading the letter]. No doubt, Madame is just arrived from Paris?

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, Sir. That letter—

Resident. I scarcely dare to hope, Madame, that you will prolong your stay in this frightful country?

Madame de Coulanges. I cannot say; but if you will take the trouble to read that letter—

Resident [speaking rapidly]. Nybourg is very dull. It is here that the Spaniards are stationed. They and the Germans are most heartily tired of themselves and each other. We have scarcely any French here. They are unfortunately in Denmark, at the other side of the Belt, with the Prince de Ponte Corvo. However, Madam, your presence at Nybourg will be sufficient to attract hither the whole of the Prince's staff. A desert inhabited by a cenobite such as you—

Madame de Coulanges. Sir, if—

Resident. Apropos, and Talma, what has become of him?

Madame de Coulanges. I go but seldom to the theatre. If you—

Resident. I cannot express to you, Madame, how charmed I am to have met in the midst of eternal snows—a rose of Paris—eh! eh! eh! so amiable a country-woman. I most earnestly desire to have it in my power to be useful to you. If you have need, Madame—

Madame de Coulanges. I entreat you to take the trouble of reading that letter.

Resident. Since you permit it [opens the letter] ho! ho! The devil! You need not blush for that. But what on earth do you wish I should tell you, my charming lady?

Madame de Coulanges. Bring me acquainted with the Marquis de la Romana.

Resident. But—what do you wish that I should tell you? I have closely observed him. There is nothing to be done with a man like him. He is buttoned up to the very chin—and then, observe, he is old; and, beautiful as your eyes may be, they have not the power of resuscitating the dead—eh! eh! eh!

[He draws his chair closer to Madame de Coulanges.

Madame de Coulanges [drawing back her chair]. He has probably some friend, an intimate friend, who possesses all his confidence?

Resident. Yes, he has; but he is a queer sort of person. He is Aide de Camp, and nephew to the General who keeps nothing a secret from him, as I have been told. As to the rest, this *Aid de Camp* is a wild, hectoring sort of fellow, who not more than fifteen days ago killed a French officer of the greatest promise—and do you know for what? Because this French officer proposed the health of His Majesty, the Emperor, and threatened to cut off his ears if he did not drink it. This *Aid de Camp* not only did not drink the toast, but he killed the officer!

Madame de Coulanges. Well, Sir, what kind of man is he? What is his character?

Resident. His character? Faith, what do you wish that I should tell you? I do not well know—he is always twirling his mustachios—ah! and then he is a smoker, a most inveterate smoker. Yes, he sometimes passes whole hours shut up with the Marquis, while they smoke together in a singular manner, with little cigars of paper which they make themselves. What I tell you is strictly true, for I have seen it myself.

Madame de Coulanges. You have, no doubt, received some notes relative to him?

Resident. To tell you the truth, something of this kind has been sent me. But, faith, I know not what has become of them; I have such a heap of papers! They could, however, not have been of much importance, as I recollect nothing of them.

Madame de Coulanges. 'Tis very well. But, at least, you can tell me his name.

Resident. He calls himself Don—You know all the Spaniards call themselves Don—

Don Juan Diaz. They have most extraordinary names! Don Juan Diaz. It is true he has another name, but I cannot recollect it at present. He lives at the Three Crowns, an inn upon the sea-shore.

Madame de Coulanges. That is sufficient; I have to return you many thanks for your information. I must have a thousand crowns.

Resident. You shall have them—the letter gives you an unlimited credit, and then with your face—eh! eh! eh!

Madame de Coulanges. Could you enable me, Sir, to transmit, free of postage, a sum of money to my brother, who is sergeant in the guards; this money is the produce of some French merchandize that I sold in Germany.

Resident. Without the least difficulty. Almost every day I send smoked beef to my friends by the diplomatic courier. But may I reckon upon a little gratitude? eh! eh!

Madame de Coulanges. The bill is at sight?

Resident. At sight, upon Moor and Company. This Mr. Juan Diaz is a fortunate rascal; for we who are in the diplomatic way easily see through the motives of things; you are going to seduce him—eh! eh! I am tempted to become a conspirator myself, eh! eh! eh!

Madame de Coulanges. It would not be an easy task, Sir, to penetrate your secrets. I am sorry for having interrupted your diplomatic occupations for so trifling an affair.

Resident. You will permit me, charming creature, to call sometimes on you, and forget the fatigues of diplomacy in your presence.

Madame de Coulanges. Pardon me, Sir, you must have, no doubt, forgotten that I ought not to receive the French Resident in the Isle of Fuenen.

Resident. The devil! You are to a certain degree right; but with a large dark cloak, such as the Spaniards wear in the evening and under favour of a fog—

Madame de Coulanges. No. This is my first and last visit. My mother will bring you the notes I may have occasion to write to the prince.

[*She puts on her veil, and is about to retire.*]

Resident. Permit me, at least—

Servant enters. The *Aid-de-camp*, you know him; the *Aid-de-camp*, and General la Romana wish to speak to you, Sir.

Resident. The devil fetch him! Lafleur. Let Madame out by the little private stair-case—quick, quick—adieu, Syren! [*Madame de Coulanges, exit.*] What a pity! never did I find myself so full of *esprit*. And I was making way so fast. To the devil with this importunate fellow! not to have a moment to one's self! [*Don Juan enters.*] Ah, Sir, I have the honour of presenting you my respects. How do you do? I am charmed. And the dear General? always the same?—I am enchanted! take the trouble of sitting down.

Don Juan. Will you take the trouble of listening to me?

Resident. I am entirely at your orders—dispose of me.

Don Juan. It is now six months since we have had any news from Spain; various reasons lead me and the officers of our division to believe that you, Sir, have received orders from your government to intercept our letters, and—

Resident. Pardon me, Colonel, you are altogether mistaken; and, in order to convince you completely of your error, I shall feel a sincere pleasure to show you the despatches I have just received from your country. Here is a proclamation of his Highness the Grand Duke of Berg; and here is a bulletin announcing—

Don Juan. And what have I to do with your proclamations and your bulletins? It is not about such things we are anxious. What we wish for is news of our families, and not of the Grand Duke of Berg.

Resident. Sir, there are so many accidents which may prevent a letter from reaching its address. For instance, it is probable that your friends may have forgotten to pay the postage of the letters in Spain, a circumstance of frequent occurrence, or else—

Don Juan. A pretty excuse!

Resident. Will you do me the honour of breakfasting with me?

Don Juan. Thank you much, Mr. Resident; I have waiting for me at my lodgings some smuggled chocolate, and you will excuse me if I prefer it to your Imperial coffee.

Resident. Oh! young man, young man! Can you forget the injury you are doing to commerce! Has not this chocolate been brought you by our cruellest enemies?

Don Juan. How does that concern me, provided it be good?

Resident. Sir, Sir, the chocolate of the tyrants of the sea ought always to appear detestable to an officer who has the honour of serving under the ever victorious banners of his Imperial Majesty.

Don Juan. And his Imperial Majesty means assuredly to recompense us for all the continental drugs he makes us swallow, thanks to his blockade.

Resident. Undoubtedly, Sir. Is it not his Majesty's desire that the sun of civilization should dart his rays beyond the Pyrennees, and shed that light upon your country which has been hitherto concealed from it by the mists of anarchy?

Don Juan. Ha! ha! ha! What paternal solicitude; how very touching it is! But, Sir, I shall tell you very frankly that we love the shade in Spain, and that we can do very well without his sun.

Resident. What you say is further proof of the need you have of a legislation to remodel you. Permit me, Colonel, to develop the whole of the idea. You Spaniards are not on a level with the age, and even—who could believe it? you shut your eyes to the light that is brought you. Now, Sir, I will lay a wager that you have never read Voltaire.

Don Juan. I beg your pardon, Sir, I know a great part of his works by heart.

Resident. That being the case, I shall speak no more of them to you. But, to be brief, you are still tainted (not you, Sir, who are an *esprit fort*, like a Frenchman, but the mass of your compatriots), you are still tainted with superstition; you are as yet so little advanced, that what you most respect are monks and friars. Is it not rendering you a service to import into your country the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and to divest you of your ancient prejudices, the offspring of ignorance and error?

Don Juan. Sir, we shall always receive philosophy with open arms, when it comes to us in cases of good books, but escorted as it is at present by eighty thousand soldiers, I confess to you that it has but few attractions for us.

Resident. His Majesty desires to snatch you from the yoke of the island-despots.

Don Juan. Apropos. It is said that in Portugal, upon the sea-coast near a certain town called Vimeira—*

Resident. Oh! Sir. You are very inaccurately informed.

Don Juan. How—I have advanced nothing as yet.

Resident. But I anticipate what you are going to say. Permit me to tell you the real state of affairs. The English landed at Vimeira, it is true, so far you are well-informed. But we attacked them, turned them, cut them in pieces; in fine, made a most frightful carnage. It appears even that a great number of their Generals have fallen. Their army, in a word, was most irretrievably disorganized; after which our brave troops, in consequence of superior orders, embarked for Brest in France. This is, Sir, the exact truth.

Don Juan. This is quite admirable—a thousand thanks. I shall go and communicate to my friends the intelligence you have given me.

Resident. If you permit me, I will give you in writing a less concise and clearer account.

Don Juan. Oh! your statement is quite excellent and perfectly clear, and I shall content myself with it. Adieu, Sir, I wish you a good appetite, which is quite necessary to enable you to drink the coffee of the *Grande Nation*. [Exit.

* Alluding to the battle of Vimeira, 21st June, 1808. The French, under Junot, capitulated at Cintra, and embarked for France.

Resident. Your servant, Sir, my respects to the Marquis—Impertinent sneerer! But let him laugh as much as he pleases, I have taken him in nicely with my account of the battle of Vimeira. It is most extraordinary! Since I have become a diplomatist I can detail falsehoods with an *aplomb* and intrepidity that I should have thought it impossible to acquire. Here I am making out bulletins as well as a Major-General. Patience, patience! I am not nailed to this island. One day, perhaps, I shall awake with the portfolio of foreign affairs under my pillow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Saloon in the Inn of the Three Crowns.

Marquis de la Romana [walking up and down with an air of anxiety—he looks at his watch]. He should have arrived here an hour ago.—I cannot sit still.—Probably I may discover something from this window [opens it]. No, not a boat upon the sea. As far as the sight can reach, there is nothing to be seen but waves—still waves;—not a single black speck to give me a glimmering of hope [walks about]. They have probably been deterred by the bad weather. On the contrary, that is the moment they should have chosen—Even if I could be sure that they had not embarked—The sloop is going out to sea. Ah! I see I shall be kept in torture here another day. However, “No matter how unfavourable the weather may be,” the Admiral says in his letter, “you shall hear from me;”—I feel as if I were burning!—What! If, notwithstanding their passports, they should have been stopped by the coast-guards? And should they not have taken the precaution to conceal their despatches?—Oh, my head is splitting!—I should prefer a thousand times finding myself in the midst of balls on a field of battle, than shut up in a room waiting for this boat, without being able to accelerate its arrival a single instant.

Don Juan [behind the scenes]. Lorenzo, unsaddle the mare! The weather is too bad to let me think of going out [enters]. To the devil with this country of fogs and rain! Ah General. I kiss your Excellency’s hands. Not yet tired of looking out of that window since I quitted you. Tell me, have you reckoned how many waves there are in the Belt?

Marquis. Don Juan, what do you think of this country?

Don Juan. I look upon it as the anti-chamber of purgatory; and I hope that, in the other world, the years I have passed here will be deducted from those during which I am destined to be roasted in expiation of my sins.

Marquis [aside]. No boat can now live in the sea.—I hope they have not quitted the vessel.

Don Juan [continuing]. It is always raining here, unless when it snows. All the women here are red-haired; never a hand’s-breadth of blue in the sky, nor a little foot, nor a dark eye in the whole island. Oh! Spain, Spain! when shall I again see your *basquinas*, your delicate little shoes, your black eyes, sparkling like carbuncles!

Marquis. Don Juan, is it only the black eyes and the little feet of Spain that make you desirous to return there?

Don Juan. Do you wish I should speak seriously to you?

Marquis. Yes—if you were capable of entertaining a serious idea.

Don Juan. If you were not my General, I should tell you a very grave reason for my wishing to see Spain again.

Marquis. Speak your mind freely.

Don Juan. You’ll promise not to put me under arrest?

Marquis. Still, still jesting.

Don Juan. You wish for something serious? Well then—If I wish to return to Spain, it is for the purpose of finding myself face to face with her oppressors; it is to plant the standard of liberty in Galicia; it is to die there if I cannot live, live in freedom there.

Marquis [pressing his hand]. Don Juan, I did not know you till now. Under

this appearance of frivolity you possess the heart of a true Spaniard. It is to that heart, Don Juan, that I wish to confide a secret worthy of its sympathy. Although not loaded with chains, we are as much prisoners in this island as if shut up in an immense dungeon. Here there is a numerous army of auxiliaries watching us. At the other side of the Belt is the army of the Prince de Ponte Corvo, which in a few days might join the Germans and Danes, and exterminate us. But this sea which shuts us out from our native land, this sea—

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, MADAME DE TOURVILLE, the Host, and a Waiting-maid. DON JUAN observes them, and the Marquis goes to the window.

Host. This is the assembly-room, so you will have only the lobby to cross; the most respectable families of the place meet here every evening. General la Romana occupies at present the greater part of that wing of the house where your apartment is. You see it would be impossible to find a better frequented hotel. The noble circle of the town hold their evening parties here.

Madame de Tourville. This is quite delightful.

Madame de Coulanges. Louisa, see the luggage taken to our apartments.

Madame de Tourville. I shall go with you, I wish to learn how to find my way through the house [*in a low voice to Madame de Coulange*]. Come, be firm, you are now in presence of the enemy—a good beginning is of great importance.

Madame de Coulanges. Very well—[*affecting surprise*] ha! but there is some one here.

Host. It is the General, of whom I spoke to you, and his first *Aid de Camp*.

Don Juan. See, your Excellency, what good fortune has fallen upon us. There are real Andalusian eyes, as I hope to be saved!

Marquis. Don Juan, come hither—

Host. Most Noble Marquis, a French lady who is about to become your neighbour—Madame de Coulanges—Madame—This is General la Romana and Colonel Don Juan Diaz.

Madame de Coulanges [*to the host*]. So you undertake to procure me a servant?

Host. I shall go this instant to seek for one—excuse me for leaving you; without doubt these gentlemen will feel a pleasure—

Don Juan. Madame, it is our duty, as the older lodgers, to do the honours of this poor house. Be kind enough to take a seat. It can only, Madame, be a shipwreck that has driven you into this cursed island. For a long time back I have been praying to heaven for one, but I did not hope that it would have sent a—

Madame de Coulanges. Pardon, Colonel, your prayers have not been heard, for I arrived here yesterday by the packet boat; and though I cannot boast of much courage, yet I had not a single moment's fear. In looking at the sea to-day, I congratulate myself at having crossed yesterday.

Marquis. Don Juan—

Don Juan. You speak Spanish so well, Madame, that I must consider you a countrywoman. You have taken compassion upon us unfortunate exiles.

Madame de Coulanges. No, Sir—I am not a Spaniard, but I have lived a considerable time in your fine country.

Don Juan. From your excellent accent, and particularly from the brilliancy of your eyes, and the smallness of your foot, I should have sworn you were an Andalusian. Is it not so, your Excellency; should you not have supposed that Madame was from Seville?

Madame de Coulanges. And I, judging from your compliments, should have taken you for a Parisian. You have said but three words to me, and each is a compliment. I must warn you that I do not like them.

Don Juan. Ah, Madame, you must pardon me; it is so long a time since I have seen a pretty woman.

Marquis. Don Juan, I wish to speak with you in my own room.

[*Exit.*

Madame de Coulanges. The General appears to have something to say to you ?

Don Juan. Oh ! let him wait ; I shall not quit a young and charming woman to go and talk of barracks and guardhouses with an old General. May we hope, Madam, to enjoy your presence for any length of time ?

Madame de Coulanges. I do not know. On the death of my husband I quitted Poland, and I wait here for my uncle, who is to join your division of the army.

Don Juan. A military man ?

Madame de Coulanges. He is Colonel of dragoons.

Don Juan. And the number of his regiment ?

Madame de Coulanges [*aside*]. I tremble. [*Aloud.*] The—the fourteenth, I believe—

Don Juan. Ah ! it is Colonel Durand, with whom I have served. But his regiment was in Holstein, and he set out some time back for Spain.

Madame de Coulanges. My uncle's name is Tourville ; but he is at present, I believe, attached to the staff. He formerly commanded that regiment, or probably I mistake the number.

Don Juan. You quitted Spain before the invasion—[*correcting himself*]—before the French entered Spain ?

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, Sir.—The French are heartily detested in Spain at present.

Don Juan. Such natives as you, Madame, are loved in every country ; and I am certain that our rebels, as you call them—

[*Voice behind the scenes.*] They are lost ! they are now in the current !

Don Juan. Oh God ! some unfortunate persons suffering shipwreck !

[*They go to the window.*]

Madame de Coulanges. Oh ! see that boat below there, with three men in it ! Heavens ! what an enormous wave !

Don Juan. They will be dashed to pieces on the rocks ! if aid be not given them—but it appears no one dare venture.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh, if I were a man !

Don Juan. I shall go myself.

Madame de Coulanges. Stop, stop, Sir ! you are running to your ruin ! Stop, I entreat you.

Don Juan. No, no ; I cannot remain unconcerned, when I see my fellow-creatures in danger of perishing.

Madame de Coulanges. But you are not a sailor. Stop, in the name of Heaven ! Sir ; you can only perish along with them. Stop, stop !

[*She catches hold of his cloak, which Don Juan leaves in her hands, and rushes out.*]

MARQUIS enters.

Marquis. What's the matter ?—why this tumult ?

Madame de Coulanges. Alas ! Sir, your aid de camp—

Marquis. Well ?

Madame de Coulanges. He rushed out—in spite of me.

Marquis. Where is he ?

Madame de Coulanges. See, see him !—Alas !

Marquis. Don Juan ! Don Juan !

Madame de Coulanges. Good God ! What a frightful tempest !—and their boat is so small.

Marquis. [*at the window.*] Here, my brave fellows ; take this purse, and hasten to stop that boat from proceeding ; those in it are going to certain death—go !

Madame de Coulanges. Alas ! the danger is so great, that they dare not accept it on that condition.

Marquis. How, cowards !—Will you let your comrades thus perish in your sight ? Ah ! my eyes grow dim—I can no longer distinguish any thing—tell me, do you still see him ?

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, still—they are now bent down upon their oars.

Marquis. Great God! Will you let him fall a victim to his generosity?

Madame de Coulanges. Ah! they are now covered by the waves—Mercy, mercy!

Marquis. No. Don Juan's boat is still visible—but the others—

Madame de Coulanges. I cannot tear myself away from this frightful spectacle, though it kills me.

Marquis. Heavens! he has disappeared!

Madame de Coulanges. I can no longer see his red sash!

Marquis. Unfortunate! What can I say to his mother?

Madame de Coulanges. My eyes are blinded with tears—every thing appears to turn round. [*She falls upon the window seat.*]

Marquis. He is dead! he is dead! Ah! his poor mother, who confided him to me.

[*He runs about like a madman. After a few moments cries are heard from behind the scenes*] There they are! there they are!

Marquis. They are saved!—I see him!—Don Juan!—Don Juan!—Madame—he is saved!

Madame de Coulanges. How!—Is he not dead?

Marquis. There is their boat! they have picked up the men belonging to the other—one effort more, Don Juan!

Madame de Coulanges. [*Waving her handkerchief.*] Courage, brave young man! You were not destined to die here! *

Marquis. Hold fast the rudder, Don Juan. One wave more—courage!

Madame de Coulanges. Ah! I can bear no more. [*Throws herself upon a sofa.*]

Marquis. Don Juan! Don Juan! [*Cries from behind the scene.*] They are saved.

Marquis. Good—this one breaker more—it is the last—Victory!—they reach the shore—I shall die of joy!—Madame, Madame, come and see him bearing in his arms the being he has saved. Is not that courage? [*Goes out.*]

Madame de Coulanges. This, then, is that Don Juan! Miserable woman that I am! I expected to have met a fop—and I find a hero—ah! how different is he from the man my imagination pictured forth.

Enter DON JUAN, bearing in WALLIS in a state of insensibility, the MARQUIS, MADAME DE TOURVILLE, the HOST, and WAITERS.

Don Juan. Praise to God! How I rejoice having learned to swim!—ah! you here, Madam—may I entreat you to give us a little room?

Host. Take care of the sofa—put this napkin under him.

Don Juan. A pretty time to think about your sofa! Lay him down gently!

Marquis [*Embracing him.*] My son! my dear Don Juan!

Host [*To the waiters.*] Go and warm a bed, while I fetch a physician. [*Goes out.*]

Don Juan. [*To Madame de Coulanges.*] I dare say you have salts about you—no pretty woman is without them.

Madame de Coulanges. I will fetch some.

[*Goes out.*]

Don Juan. He must recover—he was so very short a time under water—Look, your Excellency, under this coarse waistcoat, what a fine frilled shirt!—For a Norwegian fisherman, this is sufficiently elegant.

Marquis. [*In a low voice.*] Be silent.

Don Juan. And why so? Rub his temples at your side, and the palm of his hand—How firmly he keeps them closed upon his breast!—ah, ah! a little box attached to a ribbon. This tells a love tale, or the devil run away with me.

Madame de Tourville. Let us see.

Marquis [*Taking the box.*] Attend to the poor man!

Madame de Coulanges [*Enters with a smelling bottle.*] Here it is, ah! he begins to breathe—Mother, hold up his head.

* The tragic death of the brave and unfortunate Porlier is known to every one.

Wallis. Where am I?

Don Juan. Amongst friends, comrade. Well, how are you now?

Wallis [*Putting his hands to his neck*] My box?

Don Juan. It is quite safe—The Marquis de la Romana has it—He will restore it to you—so let your mind be at ease, and drink what is offered to you.

Wallis. The Marquis?—

Don Juan. Here, swallow this cordial.

Marquis. Let him be put into the bed of Pedro, my valet.

Don Juan [*To Madame de Coulanges.*] Look, Madam, upon this poor sailor—you see in him the model of lovers—He kept closely pressed to his breast a little box, which the Marquis has just taken, and which contains the portrait of a woman that his Excellency is going to show us.

Marquis. Don Juan, you should have a little more respect for the secrets of the young man.

Don Juan. Ah, so be it; but, for the trouble I have had, he must let me see, some day or other, whether she is pretty or not.

Wallis. Where is he who saved me?

All. There he is.

Wallis. Give me your hand, Sir.

Don Juan. Come, comrade, try and get a little sleep; and afterwards, to make you forget all the salt water you have drunk, I shall make you empty a bottle of genuine Sherry that shall put the life-blood into your heart again.

[*Wallis is led out accompanied by all except Don Juan and Madame de Coulanges.*]

Madame de Coulanges. Sir—Oh Sir! how—

Don Juan. I would give I know not how much to see that portrait.

Madame de Coulanges. How shall I find words to express my admiration?

Don Juan. It is quite uncalled for—nothing was more simple for any one who could swim so well as I do—any one in my place would have done as much; but what is really singular is, that I never dived so well before. What extraordinary force one finds in moments like these.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh Sir, Sir!—I cannot speak as I would wish. I—I—Let me embrace you.

Don Juan. God be praised. I wish there was a shipwreck every day in the year under my windows.—But apropos, Madam, there were three persons in the boat we brought shore.

Madame de Coulanges. [*Embracing him again.*] There—and again.—Oh I am a silly wretch,—but never in my life have I been so affected. [*She weeps.*]

Don Juan. What is the matter? You alarm me.—You have become paler than our drowned man.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh! Sir,—it is nothing.—But I cannot keep myself from weeping.—Fool that I am!

Don Juan. Ah, but where is my coat? I left it behind me in your hands, like the chaste Joseph.

Madame de Coulanges. Be careful of yourself.—Go and change your clothes immediately—I entreat you.

Don Juan. First permit me to conduct you to your apartment,—and may I beg to be allowed afterwards to call and know how you are?

Madame de Coulanges. Oh yes! Sir.—At all times.

[*She goes out leaning upon Don Juan's arm, with her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

Don Juan. [*Re-entering alone.*]

Here is an intrigue well begun.—A man drawn out of the water, and a secret to learn.—This certainly is something to make the day pass agreeably.—She is a devilish pretty woman though, and appears to have an excellent disposition.—There is nothing

I love so much as your frank and sincere people who carry their hearts upon their lips. Oh, faith, it is time for me to change, for I feel the cold beginning to strike.

[*He is going out when the Marquis enters.*]

Marquis. We are now alone, Don Juan.—You are a brave Spaniard, and I will open my heart to you.

Don Juan. Speak, General, I am frying with impatience [*aside*] and dying with cold.

Marquis. Do you know whom you have saved?

Don Juan. A fisherman—probably a smuggler!

Marquis. An English officer, the lieutenant of the Royal George, sent by the admiral on the station, with whom I have been in correspondence for some time back.

Don Juan. I understand—bravo—I see it all—by St. Jago, this is delightful! And this honest admiral will whisk us out of this devil of an island!

Marquis. And take us back to old Spain.

Don Juan. Spain! Oh my beloved country, I shall then again see you!

Marquis. And defend her, Don Juan!

Don Juan. And die for her! for liberty! Oh, death will appear sweet to me upon the soil of Spain! But how the devil shall we spirit away our division?

Marquis. All my soldiers will follow me,—every thing is arranged, the English fleet will cast anchor in the bay before the prince can run hither with his Frenchmen to hinder our design.

Don Juan. As to the foreigners who govern the island with us—

Marquis. We have arms in our hands.

Don Juan. And shall make use of them.—*Viva.*—But, confusion, this project interferes a little with my new made conquest.

Marquis. Is it possible, Don Juan, that you can harbour such ideas in such a moment?

Don Juan. And why not? The country first, and afterwards, a little love by way of recreation.

Marquis (Smiling.) You are a mad-cap, but a brave fellow, and in a short time I shall put your zeal to the proof.

Don Juan. That is all I ask.—You shall see that though I am sometimes too much given to laughter, yet never shall I forget my honour or my country for a flirtation.

Marquis. I am sure of it, my gallant boy—Recollect, that if the winds do not change in a few days we shall have quitted our prison.

Don Juan. You transport me with joy.—Apropos, how fares the Englishman?

Marquis. Thanks to you, he has been enabled to give me some most useful information. You must accompany him on board, and bring me back the admiral's final instructions.

Don Juan. Dispose of me as you think proper.—It was without doubt the admiral's letters that he had hung round his neck, like his mistresses portrait.

Marquis. Precisely.—And yet you wished me to show them!

Don Juan. Poor devil.—He held them fast locked in his hands, even after he had become insensible.—Did you remark, the first word he uttered was an inquiry after his box?

Marquis. And this brave fellow exposed himself to an ignominious death, to secure the success of an enterprize that interests his country but in a very trifling degree. With what ardour ought we not to be inflamed, who are going to avenge our country so basely betrayed. We who are going to fight for all that is dear to men of honour!

Don Juan. I hope we shall make ourselves talked of one day or another.

Marquis. Of what consequence is it that posterity should forget our names, provided it feels the effects of our generous efforts.—Don Juan, let the good you do be for its own sake.—If, afterwards, Heaven should send us an Homer, let us be grateful.

END OF THE FIRST DAY.

SECOND DAY.

SCENE I. *The Apartment of Madame de Coulanges in the Three Crowns.**Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE and MADAME DE COULANGES.*

Madame de Tourville. What a simpleton you are.—Here are all your ideas turned topsy-turvey, because you have seen him play the diver. What a mighty fine thing it is to know how to swim, after one has been taught. And yet a carp could still show him some new tricks.

Madame de Coulanges. But for a man of whom he knew nothing. And the people of the house say the shore is so dangerous!

Madame de Tourville. Well even so—he can swim. He is a man of courage, and that is all—but what affair is that of yours? Come make me your report.

Madame de Coulanges. I have nothing to tell you.

Madame de Tourville. Do you know that I am tempted to believe that you are smitten with this little olive-coloured officer, who swims like a duck? Your head is turned, my dear. You have seen nothing—while I at the first glance have discovered a conspiracy.

Madame de Coulanges. A conspiracy!—Truly these are discoveries you are continually making.

Madame de Tourville. And much better is it to discover them where they are not, than not to find out any at all. Do you not know that there is always a recompence, besides the fixed salary, for each new plot that is brought to light? Tell me, did you not remark that the half-drowned sailor wore a cambrick shirt?

Madame de Coulanges. And what is there extraordinary in that?

Madame de Tourville. What is there extraordinary in it? Come, come! it is quite clear your wits are gone. A cambrick shirt with a frill. Must I repeat it to you—a cambrick shirt, eh! It is the thread of a frightful conspiracy, there is enough in that to ruin twenty persons.

Madame de Coulanges. What profound penetration you have.

Madame de Tourville. And you, what profound stupidity. What, you cannot see at half a glance that this man is either a Swedish, a Russian, or an English spy? Nay, it is certain that he is English, for if I mistake not, his shirt is of English cambrick.—Does this appear clear to you?

Madame de Coulanges. Clear!

Madame de Tourville. Hear me. He had besides in his waistcoat one button different from the others, which bore the figure of an anchor—so that it is certain he comes from an English vessel.

Madame de Coulanges. But all sailors have buttons of the same kind.

Madame de Tourville. Innocent creature [that you are! And portraits hung about their necks. How comical our little aid-de-camp was with his portrait of a woman. Faith, he played his part well, he is a shrewd spark, and counterfeited indifference to the life. And our worthy General! who instantly pocketed the box, before one could scarcely get a glimpse of it.

Madame de Coulanges. There may be much mystery under all this, but I shall certainly not go and tire them with a tale of buttons, and cambrick shirts, and such like bagatelles. It would be the sure way of getting myself instantly recalled.

Madame de Tourville. Bagatelles! bagatelles! Oh! Eliza—in affairs of this kind, nothing, however trifling, should be disregarded. Strange as it may appear, it was a roasted pullet that led me to the discovery of General Pichegru's place of concealment; and, without boasting, that brought me no little honour, not to talk of the profit. The circumstance was as follows:—It was in the time of your father, Captain Leblanc,—he had come back from the army, and was full of money, so that we lived right well, and kept a good fire in the house. One day then, on going to order a roast

fowl, the poulterer said to me. "Good God, Madam, I am so sorry, but I have just sold the last I had." I, who knew the whole neighbourhood, wished to learn to whom, and I asked him who bought it. He told me, It was Mr. Such-a-one, and added, "he cockers himself up finely; for the last three days he has had a fowl every day for dinner." *Nota bene*, it was exactly three since we had lost all traces of General Pichegru. I turned all this in my head, and said to myself—zounds, neighbour, your appetite has come back to you,—you have got the hungry worm. The next morning I returned and chose a brace of partridges, which were not yet roasted, remark, that I might, while they were doing, keep my poulterer chattering. Soon after in comes my man with the big appetite, and buys a roasted turkey, a beautiful bird upon my faith! "Ah," I said to him, "Mr. Such-a-one, you have an excellent appetite—there is enough there for two for a whole week." He, giving a wink of the eye, said—"The fact is, that I have a couple of appetites." A Frenchman would sooner be hanged than miss a bon mot. I stole a look at him—he turned away, took up his bird and was off. This was sufficient, for I was certain that he knew General Pichegru. I had my man soon whipped up; and for a handsome reward, he delivered, safe and sound, my general; and I got six thousand francs for my part in the affair.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh, you are *au fait* at these things; but I have no talent for divining.

Madame de Tourville. Do as you think proper—it is your own concern—for my part, I wash my hands of the business. If another should get the reward, or the state suffer, it will be no fault of mine.

Madame de Coulanges. Folly! This Don Juan has the air of a ——

Madame de Tourville. Shall I tell you what he has the air of? He has the air of a man who loves women; and if you were of my mind, you would eat your provender out of two mangers: this Colonel, who is moreover a Marquis, though nothing is said about it, his servants tell me is rolling in riches.

Madame de Coulanges. Good God! how fatigued I am—I have not been able to close my eyes the whole of the night.

Madame de Tourville. He has a look as libertine as that of a sacristan. Ah, my dear girl, if I had been as handsome as you, I should not be now where I am, and yet, if you had me not along with you in your missions, what would you do? I must divide myself in four, be here, there, and every where, to bring game to Mademoiselle, who has only the trouble of stooping to take it, and say, thank you, for the money it produces.

Madame de Coulanges [*Ironically*]. To say nothing of the honour.

Madame de Tourville. Bah, bah! Why should we trouble our heads about that, when birds of much finer feathers do dirtier work.

Enter a WAITING MAID.

Madame. Colonel Don Juan Diaz wishes to know if he may be permitted to see you, Ladies?

Madame de Tourville. Certainly. There is the advantage of being pretty. She need not give herself any trouble, it is only to show herself, and they run after her.

Enter DON JUAN.

Don Juan. Pardon me, ladies. I present myself before you, having no other claim to the favour than that of being your neighbour. I have taken the liberty of coming to inquire, whether your health has not suffered from the scene you witnessed yesterday, Madam. [*To Madame de Coulanges*].

Madame de Coulanges. I was certainly very much agitated. But yet never did I experience a more agreeable emotion.

Madame de Tourville [*Aside*]. Well said. [*Aloud*]. Be good enough, Sir, to take a chair.

Madame de Coulanges. You, I hope, Sir, find no ill effects; and the poor man whom you saved?

Don Juan. He is quite fresh and sturdy, and already talks of renewing his herring hunting. But, Madam, you appear still to be indisposed! How much I reproach myself for having brought the drowning man into your presence; but in the confusion—

Madame de Coulanges. After having seen you brave death! But at present I am quite well.

Madame de Tourville [*aside*]. She plays passion marvellously! [*aloud*]. You do not tell us how you find yourself after the imprudence you committed. Ah, young man! young man! but this is the way with you all!

Madame de Coulanges [*aside to her mother*]. All?

Don Juan. The truth is, that I passed a most agreeable night, delighted to have taken a salt water bath this season.

Madame de Tourville. My daughter has never ceased talking of your courage. She was alarmed lest you should have taken a serious cold.

Don Juan. I am quite proud at having caused her to think of me. But we military are proof against cold baths.

Madame de Tourville. You have probably, Sir, in the course of your campaigning, met with my sons, two officers of the greatest promise? The elder, General Tourville, and the younger, Colonel Augustus de Tourville.

Don Juan. I am ashamed to say, that I now hear these names for the first time; but I scarcely ever read the bulletins.

Madame de Tourville. Ah, you are right; they talk of nothing but blood. Ah! Mr. Diaz, I very much fear my sons will be sent into Spain, which would be a subject of no little grief to us, for it is a most unjust war.

[*Don Juan instead of replying, plays with his sash.*]

Madame de Coulanges. I think you told me that you resided for some time at Seville?

Don Juan. Sufficiently long to bring away a most grateful impression of that noble city and its inhabitants. But you, Madam, with the exception of their complexion, a little or so of the Moresco tint, recall to my mind all the charms of the ladies of Seville.

Madame de Tourville. It is at Seville that your Junta sits? Ah! they are sturdy, brave fellows; Romans of the time of Julius Cæsar.

Madame de Coulanges. Colonel, you are no doubt a musician. In your capacity of Spaniard, you of course know how to play the guitar. I should like to put your talent to the proof, if I were not afraid of troubling you.

Don Juan. Ah, Madam, how could any thing, which tends to amuse you, trouble me; but modesty apart, I only play the guitar well enough to give a serenade in case of need, or accompany the simple Spanish ballads. You, Madam, as a French woman, can only be pleased with grand Opera airs.

Madame de Coulanges. You mistake altogether; your plaintive melodies please me much more than that music without character, which it is so much the fashion to admire.

Madame de Tourville. Your music drives me away—excuse me, Colonel Diaz—[*aside to her daughter*]. The occasion is a fine one—take advantage of it. [*Goes out.*]

Don Juan. Since you like our Spanish ballads, will you be obliging enough to sing one for me?

Madame de Coulanges. But it may probably give you the *maladie du pays*.

Don Juan. Fortunately the performer will counteract the effect of the music.

Madame de Coulanges. Here is a collection of ballads, choose one.

Don Juan. This one, judging from its title, should be an old ballad.

Madame de Coulanges [*aside*]. Alas! what a choice!

Don Juan. A Christian Knight in love with a Moresco lady—that is a favourite subject with our early poets.

[*Madame de Coulanges sings, and Don Juan accompanies her on the guitar.*]

BALLAD.

My Don Alvaro di Luna
 Was a Knight of glorious meed,
 And Zamora was his birth-place ;
Aquilon his haughty steed—
 And his sword was named *Steel-cleaver* ;
 It had seen more Moslems bleed
 Than the beads upon my chaplet.
 Never Knight by valiant deed
 Had surpass'd him ; and in duel
 And in battle 'twas decreed
 He should ever be the conqueror—
 He the conqueror was indeed.

But two beaming eyes subdued him—
 Zobeida's beaming eyes—
 Córdova's Alcaldes' daughter—
 Córdova, the great and wise.
 In the fields he left his courser,
 To the ground his sword he flung ;
 His guitar he seized, and swiftly
 On a sable mule he sprung—
 On a sable mule, white-footed,
 And with love upon his tongue,
 Hurried to his Zobeida ;
 And these simple words he sung :
 O, I love thee—mount behind me—
 To Zamora—maiden young !

Softly sighed his Zobeida—
 Noble Knight—I love thee—Yes !
 With a perfect love I love thee ;
 But wilt thou my God confess,
 For my holy God is Allah—
 Thine is Christ !—In her distress
 Soon the Moorish maid will perish,
 For she cannot love thee less,
 And her heart is wounded sorely ;
 Thou canst not the maiden bless,
 For she is a Moorish maiden,
 Thou a Christian !

Silently,
 On his sable mule he mounted,
 To Zamora hastened he—
 That Zamora was his country,
 Where in deeds of charity
 All his wealth he scatter'd round him.
 Thousand, thousand blessings be
 On the meek and pious friar,
 Who in peace and purity
 Honour'd long Inigo's convent—
 Where he slumbers tranquilly,

Where he died, the broken hearted,
 Odorous in sanctity;
 For he loved a Moorish maiden,
 And a Christian Knight was he.*

Madame de Coulanges [*Sorrowfully*]. Well! What do you think of it?

Don Juan. Charming! divinely sung!—I wish they would make a law in Spain forbidding all madmen to become Monks, except those who have run mad from love. This would serve to diminish the number of convents; and if there still remained any, that cause of seclusion would give foreigners a good idea of us.

Madame de Coulanges. What do you think of the words?

Don Juan. They are like those of all our ancient ballads. Such were the absurd manners of the good old time. This Alvar de Luna was a pitiful animal! Eh, —s' life. Why did not he turn a Mussulman instead of Monk.

Madame de Coulanges. Ah! there are obstacles that separate for ever some persons, though made to love one another.

Don Juan. How is that? difference of religion or nation?

Madame de Coulanges. There may be many others.

Don Juan. What are they?

Madame de Coulanges. For instance.——

Don Juan. Well! Cannot you find an example?—Ah, tell me, Madam, would you find it impossible to renounce your country, and follow a husband who adored you?

Madame de Coulanges. On the contrary, it would be my duty as a wife. But—

Don Juan [*Warmly*]. But—

Madame de Coulanges. I shall not marry again [*forcing a smile*], the condition of a widow is so agreeable.

Don Juan [*Aside*]. The devil take the ballad!

Madame de Coulanges. Shall we have more music?

Don Juan. I should dread to fatigue you; besides, my visit has been already too long.

Madame de Coulanges. It will be always with the greatest pleasure that—but—
 [*aside*]. What shall I say to him to prevent him from thus coming to throw himself into the nets spread for him?

Enter a WAITING MAID.

Maid. The Marquis de la Romana wishes to see you, Sir.

Don Juan. My General before all other considerations. These are the principles of Don Alvar. Will you permit me, Madam? [*Kisses Madame de Coulanges' hand and goes out.*]

Madame de Coulanges [*To her Maid*]. Come and unlace me—I am suffocating.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea Shore.*

DON JUAN, WALLIS, and SAILORS, in a boat at the bottom of the stage—A sentinel pacing before the inn door.

Wallis. See the sloop is nearing us. They have hung a lantern to the mast head.

Don Juan. I see it glimmering like a glow-worm, about a league from us.

Wallis. You have not yet got a sailor's eye. They are much closer than you think. In an hour I shall land you here again, and all will be settled. Lads, have you put enough of linen about your oars?

Sailor. That's soon done; they shall make no more noise than the paddle of a duck.

Wallis. While passing before the mole, and the battery, lie down upon your oars; and if they should hail us, be sure to make no answer.

* Our readers will perceive that we have been indebted for *this* portion of our version, to the excellent translator of the Spanish ballads, which a short time ago graced the pages of the Old Series of our Magazine.—ED.

Don Juan. There is no danger of that. Every night the smugglers pass before the watch towers and the coast, without being perceived.

[*A window opens, and Madame de Coulanges appears at the balcony of the Inn.*]

Don Juan. Ha!

Wallis [*In a low voice*]. Somebody is watching us—push off.

Don Juan [*In a low voice*]. Fear nothing, who could recognise us in this trim?—
[*To the sentinel*]. You will be still on guard when I return?

Sentinel. Yes, Colonel.

Madame de Coulanges [*Singing without seeing them*].

“For she is a Moorish maiden,

“Thou a Christian.”

Don Juan. To the devil with the burthen of that song!

Wallis [*To the sailors*]. Quick, quick, this is rather an awkward place.

Madame de Coulanges. Even the freshness of evening cannot allay the flame that burns me [*Perceiving Don Juan*]. Ha! who are these men?

Wallis. Thunder and blood, Colonel! what are you doing planted there, under that balcony, like a may-pole. By God! there is some one coming from this side to cut off our retreat. Hush! not a word.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE enters followed by a WAITING MAID.

Madame de Coulanges. Whoever you be—go away from hence!

Madame de Tourville. Ah, my God! Here are men marauding about the inn. Luckily the sentinel is here to protect us—and my daughter out upon the balcony—
[*She approaches the boat*].

Wallis. Halt there! We are smugglers—do not discover us, and you shall have some tobacco for nothing.

Madame de Tourville [*Going nearer*]. Ah! my good fellows, if you have any I should like to buy some.

Wallis. It shall be sent to you—but come no nearer—push off—give me the rudder.
[*The boat rows away*].

Madame de Tourville. I should know that voice—and this person muffled up to the eyes in his cloak—and the sentinel who does not call out the guard. This is all very singular, but I shall come to the bottom of it. Let us go in. [*They go into the inn.*]

SCENE III.—*Apartment of Madame de Coulanges.*

MADAME DE COULANGES and MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Madame de Tourville. It is vain for you to say any more—I know it was he.

Madame de Coulanges. I tell you it was not, and you might have perceived as clearly as I did that they were smugglers.

Madame de Tourville. It may be so, but, nevertheless, I shall not go to bed till I see them return.

Madame de Coulanges. But, mother, you will injure yourself. Let me watch for you.

Madame de Tourville. No, no! get you to bed. You must preserve your complexion. But as I have none to lose I shall sit up. Besides, in these sort of affairs, I wish to see with my own eyes. Leave the shutter as I settled it—they must not perceive the light in our room.

Madame de Coulanges. But they will not return probably for two or three days.

Madame de Tourville. No, no! If these people are what I take them for, they will be back before sun-rise. The General appears to be in a state of great anxiety since we have come here. I heard him all the last night walking about his room, instead of being in his bed. Come—all that is not natural. But let me have my own way. They must rise early that can escape me.

Madame de Coulanges. Instead of fatiguing yourself by watching, cannot you ask the landlord if any of the lodgers are abroad?

Madame de Tourville. Simpleton that you are ! The landlord is, no doubt, bribed by them ; and, besides, these people here are so careless. I have been playing *bouillotte* at the French Resident's, and have eased them all of their ready money—ah ! what young ones they are still ! But get you to sleep : you quite teaze me—do you know that it is nearly one o'clock ?

Madame de Coulanges. I cannot sleep, while I know that you remain up watching.

Madame de Tourville. Oh ! just as you please. There is still a light in the General's room, I see the reflection in the water. If I dared, I should like to open the balcony door.

Madame de Coulanges. Open it then—the air will relieve my head ache.

Madame de Tourville. No—that would give the alarm to the old fox. Listen, he is walking [*Madame de Coulanges throws down a chair*]. Confound you !—cannot you remain quiet ?

Madame de Coulanges. Oh ! I have so hurt my foot !

Madame de Tourville. Hush ! with your nonsense.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh ! I am in such pain !—oh !

Madame de Tourville. What light is that beyond there on the sea ?

Madame de Coulanges. A beacon probably to show the channel.

Madame de Tourville. I think rather it comes from that vessel under the *Hamburgh* colours that has been cruising for some days past about the entrance of the Belt.

Madame de Coulanges. Well, and suppose it is. What have you to do with a *Hamburgh* vessel.

Madame de Tourville. *Hamburgh*—Oh ! it belongs as much to *Hamburgh* as I do.

Madame de Coulanges. You are always making such strange suppositions—I should be sorry so to load my conscience.

Madame de Tourville. Conscience ! You are enough to make me laugh with your conscience. You speak like a dirty monk—Hush ! instead of one light, there are now two, but very dim—ha ! ha ! this becomes interesting.

Madame de Coulanges [*aside*]. Alas ! [*aloud*] Are you acquainted then with naval signals ?

Madame de Tourville. And there is the light put out in the General's room—*bravissimo !*

Madame de Coulanges. He is gone to bed, because he has more sense than we have.

Madame de Tourville. Yes, yes, simpleton—I believe that he is going to rest. There his light reappears. It is probable you will say that his candle has been blown out, and that it has relighted itself, as sometimes happens. Three lights in the vessel ! On our side eclipse—Ah ! the candle is again relighted. Ah ! we have you, my dear Marquis de la Romana. How pale you are—I told you it was bad for you to sit up so late. Go, to bed, my dear Eliza, fortune will come to you while sleeping, for our fortune is now made.

Madame de Coulanges. Would to Heaven it had been made long since !

Madame de Tourville. Well said, upon my faith. If so, we should have been at this time of the day rolling in our carriage in Paris, instead of blowing our fingers in this island. But, patience—there is but one light at present.

Madame de Coulanges. Let us retire to bed now.

Madame de Tourville. Ah ! and my conscience ? No, I must stop to see them land. Until then I shall not have my conscience clear. I must have proofs, and they are coming to me in that boat. If I dared, I should instantly go to the Resident's—but that would be to no purpose. He is such a silly animal. No, I shall write myself to the Prince.

Madame de Coulanges. I feel as if my head were on fire.

Madame de Tourville. On our return to France, we shall make an excellent affair with the muslins—by giving a gown or two to the custom-house officer's wife, we may pass as much as we wish of them.

Madame de Coulanges. Ah ! would to God we had never done any thing but smuggle.

Madame de Tourville. Ah ! child, it is necessary to take with both hands—I should

like to know what is become of your brother Charles. It is now two years since we heard from him.

Madame de Coulanges. Ah ! you know what he is—you gave him such an excellent education, that he scarcely knows how to write.

Madame de Tourville. No matter. Charles is a lad that will push himself far enough, if a bullet do not put an end to his march. His colonel says he has the heart of a lion. He is always the first where blows are to be given and taken.

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, and mischief to do [*aside*]. He should have been here.

Madame de Tourville. He is the exact portrait of his father, M. Leblanc, who was captain of the Guards, and who died bravely in the field of honour. His lieutenant, who is the father of your brother Augustus, told me, that he had fifteen sabre cuts upon his head alone.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh ! horrible !

Madame de Tourville. I must confess I have always had an inclination for your stout hearted people. The first lover I had was a General who went to America, where the savages eat him up, after having roasted him. What I tell you is true.

Madame de Coulanges. Oh ! God !

Madame de Tourville. I shall never forget a counsellor of state, who allowed me twelve thousand francs a year. One day he took very patiently, in my presence, a couple of slaps in the face from a little cornet of light horse, who was not worth a sous. Faith, I could not resist the temptation of quitting my Croesus, and taking up with my little cornet. If I were a man, I should have gone into the army—that's certain.

Madame de Coulanges. You see nothing at present. It is as I told you.

Madame de Tourville. No, I see nothing yet. Hush ! I see something black moving upon the water—it is either a wherry or a whale. Close the shutter a little more, Eliza.

Madame de Coulanges. They are smugglers ?

Madame de Tourville. There is my man in the cloak—or rather yours. He shakes the hand of another, and jumps on shore. Will he enter the inn ? Good night, Eliza.

[*Goes out.*]

Madame de Coulanges [*alone*]. He is lost ! And it is I, miserable wretch, who have ruined him. Cursed be the day I landed on this island ! Would to Heaven we had perished before reaching the port ! Thus, the only man for whom I ever felt any thing like love is about to perish ; and it is I, I who love him, that have put the cord round his neck ! He will believe that the woman whom he loved, while she feigned a generous passion for him, was bargaining for the price of his head. I sell Don Juan for gold ! How has it happened that I could ever have consented to follow this frightful calling ? The most wretched prostitute that walks the streets is less degraded than I—a thief, a robber, is estimable in comparison with me—and I could—A great change must have taken place in me in a short time, for, when coming here, I only thought of the means of getting possession of this young man's secrets, for the purpose of betraying them—the atrocity of the act never once occurred to me—my love for him has opened my eyes. Ah ! Juan Diaz, it is you alone who can draw me from the depth into which they have plunged me—yes, the die is cast. I will attach myself to his fate—I will tell him every thing—I will abandon all to follow him. My country—of what importance is my country to me ? My family—which has only studied to destroy a naturally upright mind, and fashion me to vice—my family is odious to me. There is nothing left me to love but Juan Diaz. But would he have me knowing what I am ? and to conceal from him.—No, Juan Diaz is not a lover from whom I could conceal any thing ; and yet to tell him—he who becomes fired with indignation at the bare mention of an act of baseness !—he would drive me far from him. He would, I am sure, prefer the coarsest and vulgarest kitchen wench, to the beautiful Eliza, who makes a bait of her love to lead men to death. Well, let him think what he may of me. I love him too well to take any concern about myself. Sooner or later he will know who I am. Probably he would think less unkindly of me should he learn it from myself. He will be convinced of my love, for what but love could urge me to such an

avowal. I will tell him all—I expose myself to his anger—no matter. I will save him, though he should strike me—trample on me—spit upon me.—I will save him.—I shall more willingly receive the blows of Juan Diaz, than the bank bills stained with his blood. Probably he will take pity on an unfortunate creature, who was not born with a soul inclined to infamy, but who has been forced into it by those who surrounded her. They have not, however, succeeded in entirely destroying my conscience. Conscience? No, it is dead within me; for a long time its voice has been silent. My present resolution is not dictated by virtue nor conscience; it is love, love alone that can enable me to do one good action before my death. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Bed Room of Don Juan Diaz.*

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES.

Madame de Coulanges. He is still with the General. How I tremble on entering this room. This is the first good action of my life, and yet I tremble! It appears to me as if I saw him every where—[*she looks upon a table*] A letter just begun. He was probably writing to the woman of his heart, in Spain; and when he shall have returned to her, never will he write a word to poor Eliza! This is his seal, with his arms engraven on it—and my name is so obscure! A swan and the motto “*Sans tache.*” Ah! never will he belie his motto. The portrait of a woman—it is certainly that of his mother.

Enter DON JUAN.

Don Juan [aside]. What an agreeable surprise. They have sworn, it appears, not to let me have any sleep.

Madame de Coulanges [not seeing him]. These are like his features, but his mouth has not this disdainful expression.

Don Juan [aside]. What the devil is she doing?

Madame de Coulanges [perceiving him]. Ah!

Don Juan [throwing himself on his knees]. You see at your feet, Madam, the most ardent of lovers: charming Eliza, let me prove to you——

Madame de Coulanges [aside.] I shall never have the courage——

Don Juan. All the passion you have lighted up in my heart. Let us shut the door, and——

Madame de Coulanges [repelling him]. Colonel Don Juan, this is no time to speak of love, when the sword is suspended over your head.

Don Juan. But you are in my arms——

Madame de Coulanges. Cease, I pray you, and listen to me.

Don Juan. What's the matter, Madam? you appear greatly agitated.

Madame de Coulanges. All your projects are known; you and your General are lost.

Don Juan [aside]. Heavens! [*aloud*] What projects? I really do not know to what you allude.

Madame de Coulanges. You are in communication with the English—you yourself have just had a conference with them on board that vessel, which is cruising in sight of our windows. The General has made signals, which have been observed—many eyes are fixed upon you—you are surrounded by enemies—it is for you to make an effort to escape from them.

Don Juan. But, really Madam, I am shocked at my mistake—I have good reason to blush before you.

Madame de Coulanges. No, Sir; you need not blush before me. Look to your safety, and command me, if I can be any way useful to you.

Don Juan. You know all—what gratitude do we not owe you! how can we ever?—

Madame de Coulanges. Speak—have you any need of me?

Don Juan. Ah! let us know who it is that watches us—he shall not be long in the land of the living.

Madame de Coulanges. Sir!—I know not how—

Don Juan. Finish your work—save us, enable us to take a just vengeance. Ah! Madam, speak, I beseech you.

Madame de Coulanges. But—I dare not——

Don Juan. Fear nothing, Madam; am I not here to protect you? Oh! Heavens! If you should consent to trust me.

Madame de Coulanges. I believe—that it is probably——

Don Juan. The French Resident? I will run this instant and blow his brains out.

Madame de Coulanges. No, no! I was up and at my balcony, and——

Don Juan. Your mother met us, but——

Madame de Coulanges. Oh! it is not she that will betray you; she took you for smugglers. But there were men concealed who saw all. I observed them.

Don Juan. They were placed there then by the Resident. Life of God!

Madame de Coulanges. He is so silly—that you have nothing to fear from him. In fine, reflect and make the best arrangements you are able; and reckon upon me if I can be in any way useful to you. Adieu. [Goes out.]

Don Juan. Stop, guardian Angel—but she has fled. Here we are in a pretty position. I must acquaint the Marquis with it.

END OF THE SECOND DAY.

THIRD DAY.

SCENE I.—Saloon.

DON JUAN.—MARQUIS.

Don Juan. It is in vain that I have supplicated—it was impossible for me to see her. It appears that she is unwell.

Marquis. This devil of a woman is a sorceress!

Don Juan. Well, General, you will allow at present that it is not so bad a plan to carry on an amorous intrigue, at the same time with a political one?

Marquis. I have strong suspicions of her mother.

Don Juan. Her mother? She is a good natured old fool. She kept talking during two long hours to me to-day, of her dear sons that are with the army; and then she loves her daughter so tenderly. Trust me—she is a woman without a grain of guile in her composition.

Marquis. But, in fine, what had she to do upon the sea shore at so late an hour, when you were setting off?

Don Juan. How should I know. She told me that she met some smugglers yesterday evening, and that she had informed the burgomaster, in order that he should look to it. She recounted to me all the terrible dreams she had had of poignards, sceptres, &c. And I told her in return so many frightful things, that she will not see distinctly for some time.

Marquis. The English fleet will soon be in the bay, and put an end to our inquietudes. God grant the wind may not change!

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Don Juan. Ah, Madame, I beseech you tell me how your daughter is?

Madame de Tourville. Something better this morning, God be thanked. The poor dear! she frightened me not a little at first, but I hope it will be nothing.

Marquis. Have the kindness to present my respects to her.

Madame de Tourville. Much obliged to you, General. Oh! if you knew what a fright I had last night.

Marquis. I have heard something of it.

Madame de Tourville. First, to begin with the beginning, I went to the French Resident's, who had invited me and my daughter to pass the evening at his house. There was a great deal of company, the drawing-room was full. Time passes quick in company; and then, when it was already late, we were obliged to sit down to *bouvillotte*. I at first refused, but as they could not make up a table without me, I sacrificed myself and played. But once installed in my arm-chair, you would not

believe how I carried all before me,—impossible to throw me out. In fine, it was I know not what hour when the game was over. One of your officers very gallantly offered me his arm, but I refused it, fearing the poor young man might be scolded for returning so late to the barracks. My son, when he was at the military school—

Don Juan [aside]. Ah! we're in for it—a history.

Marquis. How many smugglers were there?

Madame de Tourville. I saw two opposite the inn door; there was one muffled up in a huge black cloak, a most murderous looking fellow, with his belt stuck full of pistols. I thought he would have assassinated me.

Marquis. Oh! they never do any thing of that sort. Should you not sometimes be glad to get a little Virginia or Guatemala snuff, instead of that which comes from your Imperial manufactory?

Madame de Tourville. You take me by my weak side. But yet, I would tell you something, if I did not fear that you would take me for a tell-tale.

Marquis. Speak, Madam.

Madame de Tourville. The sentinel at your door saw all, and yet never said a word. I do not tell you this in order that you may punish him.

Marquis. Hush! You must not betray me. It was to me those smugglers came; they brought me some American cigars. We cannot smoke any others; is it not so?

Madame de Tourville. Very pretty doings, General; but be sure that I shall denounce you, if you do not give me some Virginia or Saint Vincent snuff to stop my mouth.

Marquis. Agreed, I am happy in having some of both to offer you.

Madame de Tourville. No, no, no! What I said was but in jest; I do not wish to deprive you of any.

Marquis. You must take some; it is for my own security. I wish that you should compromise yourself by taking part in the fraud.

Madame de Tourville. Well, here is my box.

Marquis. Keep it, and let me have the pleasure of giving you some bottles.

Don Juan. When, Madame, shall I be permitted to present my respects to your daughter? Ah, Madame de Tourville, I long ardently to see her.

Madame de Tourville. She will not see any one at present [*in a low voice*], and yet she never ceases speaking of you.

Don Juan. Really! and what does she say?

Madame de Tourville. Oh! a thousand things; but how should I recollect them. I must now go and keep her company. Adieu, Gentlemen. [*Goes out.*]

Don Juan. We kiss your hands. Well, my Lord Marquis, what think you of her?

Marquis. She must be an excellent actress if she is deluding us. At all events, we have now but a short time to be afraid of her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*French Resident's Cabinet.*

Resident [alone]. This will be worth to me, at least, a Knight's cross of the Legion of Honour. It is not so easy a matter to discover a conspiracy, and besides, I think they will take into account the *sang froid* and steadiness I have shown in the midst of enemies. However, I hope the French troops will soon be here. I am impatient to find myself amongst my dear countrymen; my position is frightful. With all the courage possible—a single man against a division—one is not displeased to receive a reinforcement.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. A Gentleman wishes to speak to you, Sir.

Enter CHARLES LEBLANC.

Resident. What can I do for your service, Sir?

Charles Leblanc. Nothing for mine, Sir, but something for that of his Majesty. Such as you see me, Sir, I am First Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Imperial Guard. I have

cut off my mustachios, and put on a coloured coat to come here. I am then as you see an officer in the Imperial Guard. Bernadotte, the Prince de Ponte Corvo, I mean to say, has sent me hither. Here is my order for bringing to reason a certain Spanish General who is inclined to play the truant. You know what I wish to say?

Resident. Perfectly, Sir. But you bring with you probably seven or eight thousand men?

Charles Leblanc. Pshaw! Do you imagine we can transport a division of the army in a balloon? Mr. Resident, you appear to me to be a little green as yet. I come alone, I have not even brought my sabre with me, but I am a man of deeds, and I know how to manage matters.

Resident [*smiling.*] The thing appears to me a little difficult or so. The Spaniards are numerous; and we cannot reckon much upon the Danes and Hanoverians who are with them.

Charles Leblanc. No matter, we shall do without them. Now listen to me [*sits down*]. Ah! my loins are dislocated, I have killed three horses on the road,—listen! The heads of our columns cannot make their appearance here these three days; and in the meantime, the oven is heating. The Heligoland fleet has sailed, the wind is fair, the English will enter the Great Belt before we shall have seen the little one, and all will be lost.

Resident. You have very judiciously put your finger upon the wound.

Charles Leblanc. I know not what you mean by that. But between you and me, the Prince de Ponte Corvo told me, that as you were a little allied to the dunderheads, I should concert measures with a certain Madame Coulanges and Madame Tourville who are here.

Resident. Sir, you really have a manner of expressing yourself that I could not excuse, but in a military man.

Charles Leblanc. Bring here your women. You see that I am knocked up. I left the seat of my breeches and a part of my skin sticking to the saddle of my horse, and I have now no time to make roundabout sentences; call up your *mouchardes*. Let us arrange our affairs, and then give me a bed or a bundle of straw to rest myself upon. For by the five thousand devils my body is beaten into the consistence of a roasted apple.

Resident. Madame de Tourville was to have called upon me about this time, and I am surprized she has not already come.

Charles Leblanc. Is that your breakfast? Good. Call for a plate, knife, and fork, for yourself. To your health, little papa. By the holy pipe, but your wine is good. You are an honest fellow, or the devil fetch me. Oh, I am so ravenous I could eat my father without salt.

Resident. [*Aside.*] What a tone these people have. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I beg you to make yourself perfectly at home.

Charles Leblanc. You are right, *parbleu*, you are right. I see that you are an honest fellow. I like your frank-hearted people. What's your name?—not to be uncivil——

Resident. Baron Amadeus de Pacaret.

Charles Leblanc. To your health, noble Baron de Pacaret; there is some good wine of that name. I call myself Charles Leblanc, First Lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, third battalion of Grenadiers—come, drink to my health most noble Baron. You have got no glass—take mine—*morbleu*. When you are with the army, you must do as the army does. You have served?

Resident. Not in the army, but I have served in another way my Emperor and my country.

Charles Leblanc. In the di—the diplomacy, with pen strokes,—so much the better, all that one runs the risk of catching in that way are a few ink spots. But these damned women, why do they not appear?

Resident. I expect Madame de Tourville every moment. It would seem, Sir, that

considering you are a Frenchman and a Chevalier [*pointing to the ribbon of Charles Leblanc*—for you are a Chevalier, eh, eh, eh! you entertain but little respect for that charming sex destined—

Charles Leblanc. As charming as you please. I like women who hold their tongues and do not make you pay too much. To your good health, M. Pacaret.

Resident. I hear a woman's step—here she is.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Charles Leblanc. A thousand thunders! it is my mother.

Madame de Tourville. Ah, my child! embrace your mother, my dear little Charles.

Charles Leblanc. Well, well,—are you not done yet? And is it really you?

Madame de Tourville. My dear boy!

Charles Leblanc. Your most obedient. You follow a pretty calling. If that should be known in the regiment. The devil strangle me, if I would not rather see you a corpse, than a *moucharde*.

Madame de Tourville. Oh, Charles!

Charles Leblanc. My sister is, I suppose, enrolled in the same regiment. Let her not come near me. There is no filial respect due from me to her. Hush! Attention and silence. Let me throw off a glass to digest this intelligence. But, it is not much after all. Listen, papa Pacaret! This is what I have devised. You shall invite General la Romana to dine to-morrow—do you hear?

Resident. But if he should refuse?

Charles Leblanc. He dare not. You have here fifty French soldiers?

Resident. There is a company of light horse here.

Charles Leblanc. That is sufficient. Will you invite General Romana, his staff, and the Danish officers. You will place me next the General at dinner. Then between the dessert and the cheese, you will propose the health of the Emperor; that is, the signal upon which we have agreed. My light horsemen, who will be in readiness, will then enter and level the carbines at the Spaniards. I shall seize the General by the collar on one side, and you on the other. Should they make any difficulty about surrendering themselves, you and I will throw ourselves under the table, and our men discharge their pieces each at his Spaniard. We shall then barricade the doors, and the Danes and other *canailles* will have an easy job of it, with the disorganized and un-officered Spaniards. At all events, we shall hold out as long as we can, and if the doors should be forced, we will kill our prisoners, and then blow each other's brains out. What do you say to that?

Resident. Sir, but—the measure is—a little—violent.

Madame de Tourville. It appears to me that we might—

Charles Leblanc. Mr. Pacaret, are you a good pistol shot?

Resident [*affecting great firmness*]. I never miss my man at thirty paces.

Charles Leblanc. The devil you don't—so much the better—you will give proof of your skill should there be occasion. You will act like a brave man, will you not?

Resident. Undoubtedly: I am a Frenchman. But we should be more certain of success were we to wait—

Charles Leblanc. For the arrival of the English,—is it not so?

Resident. No! but of the French.

Charles Leblanc. Eh! Morbleu, have you forgotten that they cannot be here these three days?

Madame de Tourville. There is a way of doing the thing with less risk—with a little arsenic.

Charles Leblanc. Arsenic! Thousand bomb-shells! Do you take me for a poisoner—me, a Lieutenant in the Imperial Guard. Do you suppose that I should suffer arsenic to be given to brave soldiers, and let them die like rats. I would rather blow my own brains out, than administer any other but leaden pills to soldiers. Arsenic! In the name of the devil! Arsenic!

Madame de Tourville. But—

Charles Leblanc. Silence. I am not a *mouchard*, do not speak to me of arsenic, or I shall forget that you are my mother. And you, my little Baron, have the goodness to execute the orders I bring you. Write your invitations, and if they are not accepted may a cannon ball serve me for a pill if I do not make you eat the blade of my sabre.

Resident. Sir, Sir. It is for the service of his Majesty—if my duty—

Charles Leblanc. Come, you are a brave fellow, give me a handfull of your hand, and tell them to make me a bed. [He drinks off a glass and goes out.]

Resident. Faith, Madame, I must congratulate you ; your son is a pretty sort of youth.

Madame de Tourville. Alas ! He is the image of his deceased father, who knew nothing but his sabre.

Resident. Here I am in a most pleasing position.

Madame de Tourville. However, his advice is not to be neglected ; this plan must be executed.

Resident. Well, be it so, but you will dine with us, Madame ?

Madame de Tourville. But, Sir, I could be of no manner of use to you.

Resident. Morbleu, Madame, you shall dine with us, or the devil fetch me if I do not have you arrested.

Madame de Tourville. Well, Sir, I accept your invitation. I will come, and let you see, that though a woman I have more courage than yourself, my little diplomatist. Adieu. [Goes out.]

Resident [alone]. Heaven and Earth ! Death and fury ! May the devil fetch me, if he would only take me away from this—Unfortunate man that I am—what will become of me ? I should prefer even going to a field of battle, to finding myself in the midst of this affray ; in the one a man might contrive to get out of the reach of the balls. Miserable man that I am—and I thought diplomacy so easy a business, and in this cursed island—I am so unprovided with any thing. But why should he not await the coming of the French troops—he will ruin every thing with his precipitation. Ah, if I had been allowed to do it my own way ! I should have made sure of the cross of the Legion of Honour—and now it is this huge blustering shark of an officer that will carry off the prize—an ignoramus, that knows nothing whatsoever of diplomacy—who has never opened a Vatel—and I—ah, if they should commit a mistake in the confusion ! Cursed profession ! dog's life—infernal island ! These are the pistols I am to make use of.—Let me see, I shall put twelve balls in each, and whomever I fire at shall not escape. Come, come ! A man can die but once ! Let them come on, these Spaniards ! let them come on. Every Frenchman is a soldier ! [*manœuvres with the pistols*]. But, softly—what an admirable idea ! No, these are not the arms of a diplomatist [*lays down the pistols*]. Towards the conclusion of dinner, I shall say, permit me to go and fetch you a few bottles of old and excellent wine—that's it, and they will manage their affairs without me. *Parbleu*, see what it is to have a head. This may be called getting handsomely out of the business. And should our Lieutenant be killed in the confusion, I shall draw up a report—and then—then—it is a clear case, I shall become an ambassador ! *Morbleu*, what it is to have a little wit in one's anger ! A blustering bully like this Leblanc, may do for the knock down work upon occasion ; but we diplomatists, we always know—we know how to manage our affairs. [Goes out.]

SCENE III.—Saloon in the Inn.

DON JUAN.—MADAME DE COULANGES.

Don Juan. I beseech you, excuse my impatience ; but, I found you alone, in my bed room, at so late an hour, and you came there to save us !

Madame de Coulanges. Let us say no more of that, Sir.—Are you sure of succeeding—Are all your arrangements made ?

Don Juan. Yes—our regiments are marching towards Nybourg. The English fleet will be—

Madame de Coulanges. I do not ask you to tell me any thing. Keep your own counsel—but are you sure of success?

Don Juan. As much so as human prudence can warrant.

Madame de Coulanges. I am very glad of it.

Don Juan. In a short time I shall be in Spain.

Madame de Coulanges. What joy will you not feel on finding yourself in the midst of your friends, after so long an absence!

Don Juan. Alas! But a short time back I burned to return to Gallicia; but now I feel unhappy at the idea of quitting this savage island.

Madame de Coulanges. Think of the calls upon you, Sir. You are going to fight for your country. You will have a thousand things to occupy your attention. As for me—I—I hope that no misfortune will befall you in Spain—that peace will soon be restored, and then, if you should come into France—I shall feel great pleasure in seeing you.

Don Juan. I see nothing but sorrow before me—You have been my good angel—and now—

Madame de Coulanges. I shall see you once more before your departure. I am embroidering a little purse, which I shall beg of you to accept in remembrance of me.

Don Juan. I can no longer resist,—Madam, give me either life or death—tell me, will you?—I scarcely dare propose it to you,—will you accept my name, and accompany me to my unfortunate country?

Madame de Coulanges. Sir!—What is it that you propose to me. [*Aside.*] Oh! if I did not love him so much!

Don Juan. I know that Spain is but a dull place of residence for a Frenchwoman, particularly in the state in which it now is; a canvas tent with only the straw of a bivouac must be the chamber of Juan Diaz's wife for a long time to come. I do not speak to you of my fortune and my birth. Your soul is of too elevated an order to be touched by such considerations; but—if the most ardent love, and the most profound esteem, should appear worthy of your heart.—You probably think that I do not love you enough for yourself—that I only offer you a share in misfortunes and sufferings—but what can I do? my country calls me—and I feel that I cannot live without you!

Madame de Coulanges. Sir, can it be possible—you offer me your hand—I am a Frenchwoman without fortune. How can you think of me and renounce the brilliant alliance that probably awaits you?

Don Juan. And is it really true that you have no repugnance towards me?—that you love me?

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, Don Juan, I love you, but I cannot marry you—that must never be—ask me no more!

Don Juan. I am the happiest of men.—Think no more of the difference of fortune—of what consequences is it.—If you were richer than I would you not love me?

Madame de Coulanges. Oh! would to Heaven it were so!

Don Juan. Well, then, let me show myself as generous as yourself.

Madame de Coulanges. No! leave me—you have made me happy—I am satisfied—adieu!

Don Juan. What means this mystery? Tell me your scruples—my love will soon conquer them.

Madame de Coulanges. I cannot.

Don Juan. You throw me into despair.

Madame de Coulanges. My family is so numerous!

Don Juan. I have fortune sufficient for all.

Madame de Coulanges. My mother—

Don Juan. I will prevail upon her to follow us.

Madame de Coulanges. Impossible—she would never consent.

Don Juan. You are concealing from me some vain scruple; Eliza, I entreat you by our love to tell it to me.

Madame de Coulanges. Since you insist; listen Don Juan. You are going to Spain, where the most important interests will call for all your efforts and attention. In the midst of the tumults and dangers of war what would become of me?—A wife would be a burden to you—think of the vicissitudes of war.

Don Juan [*striking his forehead*]. I thought that a woman could love as I do! Adieu, Madam, you have taught me my duty. Yes, I will return to Spain; and I trust the first cannon ball fired after my arrival will reach me—You will at least not have the misfortune of being a widow.

Madame de Coulanges. Stop, Don Juan; do not believe what I have said to you.—The ball which kills you will also strike me to the heart. It is a much more terrible reason that prevents me from marrying you; and I love you too well to marry you without disclosing it to you; but do not question me about it, if you wish to preserve any affection for me.—Adieu, Don Juan, I shall never cease to think of you.

Don Juan. Eliza—Eliza, I swear to you upon my honour, that I will never seek to know that reason—never speak to you of it—never have the least inquietude relative to it—nothing can ever change my affection; but if you have really any love for me, consent to accompany me. What childish scruple can it be that stops you?

Madame de Coulanges. Don Juan, in declaring to me your love, you have rendered me more happy than I have ever been in my life; but now you force me to yield all that happiness—however, it must be so—you insist upon it.

Don Juan. No, I do not—Tell me nothing—I swear to you before hand, that nothing you may tell me can prevent me from loving you—after my honour, you are to me the next dearest object in the world.

Madame de Coulanges. No, you shall never know my secret.

[*Goes into her room and fastens the door.*]

Don Juan [*alone*]. What is the matter! is she mad? What can the secret be that she does not avow? [*Knocks at the door.*] Eliza—Eliza—she answers not! Eliza—never was there a more miserable man—all kinds of misfortunes concur to overwhelm me.—I know not what to think of her! And yet I never loved her so much as at this moment. Ah! God be praised! here comes her mother.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Come, Madam, and restore me to life—I am a lost man, if you do not aid me.

Madame de Tourville. What is the matter, Sir.—How can I be useful to you?

Don Juan. Ah, Madam, my destiny is in your hands; I am very unhappy—I have just made an avowal of my passion to your daughter.

Madame de Tourville. How, Sir—to my daughter!

Don Juan. Yes, I adore her—I cannot live without her; she has confessed that she had no objection to me—that she loved me—and then—I know not what singular idea took possession of her—she told me that she would never be my wife.—Ah! Madam, if you have any influence over her.

Madame de Tourville. You want to marry my daughter!

Don Juan. Oh! if she would consent, I should be the happiest of mankind.

Madame de Tourville. You! [*Aside.*] What have I done, fool that I am, I never thought of this!

Don Juan. But notwithstanding all my prayers, she refused to tell me the motive or scruple.

Madame de Tourville. But, Sir, the difference of fortune, may it not be—

Don Juan. Oh! do not speak to me of that—I have thirty thousand piastres a year; I am rich—noble—but, to what purpose? She has some extravagant scruple—she conceals it from me, and dooms me to death.

Madame de Tourville [*aside.*] Fool that I was, what could I have been thinking of—there was much more to be gained in this quarter.

Don Juan. I entreat you, Madam, in the name of Heaven, go and speak to her—be from this moment my mother—solicit for me—tell her how wretched I shall be if she does not consent to be mine.—But you, Madam, probably entertain the same scruples as your daughter?

Madame de Tourville. I, Colonel—no—on the contrary, I have the highest esteem for you—I desire the honour of your alliance. [*aside*] Her head is turned.

Don Juan. You overwhelm me.—Hasten my dear Madame de Tourville, tell her that I do not wish to know her secrets—say, if she does not hate me.

Madame de Tourville. Believe me, Colonel, that there is nothing at the bottom of all this but some childish absurdity; I have brought up my daughter too well, to allow her having any thing serious to conceal. [*Aside.*] I should be a pretty simpleton to miss the ball at the rebound. The reward would be trifling in comparison to what I may derive from this—I shall tell him all.

Don Juan. Ah, Madam, my only hope is in you.

Madame de Tourville. Listen, young man, I have something very serious to tell you.

Don Juan. My dear Madam de Tourville, go to her—bring her here—I can listen to nothing at present.

Madame de Tourville. A little patience, rash youth. I have just come from the Resident's, with whom I had some business. As there was some one with him, I waited for a short time in the anti-chamber. The curiosity natural to my sex, I must confess, made me listen to what they were saying, and as the partition was a slight one, I heard all. And could you guess what it was?—He was plotting, Mr. Juan Diaz, with a young man as hot-headed as yourself, to invite the General to dinner, where he was to be assassinated or made prisoner, and kept in confinement until the French troops, who are on their way, should arrive here, and exterminate all the Spaniards in the island.

Don Juan. Heavens!—the Resident!

Madame de Tourville. The young man who was with him appeared to be unwilling to consent to this, and endeavoured to show how atrocious such conduct would be—but the villain of a Resident threatened to have him shot, and he was obliged to consent, though very much against his will, I am sure.

Don Juan. There was only this misfortune wanting to me!

Madame de Tourville. You will not do any harm to this young man, I hope? as to the Resident, he is a confirmed old scoundrel, and deserving of your utmost anger.

Don Juan. I must go to the Marquis de la Romana—be good enough to come along with me.

Madame de Tourville. We must not let the Resident escape—I am still trembling with horror at his infamous treachery—you should have him instantly shot, without listening to him—as to the other—

Don Juan. His affair is quite clear.

Madame de Tourville. You have promised me to pardon him—but hearken, young man—hearken, my child.

Don Juan. Ah! my good mother!

Madame de Tourville. I will bring my daughter to you—and while you are making your peace with her, I will go and inform the General of every thing—and by that means we shall kill two birds with one stone.

Don Juan. Go instantly to her—I will return here in a moment.

Madame de Tourville. No, remain here—I will bring her to you immediately. She is simple and innocent—this poor Eliza—faith, between you and me, her first husband, was an old dotard.

Don Juan. Go! and return quickly.

Madame de Tourville. Now for an ambush—don't say a word—stand at that side of the door [*Knocks*]. It is I, your mother, open Eliza. [*Goes in.*]

Don Juan [*alone*]. I know not whether it be a good angel or the devil that conducts

our affairs ; but my head is splitting ! I can hold out no longer. Never was I so put to the proof. Hark ! her mother is entreating her—she resists.

Madame de Tourville. Help, Colonel—hasten here.

[*Don Juan goes into the room, and returns, bearing out Madame de Coulanges, followed by Madame de Tourville.*]

Don Juan. Oh, you shall not again escape from me. You are mine for life. Your mother consents.

Madame de Tourville. Ah, this tender scene brings the tears into my eyes. Come my children—love each other, and be happy—it is your mother who blesses you.

[*Aside to Don Juan.*] I am going to the General. [*Goes out.*]

Don Juan. In the name of Heaven ! look upon me Eliza ! What have I done to you. Can it be, that you no longer love me ? Give me your hand. Ah, it is in vain that you struggle. You must take this ring. [*He forces a ring upon her finger.*] There is now nothing more to be said. You have my ring—long live the Marchioness of * * *

Madame de Coulanges. You wish then to know all ? Leave me—take back your ring, and keep it for some other Marchioness. Do you know, Don Juan, for what purpose I came to this island ? They promised me six thousand francs a year, to come here and get into your confidence, for the purpose of betraying your secrets. What think you of that, Don Juan ?

Don Juan. Ah !

Madame de Coulanges. Now you know the honourable profession I follow. My real name is Leblanc. If you wish to know the story of my life—listen for a moment. You do not yet know all, and have need of your courage.

Don Juan. For pity's sake, cease ! You are jesting.

Madame de Coulanges. Hear me.—My mother brought me up with the hope that my beauty and my talents would prove a source of wealth to her. Surrounded by a family accustomed to infamy, is it to be wondered at, that I profited so well by the examples continually before my eyes ? Yes, Don Juan, I am in the pay of the police. They have sent me hither to seduce you,—to draw from you the secrets of your friend, and conduct you both to the scaffold. [*She falls upon a sofa.*]

Don Juan. Eliza—Oh, you have given me my death blow, Eliza.

Madame de Coulanges. What, have you not fled from me !

Don Juan. You are ill, Eliza ! You are mad !

Madame de Coulanges. Leave me, Sir, you will be polluted by touching a wretch like me. I shall have strength enough to get to my room unsupported.

[*She endeavours to rise, but falls again.*]

Don Juan. Eliza ! all that you have said is false. Have not you and your mother revealed to me the plan of destruction, prepared for us by our enemies ?

Madame de Coulanges. I know not what my mother may have told you ; but I,—Don Juan, I have been paid, paid to find out your secrets.

Don Juan. I cannot believe you.

Madame de Coulanges. The moment I came to know you, my whole soul underwent a change.—My eyes were opened.—For the first time, it struck me, that I was doing wrong.—I wished to save you. O ! Don Juan, the love that I feel for you,—suffer me to speak once more of that love—my love for you has changed my being. I begin to see what virtue is ; it is—it is the wish to please you.

Don Juan. Unhappy woman.—Cursed be the barbarians who corrupted your youth.

Madame de Coulanges. O ! Don Juan, you pity me. But you are so generous ! You feel even for your horse when he suffers. Oh ! I shall think of you all my life.—Perhaps God will have pity on me ; for yes, there is a God in Heaven.

Don Juan. But at present you love virtue !

Madame de Coulanges. I love you with all the strength of my soul,—but I disgust you—I see it.

Don Juan [after a pause]. Hear me, Eliza, be candid—one single question. Have you ever been instrumental to the death of human being?—But no, answer me not.—What right have I to ask you such a question? I who fought at Trafalgar, at Eylau, at Friedland, for the despot of the world. Have I not assisted in the destruction of brave men, fighting for the liberty of their country? But a few days ago, would I not at the first sound of the drum, have sabred a patriot, for the good pleasure of the Emperor? And yet I dare to ask you such a question. All men are wolves and monsters! I am tempted to blow her brains out, and then kill myself on her body.

Madame de Coulanges. I shall answer, Don Juan. I swear to you by —; but who will believe an oath from my mouth? No, I never caused the death of any one.—Rise up, Don Juan, take back your ring. But thank the chance that has protected me. If these hands that you kiss, are unstained by innocent blood, I have to thank chance alone for it. Had I not met with you, I know not what I might have done.

Don Juan. You are as virtuous, Eliza,—you are more virtuous than those puritanical beings, who, because they have passed their lives in a convent, boast of having resisted temptation. Eliza, you are my wife! Your mother shall remain here. I will give her as much money as she may wish for. But you—you shall accompany me, and share in all my fortunes.

Madame de Coulanges. You are mad. In a short time you will change your mind, and then you will be astonished that you could ever have felt even pity for a creature like me.

Don Juan. Never, never!

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, I am sufficiently happy,—since you have not spurned me with your foot, as if I were some noxious reptile. I am not willing to become the bane of your life, by taking you at your word, in a moment of enthusiasm. You must find a wife who shall be worthy of you. Adieu.

Don Juan. Eliza! you shall *not* leave me. I cannot live without you. I shall never love any one, but you. Come with me. They will never know any thing of your history in Spain.

Madame de Coulanges. Ah! Don Juan! [takes his hand]—Be it so, I am yours. But I will not be your wife, I will be your mistress, your servant; when you become tired of me, you can drive me away. If you can bear me near you, we are united for life and death.

Don Juan. You shall be my mistress and my wife [kisses her].

Madame de Coulanges. My resolution is now taken, and I shall not change it.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Madame de Tourville. In one another's arms! At length I am satisfied—I told you that she wished for nothing better.

Don Juan. Eliza, leave us for an instant—I will shortly rejoin you in my room.

[*Madame de Coulanges goes out.*]

Madame de Tourville. Faith, Colonel, you have made quick work of it. But I am come from the Marquis who wishes to see you.

Don Juan. I know who you are, Madam; and if I pleased, I might have you hanged. Will you take ten thousand piastres to remain here, or go to the devil if you will, on condition of never again seeing, speaking, or writing to your daughter?

Madame de Tourville. But, Sir, my dear daughter—

Don Juan. Ten thousand piastres! reflect on it!

Madame de Tourville. So loving a mother—

Don Juan. Yes, or no?

Madame de Tourville. I accept the piastres—and yet it is rather hard for a mother—

Don Juan. Return to your apartment—you shall have them this evening; do not attempt to quit the house, or the sentinels shall fire upon you.

Madame de Tourville. At least, permit me for the last time—

Don Juan. Retire, and do not enrage me.

Madame de Tourville [aside]. What a cunning little baggage!

[*Goes out.*]

Enter MARQUIS.

Marquis. Faith I submit. There is nothing like you handsome fellows for finding out a secret. Madame de Tourville told us the truth—here is a letter from the Resident inviting me to dinner.

Don Juan. Twelve bullets in his brain-pan—that's what he deserves.

Marquis. I do not intend to throw so many away upon him. I shall have his couriers arrested, and his dinner shall finish in a very different way from what he hopes: It will be also the last that we shall eat in this island. The wind is favourable. Tomorrow the English Admiral will cast anchor before Nybourg. I shall make sure of the Danish and German officers, in the same manner they purposed to do with us.

Don Juan. Shoot them, shoot them, shoot them; men in general are such scoundrels, that they are scarcely worth the cartridge that sends them into the other world.

Marquis. The devil!—at what a rate you drive. I do not intend to put any one to death except the Resident, whom I shall have well and duly hanged to teach him that a dining-room should be held as sacred as the place where a congress holds its sittings. Tomorrow he shall serve as an example to all future diplomatists, and as a sign to this inn.

Don Juan. Amen!

Marquis. Take this note to Colonel Zamora—let all the couriers be arrested. The flying artillery has arrived—I am going to write to the commandant. The fortress will be occupied by the grenadiers of Catalonia. All the regiments will assemble at five o'clock upon the parade, and if the devil do not meddle with it, the Prince de Ponte Corvo shall not find a single man here to answer to his call.

Don Juan. Ah! General; I already long to find myself face to face with the French.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Dining-room.*

MARQUIS, DON JUAN, the RESIDENT, CHARLES LEBLANC, *Spanish, Danish and German Officers at Table.*

Charles Leblanc. Let the dessert be brought in.

Resident. Eh! not yet, not yet—it is not yet time; we have not done dining.

Marquis. What's the matter with you, Baron; you appear to be unwell?

Resident. Nothing, absolutely nothing, General; on the contrary, Mr. Leblanc, stop—I wished to tell you not to drink that wine—I am going to bring in some which is particularly excellent, that I have had by me for a long time. I shall go for it myself.

Charles Leblanc [*in a low voice*]. Send a servant.

Resident. No—I never confide the keys of my cellar to them—they are too awkward, they always break my bottles.

Charles Leblanc. Oh! he is afraid of broken bottles. Go, then; we shall not commence the dessert till your return.

Resident. No ceremony, I entreat you—eat away. [*Goes out—the dessert is brought in.*]

Marquis [*to Charles Leblanc*]. You appear to have been in the army, Sir?

Charles Leblanc. It is not impossible. But for the present quarter of an hour I am secretary to Mr. Resident; and, moreover, very much at your service.

Marquis. Don Juan, do you recollect an officer that we picked up in Friedland? He had been covered with wounds, and thrown into a ditch by the Cossacks.

Charles Leblanc. May the devil strangle them—it was I—you have a good memory, General. Now, my good friends; attention to the word of command. As I am the representative for a quarter of an hour of Mr. Resident, seeing he has abandoned his post—I am going to propose to you the health of our own little Corporal. Here is to the health of His Majesty, the Emperor! Long live the Emperor! [*aside*]. Why the devil do they not make their appearance?

[*The Danish and German officers rise to drink the toast.*]

The Marquis [*rising*]. It is now my turn, Gentlemen, and I have the honour of proposing the health of His Majesty, Ferdinand VII. King of Spain, and the Indies!

The Spanish Officers. Long live the King [*tumult.*]

Charles Leblanc. Long live the Emperor!—on, on, light horsemen! General, I arrest you. Come, you Danish *Canaille*, assist me!

[*Spanish soldiers enter, CHARLES LEBLANC is disarmed. The windows of the back scene open, the English fleet, with all their flags flying, is seen firing a salute—a joyful shout from the Spanish regiments is heard.*

Marquis. Your light horsemen are in prison, Mr. Secretary. Danish and German officers—Gentlemen, it is with regret that I must require your words of honour not to make any attempt to oppose our design—all resistance would be vain, and your courage is sufficiently known, not to need any further proof. Resume your swords, you are no longer prisoners. Heretofore we have fought together under the same banner, a future day may find us combating in the same ranks under the flag of liberty. We quit you to fly to the defence of our country, for before swearing to serve the Emperor, we owed our blood to Spain;—farewell, Gentlemen. Spanish officers—I know too well the corps I have the honour of commanding, to doubt for an instant, the alacrity with which each of you will answer to the call of his country—you are going to measure your swords with the tyrants and conquerors of the world, and the crowd of foreign slaves, whom they are driving upon Spain. You will find our armies disorganized and destroyed, but every Spaniard has become a soldier, and the mountains of the Morena already attest that our peasantry can vanquish the victors of Austerlitz. Treachery has delivered up our fortified towns to the enemy; our arsenals are also in his power. But in each of our unwall'd towns is a Palafox, and our citadels have become as impregnable as that of Saragossa. All our provinces are overrun by the enemy—but every where the French are besieged in their camps. Our king is a captive—but we have still the Pelasgi.—For Spain, Gentlemen, and war without quarter to the French!

All. For Spain!

Marquis. I am going to pass the troops in review. Do you, Don Juan, make sure of that rascal, the Resident; you know my intentions.

[*Goes out with the Spanish and Danish officers.*

Charles Leblanc. Faith, Colonel—this is a comical turning of the tables. But may I be hanged if it was not that damned mother of mine that sold this pass upon us.

Don Juan. What is your name?

Charles Leblanc. Charles Leblanc, Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Imperial Guards.

Don Juan. Can it be possible, Sir, that an officer belonging to a corps so justly esteemed, should descend to the trade of an assassin?

Charles Leblanc. That title does not apply to me. I did not intend to assassinate any one.

Don Juan. And those light horsemen?

Charles Leblanc. In the first place, they were not to have fired, but at the last extremity; and even in that case, it could not be called an assassination, but an ambuscade, which is quite a different thing. To assassinate, may become a scoundrel of a monk or a *mouchard*; but an ambuscade is not degrading to a brave officer.

Don Juan. Sir, you appear to be much better acquainted with the articles of the military code than with the distinctions of right and wrong. But will you tell me what that soldier merits who comes to an ambuscade out of uniform?

Charles Leblanc. I feel that if you order me to be shot, as you have the right, I shall not have a word to say; but still as I am very anxious not to be taken for a *mouchard* by a brave officer, I beg you to remark (and note that I do not ask for my life), that I have, in no way whatsoever, sought to find out your secrets, to see where your regiments were encamped, or your artillery placed—nothing at all of that kind. I laid in ambuscade for you, as I have had already the honour of telling you. I avow that I was wrong to come dressed like a *pekin**—and yet this coat?—No, I can never make it out a military one. Come, I see I must have a bullet through my head to teach me never again to quit my uniform.

* A name of contempt by which the French military designate the civilians.

Don Juan. No—you have a name which saves you, M. Leblanc.

Charles Leblanc. Ah ! Probably you are in love with either my mother or sister, who serve in the regiment of *mouchards*.

Don Juan. Silence !

Charles Leblanc. To the devil with the *mouchards* ! Order me to be shot—I should not like to have it said that the life of an officer of the Imperial Guard was spared for the sake of such *canaille*.

Don Juan. No—I give you your life in consideration of your courage.

Charles Leblanc. I accept it on that condition. Colonel, you are an excellent fellow, you have the look of a brave soldier, though you have not yet bitten so many cartridges as I have. And yet I am but a poor devil of a lieutenant, and you—Oh ! what an excellent service that of Spain must be.

Don Juan. Should you wish for a company in our division ?

Charles Leblanc. No, the devil take me if I do. I should prefer being cut into quarters rather than wear any but the French cockade.

Enter a SERGEANT.

Sergeant. Colonel—we have been seeking every where for the Resident, but cannot find him. However, the rope is quite ready at the inn-door.

Charles Leblanc. Ah ! ah ! and so there is a halter dangling over the door, instead of the sign of the Three Crowns.

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, dressed in the uniform of Don Juan's regiment.

Madame de Coulanges. Colonel, your regiment is about to march and only waits for you.

Don Juan. Oh ! my dear Eliza !

Charles Leblanc [*aside, and turning away*]. My sister ! May the devil fetch her !

Don Juan. There is the cannon giving the signal of departure. Come, my dearest love.

Madame de Coulanges. Farewell France. I shall never see you again !

Charles Leblanc [*aside*]. France is well rid of you. [*Aloud.*] Adieu, Colonel, I do not thank you. [*Don Juan, Madame de Coulanges, and Spanish soldiers go out.*]

Charles Leblanc [*at the window*]. Gallant looking troops, faith ! charming *coup d'œil*. What a fine thing to command a division such as that. By the right flank ! into column ! march ! How stupidly these Danes stare at them like so many plucked geese !

RESIDENT enters, opening the door cautiously.

Resident. I hear no noise—all must be over. I may now venture, as I no longer hear the voices of the Spaniards. Ah ! my dear Lieutenant, you here ! Have we not managed our affairs in gallant style. I was obliged to make head against a dozen of them below stairs. Why the devil did you not wait for me ?

Charles Leblanc. Look out of the window.

Resident. Heavens ! La Romana at the head of the Spaniards ! What does all this mean ?

Charles Leblanc. It means that we have been betrayed, that I should have been shot but for Colonel Juan Diaz, and that they are looking for you to hang you !

Resident. To hang me !

Charles Leblanc. They wish to make you serve as a sign to this inn ; do you see that halter ? It is your neck that it waits for.

Resident. To hang me !

Charles Leblanc. Yes, truly—I wish you a happy time of it, Mr. Resident.

Resident. Oh ! Heavens ! and will you not defend me, Lieutenant ?

Charles Leblanc. What can I do ? I am disarmed. The best thing you can do is to ask pardon of these Gentlemen and Ladies.

Resident. Thus finishes the comedy : excuse the faults of the author.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXIII.

THE last number of the Quarterly has realised the fears of its friends, and gratified the most sanguine expectations of its enemies. A more impracticable mass of dulness we have not encountered for many a day; not a trace of talent of any one sort or description is discoverable throughout its dreary pages. In Mr. Gifford's time, the manner of this review was far superior to the matter; under the new editor, the one is exactly worthy of the other; the varnish has departed, and, poor as the naked material is, it is disfigured with blots and blemishes of style, for which a school-boy would suffer correction. People used to say formerly that though the Quarterly was not famous for depth of thought, or any extraordinary devotion to truth, yet, that it possessed some literary merit (a miserable measure of praise to be sure); now, all things correspond, and nonsense is tattled in appropriate slip-slop. This is as it should be, and we are disposed to give due credit to Mr. Coleridge for having presented his Review in a guise so strictly suitable to its matter. There is now no trickery, no wordy embellishments, no setting off of common-places in sounding phrases; nay, the very decencies of grammar are dispensed with, and the ordinary proprieties of speech are disregarded; thus the most idle reader sees the thing precisely as it is in all its naked nothingness. The Quarterly has suddenly moulted; its fine plumage has disappeared, and those persons whose eyes would never have searched below a specious surface, have now an opportunity of seeing how lean a carrion it is. The public have to thank the ingenuousness of the new editor for this honest display.

The first article is called *Church of England Missions*; it commences with the following sentence, "Before the suppression of the Jesuits, Muratori triumphantly appealed to their missions, as one of the visible and evident signs that the Roman Catholic was the true Church." Muratori's idea of proving the truth of certain doctrines by the conduct of a certain set of men seems sufficiently absurd, and we were prepared for some ridicule of the notion, but before the writer gets to the end of his first short paragraph, he adopts the absurdity of transferring it to the Protestant side of the question, and gravely observes that, "There is, indeed, little temerity in affirming, that a comparison between the plain sincerity of the Protestant accounts" (of missions), "and the elaborate machinery of the Catholics would go far towards satisfying any sane mind upon the question which is the true church." The knights of old, by a process of logic, somewhat similar and equally rational, made their own deeds in arms a proof of their mistresses' superlative beauty. One cannot exactly comprehend how A.'s knocking B. off his horse could be evidence of C.'s beauty, and one marvels no less how Z.'s zeal in preaching the Scriptures in Africa, can be evidence of the truth of certain doctrines received in England and disputed at Rome. The article

proceeds in a manner worthy of its commencement, but as it is an unmanageable woolpack of a thing, we do not much care to meddle with it; the author appears to have written it with the design of having an open hit at the Catholics, and a sly hit at the Evangelical folks. For a specimen of his performance in the latter way, we quote a delectable stroke of satire; a more unwieldy essay at wit we never remember to have seen.

In this outburst of zeal one missionary society of a more questionable description has been instituted, its professed design being 'the general evangelization of Great Britain.' *Evangelization! Bless us, what a word.* The friends of religion are called upon by the institutors of this Home Missionary Society, 'to connect the eternal interests of their perishing fellow-sinners with their tours for recreation or business,' and to 'combine their energies for the diffusion of evangelical truth by every practical method, till not a city or town, village or hamlet, shall remain destitute of the means of salvation.' The society it seems has discovered, that there are in this kingdom, 'numerous places, where a short sermon and hurried prayers are all the religious instruction afforded from week to week; that in others, that scanty instruction is only had monthly; in others, quarterly or half yearly, and in others not at all. But this is not all; they have discovered that there are towns and cities in Great Britain *destitute of the means of salvation.* Perhaps then we may have been hitherto mistaken concerning the site of Old Sarum, and they have found that celebrated city in a state of perfect preservation, fully peopled, and having lost nothing but its religion and its two representatives. Or more probably—for, notwithstanding our respect for whatever is stated in an official report, we cannot yet entirely believe that towns and cities in this deplorable state of destitution exist among us above ground, *perhaps they may have opened a tunnel, or sunk a shaft to the submerged city of Ariconium, which, as he who was inspired by Cider tells us, sunk in an earthquake; and this is the more probable, because Herefordshire appears to have been a favourite scene of their exploratory travels. A British Herculeum would, indeed, be a rare discovery, and especially with the people all alive: the world will not be a little curious to learn the condition of the subterranean citizens, who are in want of the gospel; what has been their manner of life in the lower regions; what substitute they have found for the sun, (a secret particularly desirable to us at some seasons of the year;) and what their present religion may be.*

"*Palladian Architecture of Italy,*" which stands second, is an article written in the extreme of the twaddling fashion. The matter is inoffensive enough, but the style in this age of tolerably good writing is quite a curiosity, more especially in a Quarterly Journal particularly nice in this matter, and confessedly critical to a furious degree. The Pantheon at Rome, is spoken of as, "a building to which at the same time, *we are greatly indebted for setting the example* of the beautiful domes which adorn so many of our modern churches," p. 48. Would to heaven, that some of our graceless buildings would mend their manners, and set examples, and that the nation might be '*indebted,*' to them for any thing but the money which they cost. In the style of all twaddlers the author of the paper under consideration is incessantly *hoping* and *fearing*, and *sorrowing* about something or other: he is *sorry* that the magnificence of Genoa is very deficient in real architectural taste, and he *hopes* that the interior of a church at Naples will be worthy of *it*; this building, we are told, *promises* magnificence. Such slip-slop as the following also occurs plentifully in every page—"The work of Count

Cicognara has much greater pretensions, and *from its price cannot EXPECT* a great number of purchasers," p. 65. Alas, poor work! 'Nobody's coming to *purchase* me, nobody's coming to *buy*.' In another place—"Though the façade of San Carlo cannot *compare* in purity of design with that of our Covent Garden." We now take sentences at random—"Architectural taste has improved in Rome, as well as the rest of Italy," p. 58; i. e. the rest of Italy has improved in Rome. "Its front is ornamented with composite columns and pilasters, fluted and reeded, over a rustic basement and above the frieze, which might have been in better taste; a balustrade, with arms and statues," p. 50. The verb was probably thought not worthy of insertion. And this article, abounding as it does in such errors, has passed under the eye of an editor!

Art. 3. "*Early Roman History*." This paper on Early Roman History, is chiefly remarkable for setting watering places in their true light. By process of going to watering places, it appears, that men lose their pedantry and ignorance, that is to say, if they travel in the Dilly, and converse with their fellow passengers about the price of things, the fashions, and the weather; and if, in short, they make themselves agreeable, and talk of Jack, and Dick, and Tom, and so forth; for otherwise the journey is thrown away, and they arrive at Margate and Ramsgate, or may be at Brighton, just as ignorant and pedantic as they set out. As a specimen of twaddling we hold this to be unmatched.

With far more truth than when it was originally spoken, we may now say, that 'we have made every land and every sea accessible to our enterprise;' yet our communication, extensive as it is, with foreign countries, is far surpassed by that wonderful internal intercourse, by which the remotest corners of our own island, we trust that ere long we may say islands, are connected and bound together, one with another. We believe it is no exaggeration to say, that if any two gentlemen were to be thrown together by accident in a stage-coach in any part of the country, and would consent to enter freely into conversation, they would soon find some one person, if not many! with whom they were both acquainted, and would thus have something of a tie to prevent them from feeling towards each other as perfect strangers. This is one good produced by our locomotive habits, and by the *practice of visiting watering--places* in different parts of the kingdom; and it is one which, if duly considered, will be found of immense importance. It produces directly an amalgamation of the several classes of society; men differing widely in rank and profession associate with each other; and thus, from the mixture of their acquaintance, even where the circle of it be small, they lose that pedantry and ignorance which are the invariable consequences of living alone, or associating only with persons who view every thing in the same light with themselves. As far as the interests of literature are concerned, we believe that this vigorous and healthy circulation, reaching, as it does, to the remotest corners of Great Britain, is even more beneficial than the perfect freedom enjoyed by the press; although doubtless that freedom, as well as the whole character of our political institutions, is favourable to the perfection of the understanding in a degree which can hardly be estimated too highly.

From the number before us, we should be inclined to infer that the Quarterly Reviewers do not go sufficiently often to the sea-side, the articles do not smack of the virtues of the stage-coach; we have, indeed, the jumble of it, but not that freedom from pedantry and ignorance

which is produced by commerce with four inside and six out. Were we Mr. Coleridge, we would send off all the contributors incontinently to the Land's End for the benefit of the journey, and they should not write another line until they had talked two or three hundred miles of Jack, and Dick, and Tom, and Harry, with all comers.

In the next page, the author falls foul of the Eton Greek Grammar, and shows very clearly in a note on it, that he stands much in need of the instructions of an English Grammar.

It will be seen at once that we refer to the Eton Greek Grammar; by whom it was first written, or what character it deserves to bear in relation to the then existing state of knowledge, we know not—but it is decidedly behind the present age, and does not tend to give boys an accurate knowledge of the parts of speech, or the principles of syntax. We cannot but think that it might well become some of the members of the collegiate body, who have ‘all appliances and means,’ present leisure, past experience, sufficient *learning in all, in some*, as every one knows, a high degree of it, and an *admirable* library; to do something for its improvement. From the masters themselves it would be most unreasonable to expect any labour in addition to their present overwhelming occupations.

“Sufficient learning in all, in some.” What in the name of Priscian could the writer find no substantive, for the acquirements of the collegiate body, did he (the satirical rogue!) leave a blank for it, and has the careful and most critical editor neglected to fill it up?

Art. IV.—“*Origin of Equitable Jurisdiction.*”—We had rather get into Chancery itself than plunge into such an article as this, it contains thirty-three pages, chiefly filled with the titles of Kings’ reigns, Edw. I. and Edw. II., Edw. I. and Edw. III., Henry II. and Henry III., and such promising looking reading, but we *have* read it, and a rare jumble it is, “confusion worse confounded.”

“*South America*,” a review of Mr. Caldclough’s book follows, and in the first paragraph we were struck by the generous copiousness of the writer’s style. “Lamentable,” says he, “as the fate of this fine but unfortunate country may have been, in the best of times that are gone by, p. 125.” It is very obliging in him to assure us that past times “*are gone by.*” There is nothing particularly deserving of notice in this paper, which is dull and long, except that the author opines that a good large glass of brandy is not the proper treatment for a run-away negro, and the Quarterly Reviewers think unanimously that it is likely to operate “rather as a reward for past offences, than encouragement for future amendment;” the English halts a little here, to be sure, but the sentence is the grandest in the whole number; it is a pity that so fine and stately a thing should have been expended on a glass of liquor. We had nearly omitted a famous bounce which the reviewer, good easy man! inserts merely as an “*extraordinary circumstance.*”

In the province of the Mines the following extraordinary circumstance is said to have happened:

“At Saint João del Rey, a young man went into the woods, was bitten on the instep by a rattle-snake, came home ill and died. His widow (time being very precious with the fair sex in Brazil) soon married again, and her second availed himself of the clothes

of the first, and among other things put on a pair of boots. He was shortly afterwards taken ill and died. A third husband followed and experienced the same fate. Another Brazilian, little alarmed by what had happened, and induced, perhaps, by the accumulation of wealth, became the fourth husband, and by chance discovered the fang of a rattle-snake sticking through the instep of the boot, which being worn by his predecessors, had, in a climate where mortification soon occurs, been without doubt the cause of their deaths."

"*Mr. Dibdin's Library Companion.*"—Eight pages of fatiguing irony, by force of which the Quarterly very gallantly slays the slain. One would have thought that poor Mr. Dibdin had been sufficiently punished in the Westminster Review to satisfy the demands of critical justice. It is amusing enough to find the following paragraph in a Review so scandalously faulty in style as the Quarterly *now* is, and so much given to puffing for a bookseller as it always has been, continues to be, and ever will be as long as it is published in Albemarle-street, by John Murray.

"*Critics, however, as we are, we will confess that no faults in style (pretty fellows they are to talk of style) have tried our patience so much as the miserable system of puffing, which disgraces this no less than Mr. Dibdin's other publications. Knowing no more of him, or his station in life, than we learn from his title-page, we are yet provoked to see a member of his profession lower himself into a sort of walking puff for booksellers and book collectors, engravers and auctioneers. Yet so it is; puffing, oblique and direct, unmeasured, unceasing puffing, is more than any thing else, the characteristic of the volume,*" p. 158. So true it is as the Scotch say, that the "fastest thief calls loudest fie."

Art. VII.—"*Past and Present State of the Country.*"—Of course, we were prepared to find every thing en beau under this head, and we were not disappointed. Hitherto the Quarterly has made a great display of its imagination on this subject; in this paper, for the first time, we think it has ventured to commit to paper some solid truths which factious men will find it difficult to dispute. For example, the author does not hesitate to affirm that, "Few persons begin to build new houses till they have obtained the means both of building and afterwards of living in them," p. 167. The Reviewer is altogether extremely profound on the subject of building houses; the building of houses, he contends, is not only a proof that there is the money to pay for the building of houses, but it is a mode of positively increasing the wealth of the nation, for, says he, "The scite of the building, in the first place, generally acquires an additional value, from the circumstance of being chosen for that purpose. The materials which constitute the several portions of a house are, for the most part, of little value, till the different descriptions of them are brought into contact by human labour. *The stone which is valueless in the quarry becomes immediately valuable, when brought to the surface.* A profit out of it is gained in the operation, by the labourers, of all that their wages exceed the cost of their subsistence, and even the providing their subsistence, their clothing, and

household furniture, leaves a profit to the tradesmen who supply them. The master quarrier derives a profit to the amount of the difference between the wages he has paid and the price for which he sells the stone. The stone must be conveyed to the place fixed on for the house by boats or waggons, or both," &c. &c. &c. p. 168. Of a truth, this is wonderful Economy. Nothing can be more exquisite than the manner in which the writer goes on to describe the business of house building, so as not to offend polite readers by the mention of mean things. He has occasion to speak of mortar: observe how delicately he handles the matter. "Before the crude substance can be made of use, another must be prepared by a more operose process, *to cement the several parts into a solid mass*," p. 168. But we must leave the Reviewer in the midst of his brick and mortar, and pass to his view of the improvement in the condition of the lowest class. Such strides have the lower orders made of late years in good living, that "wheaten bread is now almost universally eaten, and even *fastidiously selected* by the labouring poor." The rogues have become absolute epicures. A little further on, the writer sets off the present habitations of the poor by contrasting them with the cottages of his young days; this picture is really curious, but we cannot help thinking that the painter must be a prodigiously old gentleman.

It is not many years ago that the cottages in the country had no flooring but that which nature furnished, and that a composition of lime and sand was beheld by the neighbours of him who enjoyed such a refinement, as a luxury to be envied. The mud walls were rarely covered with any coat of plastering; there was no ceiling under the straw roof, *and when any chamber was in the house, it was accessible only by a ladder or by a post with notches indented to receive the foot in climbing to it.* The doors and windows did not close sufficiently to exclude the rain or the snow, and in wet weather puddles were scattered over the inequalities in the mud floor. It is now rare in the country to see a cottage without a brick or stone or wood floor, without stairs to its chambers, without plastering on the walls, and without doors and windows tolerably weather-tight.

"*Irish Fairy Tales.*"—This is a puff direct of some tales which have been written by somebody, whom the Quarterly Reviewer, or the Quarterly Editor, or the Quarterly Publisher desires to serve. The article, which is made up of long extracts, commences with this turgid nonsense. "Popular tales recommend themselves to the antiquary, by illustrating the origin or connection of different races of men; to the philosopher, as being usually the vehicle of some physical or moral truth; and, to the general reader, as exhibiting specimens of national manners, and affording innocent and not irrational entertainment." The author of the Tales, or "*Storier*," as these most critical gentlemen are pleased to call him, is likened to Ariosto, or rather Ariosto to him, with a necessary qualification about prose and poetry, and then follow some merciless extracts, which show the favour of the Reviewer more strongly than the merit of the book. After these specimens, the writer simpers after this silly fashion. "Our readers will perceive that we are much

pleased with this little work ; we will confess, that like the miser, ' we must touch something real,' for real that may be called

——— which daring to depart

From sober truth, is still to nature true,
and we prefer one of the homeliest of these stories, exhibiting something of nature and truth to"—but, hold, we sicken.

Sacred Poetry.—There are two whimsical things in this article. One is a note, in which the Editor says that he has altered a couplet in an extract, in order to avoid a grammatical incorrectness, which strikes us as droll enough, seeing the abundance of grammatical errors in the Review itself, which would appear more especially to demand his Editorial care. The other is a surmise, in p. 229, that Milton drew the portrait of the Devil with peculiar zest, because he was a republican, and therefore had a partiality for, or a fellow feeling with, old Nick.

"*Wines, Ancient and Modern*" Though a paper of no remarkable merit, is decidedly the best in the number, and the only one written in a workmanlike manner. It is said, that the author has helped himself out of an article on Wines, in another periodical ; we wish that his fellow labourers would follow his example, and give us any thing but their own lucubrations.

FOUR SONNETS

COMPOSED DURING ASCOT RACE WEEK,

BY A PERSON OF SENTIMENT.

No. 1.

ASCOT.

Addressed to William Wheatley, Esq. Jockey to Lord Lowther.

Here's the correct List ! the only correct List, printed by authority.
Crier of the Course.

Show me, I pray you, Wheatley ! For I'm here,
A youngster at these revels ; show to me,
As they go by, or elsewhere may appear,
The characters and all I ought to see ?
Well then—turn this way—" turn we to survey"
The great, the small ;—now, that is, to the right,
The Duke of York in green, upon his bay,
Talking to Lady Darlington in white :
There goes Will Arnold to ride Waltz, I hear,
And on the poney, this, observe him fully,
Is Goodison with all his jockey gear,
That's Mr. Dilly—there,—near Mr. Gully ;
Yonder's the room for *un deux cinque*, beneath
The betting stand, and this, Sir's Ascot Heath !

No. 2.

TO MULETEER.

(With a few Notes by Bill Wheatley.)

A Horse ! a Horse !—*Shakspeare*.

Lo ! Stand aside ! See with what deer-like pace
 The lithe and glowing racer steps along !
 Following his urchin guide with easy grace,
 Just fresh from conquest through that mighty throng !
 Mark his proud neck, his nostrils started wide,
 His full veins, gorgeous with ancestral * blood !
 His eye dilated, and the embossed stud
 Of silver foam † upon his golden hide !
 See with what conscious glory he goes forth,
 Following his stripling leader ; this is he
 That lost one Southern ‡ Day,—but to the North,
 Now looketh for a matchless victory !
 To day triumphant, what hath he to fear ?
 “ How carols now the lusty *Muleteer* ! § ”

* Muleteer was got by Muley, out of Norah, by John Bull, out of Nimble, by Florizel ; Grandam, Rantipole, by Blank, out of Joan, sister to Careless, by Regulus ; Silvertail, by Whitenose, Rattle, Darley Arabian.

† He won easy, beating Cat and another several lengths. But the day was hot, and the New Mile is up hill all the way. He ran in however on a tight rein. It must be allowed that Will Arnold on Cat did all he could.

‡ I suppose the gentleman means the *Derby*. I only know I rode to orders,—which were to go away and make strong running all the way. I led as far as Tottenham Corner, but could not hold the pace from the severe running I had made. The horse was not well on that day, which Web was, but he will do his work in the St. Leger.

§ I don't understand this line.

No. 3.

ETON.

Ah ! fields beloved in vain !

There never sure were greener meadows than
 These which surround, Eton ! thine antique pile !
 Nor ever, to my fancy, water ran
 More pleasantly, or with a brighter smile,
 Than this, which goeth on its constant way,
 Reflecting placid skies and stately trees,
 Tuning its sweet voice to the urchins' play :—
 Ah ! were there ever happier lads than these !—
 I trace the brave brow, through the tatter'd hat,
 The lusty form under the well-torn coat ;
 The sun-burnt hand resting upon the bat,
 The open collar, and the tawny throat :
 And muse if Canning ever did appear
 So ragged, bold, and brown, as any here

No. 4.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

It was a vast and venerable pile.—*Byron.*

The day is over, and the silent moon
 Sleepeth serenely upon Windsor Towers ;
 Oh ! sweet it is, after the noisy hours,
 The heat, the mad confusion, of the noon ;
 To wander here, and muse on centuries fled,
 To nurse entranced thoughts, charm'd as the night,
 Thoughts of the gracious and the gallant Dead,
 Whose spirits love to walk in this mild light !
 Here Surry pass'd a sweet imprisonment,
 Sighing, on nights like this, a lover's sighs ;
 The while upon the walls he dreaming leant,
 And to the Mayden tower upraised his eyes,
 Here, with the muse, he weaved the magic line,
 And wrought the web of fame, for Geraldine !

ON THE PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.

AFTER a long period of neglect, the spirit of improvement has at last fallen upon our capital, and London is now about to prove that it possesses a taste for somewhat more than honest plain buildings of "good brown brick." Regent-street has become the new wonder of the world ; but we have inspected Mr. Nash's plan, and are happy to say, that our wondering is yet far from exhausted.

For, wonderful to tell, His Majesty, the King of England, George the Fourth, is really going to have a palace to live in, and the foreigner, who may visit our future city, will not have to inquire whether St. James's is a workhouse or a jail. It was not too soon, we must admit. The order of society did really seem a little inverted of late, when palaces were built for the criminals, and the jail erected for what is commonly called the executive power.

Mr. Nash's improvements are not, however, confined to the renovation of Buckingham house, or rather to the building of a new palace ; since they imply a great deal more, of which, as far as can be done without a plan and drawing, we must attempt to convey some notion to our readers. And here also we are really bound to premise some compliment to this worthy person, who, like the other conspicuous men of the earth, has had his share of censure and caricature. We are not just now going to examine the details of his architecture, whether for praise or blame, or to talk of putty and paper ; but we really can say, that we consider his views as liberal and just, generally rational, and often grand, while, in

the directness of his purposes, his willingness to listen, and the quiet simplicity of his explanations, he much reminds us of one whom Paris, and whom foreigners visiting Paris, will long regret ;—good old Denon.

The great improvement now under agitation is not that which is directly connected with the new palace and the park; the general, if not the particular, details of which are already adopted and sanctioned. To explain the nature of this, it must first be stated, that the British Museum is to remain what it is, the National Museum, but to be rendered sufficiently capacious and commodious for its purposes; while the additions will also be so managed as to give it a respectable architectural form. That it may be rendered more convenient of access, and that it may also be displayed to the public view, as all the great buildings of a city ought, an opening in the nature of a *Place* (we want an English word) will be made, by removing all the buildings which lie between it and the church of Bloomsbury, so often and so idly abused by those who had not taste to appreciate its value, and who have followed, in hereditary succession, a silly outcry, sanctioned, if not excited, by Hogarth.

We need not attempt, without a ground plan, to name the streets which will thus be sacrificed; nor do we really much regret this, or any other of the sacrifices which must be made for the purpose of carrying the remainder of this great plan into execution; and which we must, for the same reasons, equally forbear to detail. The sentimental philanthropy, which is or was the fashion of the day, indulges itself in weeping over the inconveniences of those who must be removed; but, like much other pseudo-philanthropy, this is rarely aught else but the effusion of spite, or the spirit of opposition. To talk of a hundred or a thousand families turned out of the homes of their habits and affections into the street is extremely affecting, and, with a little additional cant, is often highly poetical and very picturesque. A little arithmetic might teach these ultrahumane personages, that one man or one family suffers only as one, and not as a hundred; and that, in this case, after all the *sentiment* in which it can be expressed, the said individuals are merely doing, under compulsion, what they are so often doing voluntarily. No man likes to be compelled to do any thing, even for his own good, we do not deny: but, really, if the wretched shoemakers and taylor's who are now perched over each others heads in dirty garrets, or the Irish who are enjoying the beauties and conveniences of Dyot-street, shall be obliged to seek clean houses and fresh air, we need not lament very bitterly for them, nor care very deeply for their lamentations. That the Seven Dials and all their dependencies should be swept clean from the face of the earth, is a circumstance to be wished, for the sake of themselves, as well as of the world at large: and even this is not one of the least beneficial consequences of the improvements of our own city, or of any city.

When a housemaid wishes to rout the moths, she ferrets out all the latent and dirty corners and creeks, and lets in the light and air of

heaven upon them. If darkness is the friend of moths, so it is of vice, or whence also are evil deeds called deeds of darkness? Light is the attribute of heaven; darkness of hell. There is much power in associations, though we do not often attend to them; and hence it is that, not only light, but order and cleanliness, are scarcely compatible with the coarseness of vulgar vices, or the existence of ordinary crime. It is certain, that by a forcible introduction of the minor decencies of life, or of that which is necessary to them, light and order, space, cleanliness, and comfort, the more vulgar, baser, or vicious, classes of society are gradually reformed. Hence the advantages which we have gained from the introduction of gas lights, no less than from the various other improvements, which the condition of society in the lower orders has lately undergone.

It would have been impossible that the alterations which distinguished Hedge-lane, Pudding-lane, or any other notorious haunt of former vice, could have existed, had not Pudding-lane and Hedge-lane been created. These were their academies, the hot beds in which they germinated; just as Greek and coach-driving, boxing, rowing, and Latin, are the growth of Eton and Westminster. We may here apply the noted saying of John Knox, "Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away."

And, in fact, the demolition of Hedge-lane has materially diminished the quantity of vulgar vice and crime, as have all the improvements, which we need not enumerate, that have taken place in various parts of the town within these twenty years. It would be utterly impossible that Dyot-street or Westminster should still be the disgraceful and dangerous places they are, if they were even widened, lighted, and improved. For thus also they are brought under the public eye, and thus one of the greatest causes of crime, concealment, is opposed or prevented. If Westminster and Dyot-street were pulled down, it is a truism indeed, that they would cease to exist; but it is no less certain, that their metaphysical entity would also disappear, and that we should slay the soul with the body.

And this effect would be produced, partly by the causes which we have just stated, and partly by breaking up old societies, old associations, and associated pursuits, and old habits. It was, perhaps, a refinement which changed the names of so many of those streets; and yet we really believe that it produced a good effect. We are very sure that the present wish of the parish of St. Giles, to enlarge Holborn, or rather, its own great street, will effect much more, if it should be executed. We have always considered that a bad policy which retains and encourages those haunts of crime called Flash houses, that so the police may the easier lay hands on a criminal. These are the academies of vice and crime, and without them it must disappear; and really, were they much less, it is a singular policy which encourages the intercourse of thieves and criminals, and provides them asylums for the purpose of diminishing

the injuries which they do to society. But it is the system of Jonathan Wild. It is the trade of the police officer to watch, and perhaps to check crime; but not to prevent or abolish it, lest he should act as a Leicestershire squire would do, if it entered into his head to shoot all the foxes.

Under these views, which we might easily have supported by much more argument and illustration, we are confident that it would be a right policy for every great city, not to suffer the building of those narrow streets, allies, and courts, and of those complicated and concealed lodging houses, which are now the frequent habitations of the lower orders. And if it would be good policy as it relates to vice, so would it be as to health. It is not only that the health of the poor themselves would be improved and their diseases diminished, but there would be thus cut off one of the greatest sources of contagious disorders, which, generated in their abodes of dirt and misery, spread wide into the better or upper ranks. To the people themselves, it is an act of imperative humanity; and if there were no other reason, that is one, at least, which ought to produce its effect in every well regulated community.

Unquestionably, the poor, as they are vulgarly called, must have houses accommodated to their means as well as wants; but that is no reason why they should be condemned to darkness and filth; why they should not have light, and air, and water, and be so placed that they may appear to belong to the general and better society, instead of being banished into holes, like noxious vermin. To feel that they were introduced to the public at large, that they were seen, that they were not despised and shunned, would soon influence their moral faculties and improve their general conduct; and, thus, a variety of collateral good effects become implicated in the improvements to which we here allude, as a variety of causes are brought into useful action by one or two simple acts and regulations.

We cannot here undertake to point out the facility with which proper streets and houses might be provided for the lower orders, nor to indicate a plan; as that would lead us to transgress our bounds, and trespass on Mr. Nash's rights. But, improved as are the habits of town societies and of London, or rather of Britain at large; improved as are the common people themselves in wealth and ambition, and improved as we (the upper) ourselves are in our consideration towards our inferiors, it is impossible that such streets and such dwellings as we have here been contemplating, should ever be built again.

Hence, therefore, whatever destroys any portion of what we have been condemning, must be advantageous, because it cannot fail to be replaced by something better. And hence also arises one of the leading advantages of all the projected improvements which will demolish what ought not to be preserved. It is not the obvious one, but it is not perhaps the least. The public at large will perhaps see nothing but wider and better streets, and easier communications; but there are many who will

feel, when the first trouble of removing is past, that they have been the gainers, like their superiors whom they have reviled.

Now to return to our projected improvement: it is intended to carry a street from the British Museum, of dimensions similar to Regent-street, straight to Charing-cross, or nearly so. It will be easy to see, in the map of London, how much of the society to which we have alluded will thus be routed, to their vast future benefit, as well as to that of the town at large. The obvious effect, however, is that of bringing the British Museum within reach of the great focus of London, and of thus removing one of the greatest objections to it as the place of our public collections of literature, antiquity, and natural history. It will thus cease to be the lost, forgotten place which it has been; to reach it, will no longer be the expensive and inconvenient labour which has been the case, and it will also be the terminal point, and most apparent purpose, of one of the most magnificent streets of our city.

It is not immaterial that every thing of this nature should offer a tempting access, and should also be kept in the public eye. Those who have a strong motive, whether to consult books or aught else, will doubtless always find their way to a place of this nature, however inconvenient; but when we consider how valuable time is to that description of persons, and how often they are not too rich, we shall see how necessary it is that every facility should be afforded to them. Moreover, those who have had occasion to be engaged in works of research are well aware how often it is necessary to return to a library, on a fact in antiquity, art, or natural history, to verify some particular, and often very minute circumstance, perhaps a single date. If the labour be too great, or the expense, it will often be calculated whether the produce will repay its cost; and thus carelessness and inaccuracy become frequent results.

On this subject, we shall even hazard a collateral remark; and it is, that, under proper regulations, the public, or a certain description of it, ought to be allowed to borrow books from an institution of this nature, as is permitted in the King's Library in Paris, and as is also allowed in both the great libraries of Edinburgh. The nature of the restrictions is sufficiently obvious: and if unique or rare books, or manuscripts, are excepted, there really seems no reason why that which, if it were lost or injured, could be replaced, should thus be locked up. No inconvenience or loss has ever happened to the libraries which we have named from this liberality, which it would behove us to copy, as we might borrow from our rival nation much more, to our great advantage. In England, we might imagine that libraries were formed that they might not be read, or that, like bibliomaniacs, we had stored them up to look at the bindings: and really, the Bodleian might almost as well be made of wood, for any great use it is made of to the public, or to its university. To the under graduate, the very person who wishes to read, and ought to read, it is sealed; while it is opened to him who has fattened himself

with port and porter into the monastic habits of a hog, and who, if he ever did read, has long lost the desire of reading.

But a museum is not collected solely for the sake of those who already know its contents, but that it may be a school to the ignorant. It should be one of its objects to give a stimulus to the acquisition of that knowledge which it has the means of imparting, to excite that taste which it has the power to gratify. For this purpose, it cannot be too free, too obvious, too easy of access in every manner. It ought to be thrust on a public which will rarely step aside, out of its way, for such a purpose; for, even under a much stronger stimulus, and sufficient facility, it is rare that a man reads the books on the upper shelves of his library. This difficulty was the ruin of the Leverian Museum; and we much rejoice in every thing that will lead to diminish it in the case of a National one. There is much to be done, as to the education and cultivation of the lower and middling orders, by the sight or studies of such objects, in improving their taste, their feelings and morals, and their legitimate ambition. And it is thus only that they will also learn to respect public monuments and public property; and that the practices which mark our lower orders, to the disgrace of Britain, will be abolished or cease, and its populace become, like those of France and Italy, humanized as to the exposed objects of art.

While the street to which we have here alluded will promote these various good purposes, it will also open a better and shorter communication with Tottenham-court-road, with Oxford-street, and with Holborn; and thus generate a wide line of easy connection through our intricate town. But we must now examine its other terminations, at its great starting point, Charing-cross.

That this point is that which, in London, displays the strongest tide of human existence, was a remark of Johnson's, and it is a true one. It is the most constant and frequented point of collision between the west and the east, between fashion and commerce; it must be passed by nearly all those that attend our Parliament, our Public Offices, and our Courts of Law, and it is also a leading entrance to the town itself. Naturally, it is a centre, a point of convergence; and no spot in all London offers a better situation for a great *Place* and a public building. At present, it is marked by Greenwich coaches, and the brazen memorial of a king whose image we can never see, even on the 29th of May, without congratulating ourselves, that we have got rid of his incurable race. Charing-cross deserved better treatment, and better it is about to experience.

The improvements actually executed are to be continued in such a manner that a wide and somewhat triangular space, will be produced by sweeping away all that now stands between the New College of Physicians and the commencement, as it will then be, of the Strand. It happens here, fortunately, that, about the middle of this space the

ground is a little elevated for some feet above the general level, and therefore well calculated for a public building. It is intended that there shall be a public building; and as it is held necessary to retain the brazen image to which we have alluded, lest, say the wicked, we should lose sight of the principles of legitimacy, another king will be mounted on another horse, to keep the former in countenance.

Now we must remark, however, that although the execution of this project is probable, the arrangements are not made with the public, and consequently the work has not yet received the several requisite sanctions; otherwise, at least, than in the private breasts of the great individuals who have examined the plans. It is approved by the King, it is approved by Lord Liverpool, and it is approved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it must be approved by the Parliament for the public, because there are necessarily conflicting interests. The crown does not here possess the land which gave it so much facility in conducting Regent-street; but, on the other hand, the public has begun to feel the advantages of improvement, and has become more amenable to the arguments of good taste. It is highly creditable to it, that many parishes, among which we may name St. Giles's, and that the Mercers' company, with some other interests, have petitioned for these improvements, and are anxious to afford every facility. It is not, therefore, likely that any opposition will be made that cannot be overcome. We trust it will prove so.

The public building in question, we must now say, is intended, at present, to be a copy of the Parthenon, and the proposed purpose of it, an Academy of Art. Possibly these intentions may be modified; but, in the mean time, we are not quite sure that a copy of the Parthenon is the best choice that could have been made. Edinburgh is to build a Parthenon; and in whatever estimation we may hold Greek architecture, or whatever beauty we may grant to this particular building, we cannot see the propriety of constructing two copies of it. If indeed, the friends of the Edinburgh subscribers should be insufficient, we shall be pleased to see that building at Charing-cross; and we shall not be very sorry if this should be the case, as the Modern Athens is sufficiently inflated already, and might be in danger of bursting with vanity. The Modern Athens, indeed!—Otherwise, we do hope that our architects will show that they have the power to invent something of their own, and that those in whom the execution must rest will also give them scope for their abilities. We cannot understand what reputation a country is to gain by copying ancient architecture, more than by making copies of pictures or statues; or who can derive any credit from a Parthenon but the stone mason. Though it were not even a copy, though Greek architecture were even more beautiful than it is, the sameness, the identity, we may say, of every Greek temple, is wearisome; since, assuredly, variety of subject is, in this branch of art, as in every other,

essential to its interest and our pleasure. But we must pass from this question, to examine the whole subject of our architecture at some future day.

As connected with the improvements which we have now described, and as uniting them with the recent ones and with the new palace, we must detail that which is to be done respecting Pall Mall.

It is intended to remove Carlton-house, and to form on its site a *place*, or rather a portion of one, which shall unite with that which is already executed. This *place* is also to be a public building, or rather is to be surrounded by public buildings, of which the most important is a National Gallery of Art. Thus much is settled, as are the plans for the palace, together with the designs or elevations. They have all passed the ordeal, displaying the great hieroglyphic of his Majesty, with that of Lord Liverpool, and the more important subscription of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But a great question remains, and on this his Majesty and his Majesty's friends or subjects, and architects are at variance. If his Majesty will not yield; if, to use the term which has been used, the King is wedded to his own opinion, so are his opponents. The Pacha of Egypt would be somewhat troubled to understand this; and could the ghost of Henry VIII. rise from the grave, it would pluck the head from his degenerate successor. We are somewhat improved in a few points, it cannot be denied.

To judge between the king of England and his subjects would not be very decorous on our part; and, really, the arguments appear so well balanced, that we know not very well whether to side with his Majesty or Mr. Nash. In the mean time, the great hieroglyphic stands alone; "*le Roi le veut*;" but he wills in vain. It was not thus in the "good old days" of Queen Elizabeth.

It is his Majesty's opinion that a wide street, or rather *place*, resembling Portland-place in dimensions, should occupy the present site of Carlton gardens. It is Mr. Nash's opinion, that a single terraced row should remain there, and that the gardens should remain for the public and private delectation. His Majesty asserts, that the front to the park should be visible from it, and that if the gardens and trees interpose, that advantage will be lost. It is another argument in his favour, that double the number of houses can then be built; and it may be said, that the enjoyment to individuals obtained from the gardens, during the winter, is too small to justify any great sacrifice for it. His opposers argue reversely, and thus the matter remains.

We could not easily decide, even if we were inclined to try; but, in either case, it is easy to see that a most essential improvement will be made in this part of the town, and that there will be produced a considerable number of excellent houses, adapted for those in the highest ranks, who are deprived of accommodation at present, or who are

crowded into narrow, inconvenient, dark, and noisy streets. We must, therefore, pass by this subject, to notice the new palace; as the great improvements of St. James's Park are necessarily connected with this.

Of the whole building generally, and of the part towards the park in particular, we must speak in terms of praise. Yet we must remark, that the effect of the centre, particularly as it relates to the outline in the sky, is not so good as it might be. We cannot approve of an outline which is lowest in the middle, and which, from the greater importance of the extremities, reduces the consequence of what, though it should not predominate, ought not to be inferior; namely, the centre. The eye is carried off from the point where it should rest, and from which it should diverge; and while we do not consider the effect of the pediment good, it appears to us particularly offensive from being thus the lowest part of the outline. If it must be retained, it would have been easy to give it a greater elevation, by the well known expedients of architecture.

But we have a much greater fault to find with the front towards the gardens, or westward. The effect of the central dome is decidedly bad; and this is exactly one of those unlucky blunders in taste, by which, in our country, a building, otherwise beautiful, is so often marred. It may seem to prove, like much more that we could quote, that our architects are, too often, not thoroughly imbued with the principles and feelings necessary for their art; that they have not formed general correct habits of taste; but effect their objects by borrowing and approximating where they seem to invent, without that real power of invention which, even when it borrows, as it must, preserves that unity of feeling and design which can arise only from a sound judgment, a fine sense of beauty, and a careful cultivation.

We cannot now enter deeply into this question; but in the Greek architecture, and in what is derived from it, the leading character consists in horizontal and vertical lines. We, ourselves, will never cease to speak against even the pediment, an expedient of necessity rather than of taste, however it may predominate in the present Greek Temple. And the proof that it is a radically faulty form, is, that the further it departs from the lowest possible angles, the more it quits the horizontal line, the more offensive it becomes, as is notorious in the Pantheon. The arch is still more faulty, partly because the Greek architects did not use it; and faulty, because its form is adverse to the essential lines of that style. This question we hope to examine more narrowly on some future occasion; but, in the mean time, the dome to which we object, errs on this principle, and errs more than the arch, from the conspicuous place it occupies, and the strong marking of its outline in the sky. A small dome is also, in itself, a mean object; and we do sincerely hope that this part of the design will be re-examined, and that a building, otherwise chaste, and in unison, will not be deformed or marred by what is as useless as it is offensive.

We have now lastly to say, respecting the palace, that the arch of Constantine, modified merely by the substitution of appropriate national sculptures, will be placed in front of it. To this also we must object, partly on the same grounds as we before objected to any copies, and partly because we really do think the Roman triumphal arch a poor invention and unpleasing form. It is always a heavy mass, and it always appears as if it had no office to perform, nothing to do. The large door and the small doors remind us of the idle tale about Sir Isaac Newton, when he made a large hole in his door for his big dog, and a smaller for his little one. Nor does the arch suit the forms and lines which we have just discussed. If each, if the palace and the arch are equally derivations from the Greek architecture, yet the one is more pure than the other, and it is important that this purity should be retained throughout the whole. We hope that his Majesty and Mr. Nash will reconsider the arch in question, and we are sure that it would be abundantly easy to substitute a building more congenial and more beautiful.

But we must dismiss the whole question of the buildings, to examine what is not, perhaps, less important, namely, the improvement of the park itself.

It is probable, that when the palace is completed, that hideous ruin, St. James's, will be demolished. From this springs Mr. Nash's plan, of which the principal feature is to carry a public passage or road through the middle of the park, and to cross the canal by a triumphal bridge in the place of that firework toy which so long disgraced us and our taste. It is also part of the plan, to enlarge the dimensions of the canal, and to render the terrestrial part of the park a series of ornamental shrubberies and walks, like the garden of the Tuilleries.

Approving of the general principle of these improvements, we may offer a few remarks on the details. It has long been a disgrace to the government and to London, that a piece of ground intended for public recreation, should have been enclosed and converted into a paltry farm for feeding cattle, and rendered a source for miserable profit. The foreigner who sees that every thing in England is more subservient to money and money-making, naturally imagines that the king is a cow feeder, and wonders at the poor economy, which, in pretending to be generous to the public, contrives to extract a sort of collateral contraband profit out of its bounty. There is a moral meanness in the aspect of this management, and there is a physical meanness in the very look of the thing itself. There is a dirty field and a dirty ditch, carefully guarded by a palisade, where there might be ornament, and where the people might enjoy themselves. They are excluded, that the Ranger, we presume, may add a perquisite to his salary; and a poor commerce is carried on upon the lands of the crown and the King, and under the very nose of royalty itself. It is not so at the Luxemburg and the Tuilleries; and it is quite time that we should learn from our neighbours to be generous and liberal in little things, as we are in great ones. Petty mean-

nesses, even in private life, are never atoned by acts of splendid generosity. If the Ranger is to suffer, let him be compensated by increase of salary ; but let the public enjoy what ought to have been originally given to it, if it was not.

We trust that the cows will shortly be sent to their proper place, and that the park will really become what it ought long ago to have been, an ornament to London, and a place of recreation for its citizens. We have no objection to the proposed terraced street from Story's-gate to Buckingham-gate ; because, whatever space it may require, the removal of the palisades and the opening of the ground will do much more than compensate for that, while it will in itself be a great improvement. But we cannot approve of any plans which will enlarge or even retain that water which now deforms. At present it is unquestionably a source of diseases, as was long ago shown by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and as the observations excited by that article have most clearly confirmed. It is beneath the high water mark, as is much more of Westminster ; and hence, in spite of the influx of the tide, it must be partially stagnant, and therefore pernicious. The proof of this is, indeed, sufficiently evident in the weeds which form on its surface, and which, in summer, render it a mass of corruption. It is in vain therefore to say that it receives the tide twice a day, as we hear daily said ; for independently of the proof we have thus given, it is plain from the common principles of hydrostatics, that the influx of water at the lower extremity can exert but a very partial influence, and that the remoter water remains nearly unchanged.

We are decidedly of opinion that it ought to be filled up ; and if the ground should continue wet, it might easily be drained by common lifting machinery, as the low lands of Holland and Lincolnshire are unwatered by windmills. The truth is, though it has not been explained to the public as it deserves, that, owing to the sediment brought down by the river, its bed is continually rising, and that the surrounding and adjoining land is thus becoming daily, or rather annually, slowly and gradually lower than the water. This is a natural consequence wherever a river is confined by banks or dykes, which prevent it from diffusing its sediment over the adjoining meadows, and compel it to rest on the bed or bottom. Thus also, every great river assumes this character higher and higher up in the direction of its stream ; while it becomes necessary equally to carry dykes higher upwards in the same direction, and also to elevate them higher with the consequent effort of depressing more lands beneath it, and of depressing what is already beneath it still lower. Hence it is that the Po and the Oroonoko are now running, as if upon walls, above the surrounding country ; as is fast happening to the Thames, and at higher points annually towards its source. Hence arise the fevers and other disorders of Westminster ; effects which have been rendered too conspicuous of late in the case of the Penitentiary.

This is a subject calling for immediate reform, as it relates to a much

wider district than St. James's Park merely, and it can be remedied only by a system of Dutch drainage. We will admit, however, respecting the Park, that if the projected canal is to be enclosed by masonry at its water line, the evil effects may be diminished, if not entirely prevented; since it is certain that it is the shore or line of living and dead vegetables on the margin which is the source of the bad air that produces these disorders. And these disorders are produced even when the water flows, and on the banks of the clearest river, as is notorious in many parts of France, as on the Seine and Loire, where there are no marshes or wet meadows. Madame Campan, in her letters, expresses herself very strongly on this point, and she was the organ of the public opinion about it; an opinion unquestionably just, although in England it is the fashion to ridicule it.

Admitting the projected canal to be walled in on the margin, it is certain that, from the shallowness of the water, it could not be kept free from weeds, unless a stream could be carried through it, for which there are no means. Impure and weedy water can never be ornamental, and it is also probable that it is insalubrious. Indeed, we have never considered such confined and formal pieces of masoned water as at all ornamental, even when pure, and do not think that the Tuilleries or the Luxembourg would lose much if their ponds were converted into flower beds. The whole space within the present palisade is not very large; and we should regret that any part of it were sacrificed to the making of an useless canal, when it might be so much more agreeably and desirably occupied in shrubberies, and walks, and flower borders, as it ought to be. The intended shape is also straight and formal; and it is not, perhaps, the least objection that a piece of water is to be made for the purpose of sleeping beneath a bridge, or that a bridge may find an apology for being built.

For all these reasons, we do hope that the canal will be abandoned, and that the Park will be converted into an ornamental garden, free to the public, yet secured from those wanton injuries, from which, unfortunately, the British public has not yet learnt to abstain. For our parts were we to inhabit the palace, we should certainly object to it decidedly as dangerous to our health; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the canal cannot be filled up and the ground drained too soon. We hope that Mr. Nash will think seriously of this, and that another year will not pass till the pestiferous ditch is for ever abolished. The public seldom trace diseases to their causes. They take them as the visitation of heaven, as unavoidable. But medical men have already determined that numerous, and many little suspected disorders are produced by such ditches and ill-drained lands as this; and it is proper that the public should believe those who have no interest in false reports and opinions on such a case as this; but whose interests, on the contrary, if we are to believe Mr. Godwin, all lie the other way, in cultivating sickness.

In terminating this discussion, we think we are fairly entitled to urge another objection to the construction of water in our public places. The basin in the Green Park can vouch for the propriety and truth of our suspicions. Suicide is often the result of a very transient state of irritation; and when the means are not at hand, the disease, or the desire, often passes away, not to return again. It is not right that any facilities should be afforded to this crime; and we think that a just and accurate police would not suffer even the useless and pernicious piece of water which we have just named to exist. Paris can testify to the truth of our views; and we are confident that, were it not for its too convenient Seine, it would not exhibit one half of that terrific list of suicides which blot its annual records.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. VII.

Paris, June 18, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Give me leave to congratulate your printer on the obstinate and successful war which he wages, not only against all the proper names, but against all words whatever which have the misfortune to appear in my letters in their French dress.* He has made me write *Chaget* and *la Charlatanisme*, whereas I did, in fact, write *Chazet* and *le Charlatanisme*; two words which I assure you go extremely well together. M. Chazet, is a man whose successes disturb the slumbers of the whole herd of underling writers of France.

After being the Southey of Buonaparte, he is now become the Southey of the Bourbons, and the favourite of the Sosthènes. He is in the enjoyment of thirteen places and seven pensions. This great man costs the nation twelve hundred a-year sterling, in spite of which he cannot afford to pay for his hackney coaches. Messrs. Ancelot, De Sangiers, De Bonald, Soumet, le Chevalier Jaquelin, &c. are extremely incensed at the unjust partiality showed towards M. Chazet.

* Our excellent correspondent forgets, that his handwriting is very unlike any thing that has been seen in England before, and that a great many of the names of modern French writers are entirely unknown on this side of the Channel. We have long accused the French of mangling our proper names in a most barbarous manner; the fact is, that the offence is mutual, and very difficult to avoid. In the absence of familiarity with the name, there is no guide of analogy, or at least but little to lead a foreigner right. *Chaget* is just as good French, as *Chazet*, to our printer; and there are many gentlemen in Yorkshire or Devonshire, who think it of very little consequence whether that illustrious writer spells his name with a *z* or a *g*.—The other error pointed out is indeed unpardonable, and we quite agree with M. Grimm, *le jeune*, that Mr. Parker should look to his genders.—ED.

Now that I have found fault with your printer, I must find fault with myself. My last letter seems to me too political. What I undertook was to give you a portrait of the moral and literary aspect of Paris. In order faithfully to perform my engagement, I ought this month to confine myself to the absurdities committed on the occasion of the Coronation, which have occupied the public attention. They have been the more striking from the contrast exhibited between the beautiful inventions of Messrs. Corbière and Sosthènes and the perfect kindness, the gracious and agreeable manners of Charles X. and the dignified loyalty of the Dauphin.*

The past month has produced four very remarkable works. The *Dernier Chant de Childe Harold*, and the *Chant du Sacre*, by M. de la Martine; the *Théâtre Espagnol* of Clara Gazul, and the *Prisonniers du Caucase*, by the Count Xavier de Maistre. The two latter works will most probably be translated into English. As for M. de la Martine's poems, it appears to me almost impossible that a foreigner should be able to appreciate their merits. M. de la Martine is, in my opinion, the second of living French poets, but he is utterly destitute of common sense. This is true to the letter.

In the *Dernier Chant de Childe Harold*, for instance, he makes the vessel set sail without weighing anchor.

La voile, qui s'entrouvre au vent qui l'arrondit,
Monte de vergue en vergue, et s'enfle et s'aggrandit;
Et couvrant ses flancs noirs de l'ombre de son aile,
Fail pencher sur les flots le vaisseau qui chancelle;
On lève l'ancre, il fuit;—(P. 49).

The pleasant part of the story is, that M. de la Martine has frequently been at sea. But, instead of thinking of what was doing in the ship, instead of seeing the operations going on around him, he was absorbed in some waking dream. If M. de la Martine is incapable of acquiring a truth so simple as the necessity of weighing anchor before setting sail, what on earth will he make of all those moral and political truths, which are, as it were, the every-day current coin of conversation; the materials out of which the national stock of good sense is composed?

M. de la Martine has not so much as a suspicion of their existence. The thoughts which form the basis of the two poems in question have, consequently, an air of perfect childishness. You must know, such at least is the received report, that M. de la Martine was educated in an ultra family not less remarkable for the narrowness of its ideas than for its nobility. The young poet is hemmed in by obsolete, narrow, and paltry opinions. From the time of the publication of his *Méditations Poétiques* (which hold their rank as a master-piece) he has been taken

* We cannot help thinking that these expressions are dictated by prudence and by fear of the inspectors of the Post-office. A king of any understanding would not allow a Corbière to retain a place in his councils. The Bourbons play a desperate game in giving themselves up to the guidance of the Jesuits.

under the protection of a powerful and artful party, the Jesuits. A certain M. de Genoude, the editor of the *Etoile*, the Blackwood of this country, is also a patron of M. de la Martine. Every thing thus aspires to keep the poor young man in perpetual ignorance of the first elements of real life. It may thus be said with truth that he is deficient in understanding, though a man of genius, that in spite of the upright character of his mind, he lends himself to acts which in any other person would be accounted meannesses. If I were to read you his poem on the Coronation, you would blush with indignation at eight or ten different passages, and I should be obliged to explain to you that M. de la Martine is perhaps the only individual who does not comprehend the drift of what he has written. I am perfectly aware that a poet is permitted to be ignorant of the realities of life. I will go farther, it is necessary to his success as a poet that he should be so. If a man of honour and sensibility like M. de la Martine knew as much about mankind as a Sir Robert Walpole or a Villèle, his imagination, his sensibility, would become arid. This I have always thought the true sense of the reply made to Hamlet by the ghost of his father.

If Lord Byron had not enjoyed the advantage of being born an Englishman; if he had not been compelled by his pride, as a peer, to take at least a tinge of the prevailing good sense of his country; if he had not associated with the Douglas Kinnairds, the Hobhouses and others, well versed in the real state of interests and of parties; if he had not seen a little of the *world as it goes*, which he could not avoid doing in his quality of Member of the Literary Committee of Covent-Garden, never would he have written *Don Juan*—never in my opinion would his genius have risen above the level of that of M. de la Martine. The French poet, on the contrary, has always lived in the country, buried in some ultra château, surrounded by narrow prejudices. No stupidity at present existing in France can equal the stupidity of the provincial noble, who has lived for the last five and thirty years in a state of continual anger against every thing passing around him, and who really knows nothing whatever. You have a specimen of the sort of animal I mean, in the composition of the present Chamber of Deputies. "*No such collection of stupidity has been found for the last century*," said Royer Collard, the most profound of our orators. Among such people has it been the misfortune of M. de la Martine to pass his life. He has never seen society, its heartlessness disgusts and repels him.

Whence then did he derive his genius? From his heart alone. He never rises to the highest order of poetry of which this age has given example, but when he expresses in simple language some sentiment which has struck upon his soul. After one of these felicitous passages, you cannot read twenty lines without coming to some puerility, so extraordinary that your pleasure is utterly destroyed. This is never the case in reading De Béranger's Songs; for which reason I consider M. de Béranger our greatest poet. M. Baour Lormian is no better than a stupid manufacturer of harmonious verses, equally devoid of sentiment

and of wit. M. Casimer de la Vigne has all the sense, all the *science of realities*, which M. de la Martine wants; but he has not the soul of a poet, he is never happy or unhappy, from purely imaginary causes. M. de Talleyrand says, "make M. de la Vigne swallow M. de la Martine, and you will have a perfect man of genius."

No French poet, not even Racine, Voltaire, Lafontaine, has ever produced any thing equal to the Dedication of the last Canto of Childe Harold. There are three or four marks of negligence to be found in the two pages of which it consists. The exaggerated praises of the Ultra party have rendered M. de la Martine conceited, and have had a very injurious effect upon his poetry. Lafontaine is the only man who could have surpassed these exquisite lines; but in his time people dared not boldly embody such ideas, or rather such feelings. In spite of the immense superiority of his genius, the manner, the handling of Lafontaine (to speak in the language of painters), is disfigured by littleness, when compared to that of M. de la Martine. Our modern poet owes this breadth of touch to the good fortune of coming after the talent of the Abbé Delille, and the genius of Lord Byron. I don't know whether you, as a foreigner, can feel the charm of the following lines, which are very little indebted for their effect to the thoughts, and owe almost every thing to the diction.

DEDICACE.

Te souviens-tu du jour où, gravissant la cime
Du Salève aux flancs azurés
Dans un étroit sentier qui pend sur un abîme
Nous posions en tremblant nos pas mal assurés ?
Tu marchais devant moi. Balancés par l'orage,
Les rameaux ondoyans du mélèze et du pin,
S'écartant à regret pour t'ouvrir un passage,
Secouaient sur ton front les larmes du matin ;
Un torrent sous tes pieds s'écroulant en poussière,
Traçait sur les rochers de *verdâtres* sillons.

* * * * *

Un nuage grondait encore
Sur les confins des airs, à l'occident obscur,
Tandis qu'à l'orient le souffle de l'aurore
Découvrait la moitié d'un ciel limpide et pur,
Et devait de ses feux la voile qui colore
Des vagues du Léman l'éblouissant azur !
Tout-à-coup, sur un roc, dont tu foulais la cime,
Tu t'arrêtas : tes yeux s'abaissèrent sur moi ;
Tu me montrais du doigt les flots, les monts, l'abîme
La nature et le ciel.....et je ne vis que toi !.....

* * * * *

Des cascades l'écume errante
Faisait autour de toi, sur un tapis de fleurs,
De son prisme liquide ondoyer les couleurs,
Et d'une robe transparente,
Semblait t'envelopper dans ses plis de vapeurs !
Tu ressemblais.....Mais non, toute image est glacée,
Rien d'humain ne saurait te retracer aux yeux :

The magic of these lines renders every object described by the poet present to the thoughts, to the soul, of a Frenchman. What more can Dante, Tasso, Shakspeare, and, occasionally, Lord Byron do?

M. de la Martine describes the last year of the life of the English poet; but his story wants clearness. It is sometimes impossible to discover who is speaking—and the poet—is he Lord Byron himself? This cannot be, since Lord Byron is the person described. It is evident that M. de la Martine has not condescended to read over his poem—he has even left defective lines. The quality of his poem, which unfortunately will be most obvious to foreigners, is the incoherence, and often the absurdity of its plan. I advise you, therefore, to do as we do—content yourselves with extracts. I will give you the description of Genoa. It is an indistinct, misty picture, in which nothing is defined by a well-conceived touch.

Il est nuit ; mais la nuit sous ce ciel n'a point d'ombre :
 Son astre, suspendu dans un dôme moins sombre,
 Blanchit de ses lueurs des bords silencieux
 Où la vague se teint du bleu pâle des cieux ;
 Où la côte des mers, de cent golfes coupée,
 Tantôt humble et rampante et tantôt escarpée,
 Sur un sable argenté vient mourir mollement,
 Ou gronde sous le choc de son flot écumant.
 De leurs vastes remparts les Alpes l'environnent ;
 Leurs sommets colorés que les neiges couronnent,
 De colline en colline abaissés par degrés,
 Montrent, près de l'hiver, des climats tempérés
 Ou l'aquilon, fuyant de son âpre royaume
 De leurs tièdes parfums, s'attèdit et s'embaume.

A travers des cyprès, dont l'immobilité,
 Symbole de tristesse et d'immortalité,
 Projette sur les murs ses ombres sépulcrales
 Que les reflets du ciel percent par intervalles,
 S'étend sur la colline un champêtre séjour :
 Un long buisson de myrte en trace de contour ;
 Sur des gazons naissans, de flexibles allées,
 D'un rideau de verdure à peine encor voilées,
 Egarant au hasard leur cours capricieux,
 Conduisent en tournant, ou les pas, ou les yeux,
 Jusqu'au seuil où, formant de vertes colonnades,
 La clématite en fleur se suspend aux arcades ;
 Sur les toits applatis, des jardins d'oranger
 Ornent de leurs fruits d'or leur feuillage étranger ;
 L'eau fuit dans les bassins, et, quand le jour expire,
 Imite en murmurant les frissons de zéphire.
 De là, l'œil enchanté voit, au pied des coteaux
 Gênes, fille des mers, sortir du sein des eaux ;
 Ses dômes élancés de ses saintes demeures
 D'où l'airain frémissant fait résonner les heures,
 Et les mâts des vaisseaux qui, dormant ses ports,
 S'élèvent au niveau des palais de ses bords ;
 Et quand le flot captif les presse et les soulève,

D'un lourd gémissement font retentir la grève.
 Quel silence ! Avançons Tout dort-il en ces lieux ?

(P. 40, 41, 42.)

The description of Lord Byron leaving his sleeping mistress is beautiful. There is one passage which equals the sublimest parts of Lafontaine.

Mais non, tout ne dort pas ; de fenêtre en fenêtre
 Voyez ce seul flambeau briller et disparaître ;
 * * * * *
 La porte s'ouvre ; un homme, à pas comptés, s'avance.
 Une lampe à la main il s'arrête en silence.
 * * * * *
 Dors ! murmurait Harold d'une voix comprimée ;
 Toi que je vais quitter ! toi que j'ai tant aimée !
 Toi qui m'aimas peut-être, ou dont l'art séducteur,
 Par l'ombre de l'amour trompa du moins mon cœur !
 Qu'importe que le tien ne fût qu'un doux mensonge ?
 Je fus heureux par toi ; tout bonheur est un songe !

(P. 43, 45, 46, 47.)

At the conclusion of this admirable description, there were four lines which the Jesuits made the author suppress, on the ground of their being too voluptuous, and even almost liable to the reproach of indecency. The party made his compliance the price of their protection, and the poet, who is fully aware of the value of this protection, obeyed with the utmost alacrity.

The doubts of Harold concerning the existence and attributes of the Deity who permits so many horrors—who terminates the career of Lord Byron at thirty-seven, and prolongs the life of Ferdinand VII. have been esteemed sublime. At the end of the poem, in order to conciliate the most rigorous of his patrons, our poet gives us to understand that Lord Byron is damned.

Harold ! dit une voix, voici l'affreux moment !

The absurdity of this conclusion shocked every body. What ! is Lord Byron who devotes himself to the liberties of Greece damned ? What then remains for the members of the Holy Alliance who send * officers of artillery to Ibrahim Pacha ? The author, who shares the delusion of the Ultra party, does not perceive the degree of good sense which forty years of revolution have diffused throughout the French people.

The damnation of Lord Byron has had a very unfavourable effect on the popularity of the poem. It has gone to only four editions ; this may be called a bad sale for any thing from de la Martine, vigorously as it is sure to be pushed by all the papers which circulate among the richer classes. If M. de la Martine goes on thus, in two or three years he will be obliged to trust to his merit for success. So much the better for him and for us.

If, like my illustrious grandfather, I could write letters of forty pages, and, moreover, write them once a fortnight, I should quote the whole description of the departure of Childe Harold. I strongly advise you to

* At the siege of Navarino, an historical fact.

give it your readers in another part of your magazine, even if you should be compelled to have recourse to small type to get it in. You might begin at

Mais ou donc est Harold ? Ce pelerin du monde. (P. 38.)

and finish with

Retarde un désespoir qui l'attend au réveil ! (P. 49.)

I advise you also to extract Harold's doubts.

—du sceptique Harold le doute est la doctrine ;

Le croissant ni la croix ne couvrent sa poitrine ;

Jupiter, Mahomet, héros, grands hommes, dieux,

(O Christ, pardonne-lui !) ne sont rien à ses yeux. (P. 51.)

The space to which my letters are restricted will not allow me to undertake the analysis of the *Chant du Sacre*. In that are to be found praises bestowed on creatures so loaded with contempt, that a part of it will be reflected on the poet. The excuse made for him by public opinion is the utter ignorance of the world by which he is characterized.

In a dialogue, which betrays a total ignorance of what is fit and becoming, between M. de Latil, Archbishop of Paris, and Charles X. the poet puts the strangest things imaginable into the mouth of the King. You must observe, also, that the King plays the second part—the Archbishop who performs the part of interrogator has clearly the advantage. The poem is dedicated to the King. The author, however, did not deign to ask whether the language he put into the mouth of his Sovereign was such as he might like to acknowledge. This is an attention which is never omitted in France towards the most obscure citizen. You see, therefore, the *prestige* in favour of monarchical government is destroyed. M. Casimir de la Vigne refuses a pension from the King, and M. de la Martine, the Ultra poet, makes the King speak in his proper and private person, without condescending to consult him.

One of the best lines of the *Chant du Sacre* is that in which he says, speaking of the King,

que son cœur aime mieux

Un grand nom qui surgit, qu'un vieux nom qui s'éteint.

This is, unfortunately for the Faubourg St. Germain, too true, and has, accordingly, excited the indignation and fury of all the *grands noms* in that quarter, which, it must be confessed, *s'éteignent un peu*. The King has reproved Sosthènes for having persuaded him to give the Cross of St. Louis to M. de la Martine. As I admire the poet (said the King), I will endeavour to forget his last work. In describing (if I may use that expression), the marshals who surrounded the King during the ceremony, M. de la Martine found a great deal to say. He had no other difficulty than that arising from the abundance of the great military actions he had to recount ; when he came to the ancient nobility, he was completely at a loss ; he could find nothing to praise but their piety, nothing to talk of but their ancestors. To crown these blunders, he has concluded his poem with four lines, so affronting to the Duke of Orleans, that the Duke, though very little given to take offence, thought it due to

himself to complain to the King. This attack upon the Duke of Orleans, (who is the object of aversion to the whole Faubourg St. Germain, on account of the excellent education he is giving to his six sons) will, perhaps, obtain forgiveness for M. de la Martine, for the cruel line last quoted, which is already engraven on every memory.

Théâtre de Clara Gazul, Comédienne Espagnole. 1 vol. 8vo.

The youthful genius, who conceals himself under the name of Clara Gazul, has given us six plays. They are much read and admired in high society, though it cannot be denied that their tendency is liberal. I think the *Espagnols en Danemarck* is the best. It is also the most finished, and the fullest of details. The others are too much in the style of the *Proverbe*; the merits of which I have already discussed, in speaking of Mr. Theodore le Clerc. Clara Gazul has given us a specimen of the tragic *Proverbe*, in *l'Amour Africain*, a little drama consisting of only twenty-one pages. In the present state of our literature, M. Scribe, M. le Clerc, and Clara Gazul (I should be guilty of an indiscretion in naming the author), appear to me the three persons in France most richly endowed with dramatic talent. No book, since de Béranger's songs, has given me so much pleasure as Clara's plays. They are distinguished by the most complete novelty,—nothing is copied but nature. Their popularity here will soon be a perfect rage. I should write more at length on this subject, if I did not think it probable that you would give the English public long extracts from these dramas. I should think several of them might be successfully transplanted to the London stage. If the Censorship would allow them to be acted here, they would be immensely popular, to the infinite mortification and annoyance of all our old dramatic writers in the affected and pedantic style. In the year 1770, the President Hénault, who was then in great fashion, and enjoyed the intimate friendship of Madame du Deffaud (immortalized by your witty Walpole), printed a historical tragedy, in prose, called *François II.* But the president was so intensely afraid of sinning against delicacy and elegance, that his tragedy was utterly deficient in energy. This first essay, though made by a man who possessed the advantage (inestimable in France) of being in fashion, did not take. Times are altered. What Hénault and Mercier forty years ago saw in perspective, is about to be accomplished under our eyes. People will not go to yawn at the Théâtre Français, while they can go to laugh at Scribe's sketches. If it had not been for the Censorship, Clara Gazul would have been the Scribe of tragedy. I mean that the merits, great as they are, of the best piece in the collection, are still far from being of the same order with those of Schiller's *William Tell*, or some other modern tragedies.

De l'État de la Religion, par M. de la Mennais, a pamphlet of a few pages, is really an astonishing production; and M. de la Mennais is a very extraordinary man. He will be a Cardinal, and will get sixteen hundred or two thousand a year out of the civil list, by playing the part of

Gregory VII. at Paris, in the year 1825 ; and by reviving, in his own person, the fiery monk Hildebrand. The whole affair is so extraordinary that you reasonable folk will not think it possible, unless you read the pamphlet in question, and the *Memorial Catholique*. If you will not give yourselves that trouble, you will infallibly accuse me of exaggeration ; to which accusation I shall reply,—that you judge without knowing any thing about the matter. The Jesuits do, in fact, govern France ; and the priests extort annually above two millions sterling from the people.—Would you believe, that after all this, M. de la Menais has the face to accuse the government of being *Atheistical* ! He is a very clever man, and one of the best writers of the day. He is said to have been in the army for a considerable time.

The only powerful enemy the clergy have to dread is the press, and accordingly they are not sparing in their denunciations of it. During the reign of Napoleon, nobody thought of reprinting Rousseau and Voltaire. That great man compelled the priests to be moderate. Since these gentlemen have begun to make themselves ridiculous again, that is to say, since the year 1817, twelve editions of Voltaire have been reprinted, composing 31,600 copies, and 1,598,000 volumes. In the same period thirteen editions of Rousseau have been reprinted, forming 24,500 copies, and 480,500 volumes. Montesquieu, Destutt de Tracy, Volney, d'Holbach, Diderot, have furnished 20,700 volumes. In short, the priests affirm, that according to a calculation which there is every reason to believe exact, the enormous mass of no less than 2,741,400 volumes have been published against them. That delightful novel writer, Pigault le Brun, to whom this prudish age does not do justice, has alone contributed for his share 128,000 volumes. I ought to add, that, thanks to the progress that chemistry and all the useful arts have made in France, these 2,741,400 volumes are all admirably printed. Take one with another they are sold at not less four francs (three and sixpence) a piece, and the total amount of them has dispersed not less than four hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling among our artizans. This is one good effect of the absurdities of the priests.

The *Histoire de René, Roi de Naples, par M. Comte Villeneuve Bargemont*, 3 vols. is another author who would never have dreamt of writing if Walter Scott had not written. M. de Villeneuve Bargemont is brother to four prefects. This family, besides being thus high in the favour of government, is one of the oldest of Provence. In spite of all these titles to obsolete opinions, the author has infused a very rational and wise spirit into his history. You must not look for profound and extended views like those which are to be found in the work of Mignet. M. de Villeneuve has not yet attained to that degree of philosophy ; but the work is very respectable, and the author still more so. There is in existence a masterpiece on the state of civilization during the middle ages by M

Fauriel. The manuscript is of sufficient bulk to form four octavo volumes, but M. Fauriel is so indolent, that a work which is the fruit of twenty years of research, and written with the happiest union of fire and of reason, will probably not be given to the world till after the author's death. We are indebted to M. Fauriel for some translations of Greek songs. He is one of the few writers who work in a conscientious and honorable manner, and never resort to *Charlatanism* to gain popularity. His character places him above, and renders it impossible for him to stoop to such contemptible devices.

Conférences sur la Religion, par M. le Comte Fraysinous, Evêque, Pair de France, Première Aumonier, Grand Maître de l'Université. 3 vols. in 8vo.

About the year 1802, Napoleon conceived the most violent fear of the Republicans, whom he called Jacobins. Although the Republicans were, for the most part, brave men, and the Dévots cowards, Napoleon endeavoured to conciliate the latter. All sensible men said to him, through the mouth of Volney, "Do not persecute the priests of any religion; regard them merely as one class of citizens; but beware of devoting any part of the public money to the payment of any priest whatever. Let every assembly of believers pay its own priest." This advice put Napoleon into a great passion. He broke out into the most violent invectives against Volney and La Fayette, as soon as those great and excellent citizens had quitted his presence. By his orders the church of St. Sulpice was lent to a poor priest, who was wholly devoid of talents, and spoke with a Garscon accent. This priest was Fraysinous. Every Sunday he delivered what he called a Conference, that is to say, he supposed a dialogue between himself and Voltaire or Raynal, and of course, like harlequin, he took care to put into the mouths of these ill-fated philosophers the most pitiable arguments. As but little money is required to live in France, Paris swarms with idlers, who are ready to attend any meeting, or to cry *bravo!* at the entry of any prince. M. Fraysinous had the merit of killing two hours every Sunday for a certain number of these idlers, who were excessively diverted at his mode of knocking down Helvetius or Rousseau. They thronged to hear him say, "Well, are you silent, Rousseau?" "Have you nothing to say, Voltaire?" The dramatic form of his compositions amused his audience, and every body chose to go at least once to the exhibition of this farce.

M. Fraysinous was called the Chateaubriant of the mob. After the restoration, and the consequent triumph of the priests, M. Fraysinous, like his fellow-labourer, Chateaubriant, had all the dignities of the state showered upon him. Not content with these, he thought that, as Chateaubriant had a seat in the Academy, he ought to have one also. There was no difficulty in getting himself elected; the difficult thing was to escape being hissed by the public; and, in fact, when he was elected, the hisses were so loud and general, that the courts of justice were called in

to avenge the insult offered to him. The newspaper writers were sentenced to imprisonment for an offence against *Christian morals*, in saying that M. Fraysinous, having never published a book, had no claim to be elected Member of the Academy. The reproach was, however, so cutting to M. Fraysinous, that he has had his *Conferences* corrected by somebody who can write French, and has just published them. The work is really despicable. It is droll enough to see such a man *refute* Voltaire. His eloquence and his reasoning are equally adapted to the taste and comprehension of the populace. His invariable practice is to assume as a fact the very thing which he ought to prove. He is at an immeasurable distance from the D'Abadies, the De Hautevilles, &c. who were hired by the clergy, before the revolution, to defend religion.

Louis XII. et Francois I. par M. le Comte Rœderer, Ouvrage suivi d'une Correspondence entre M. le Comte Daru et M. le Comte Rœderer. 2 vols. in 8vo.

M. Rœderer was one of the most politic members of our popular assemblies, and, subsequently, one of the most adroit counsellors of the man who stifled the Republican cause in France. M. Rœderer, like his colleague, M. Boissy d'Anglas, finds amusement for his old age in historical researches. He proves very satisfactorily in the present work, that many wise institutions usually attributed to Francis I. were, in fact, the work of Louis XII. Louis XII. and Louis IX. (spoiled by his surname of Saint) are, perhaps, the only two good men who have sat on the throne of France. In my opinion, both, especially Louis IX. were men of perfectly upright intentions. Henry IV. had great qualities, but he often (as we say) sewed the skin of the fox to that of the lion. When he abjured protestantism, he said, laughing, "*Paris is worth a mass.*" The work of M. Rœderer is very respectable, and throws great light on his subject.

I have delayed this letter a day longer, that I might give an account of a new opera, by Rossini. It is a *pièce de circonstance*, composed on occasion of the coronation. The first performance took place on the evening of the 19th, and was attended by the King. The author has introduced into his piece, called, *Il Viaggio a Reims*, the character of a Greek girl, and wishes are openly expressed for the overthrow of the Turks, and the success of the Greeks. Under Louis XIV. such a step on the part of the Court would have given birth to sanguine hopes. Now it is, perhaps, only to be regarded as an *étourdérie*. The music evinces talent, but no genius; I am tempted to believe that Rossini's vein is exhausted. Instead of giving birth to the beautiful, he now produces only the extraordinary. There is, for instance, in the *Viaggio a Reims*, a passage for thirteen voices, without accompaniments. The sublime Pasta, the Signorine Schiasetti, Cinti, Mombelli, sang this with Zuchelli, Donzelli, Bordogni, Pellegrini, &c. &c. Your God save the King, sung by Zuchelli, in the character of an English *Milord*, was

more admired than all Rossini's music. The only striking thing is a duet, admirably descriptive of the love between Signora Schiasetti as a sentimental Polish lady, and Bordogni, in the part of a Russian General of a most violent temper. The opera is, as you perceive, of the buffo kind. *Buffa* flattery is considerably less tedious than tragic flattery, for which reason, I abstain from giving you any account of Pharamond, a grand *Opera de Circonstance*, written for the coronation. The fêtes have been universally despicable. At that given by the city, there were a great number of notorious women, and the utmost disorder. Great part of the plate was stolen by the company.

Yours truly,

P. N. D. G.

THE INFANT LYRA.

THE public has for some time been *wondering* at the musical performances of this child ; but there are some who have done more than wonder ; among whom we suppose we must rank ourselves. It is a creature of great powers and great precocity ; and we must indeed confess, that with a natural horror at “ wonderful wonders,” we were agreeably surprised at the display of musical feeling, as well as of execution, which we witnessed. We shall not say that it is a beautiful child, or an interesting child, or that it has descended from heaven on the wings of an angel, or of St. Cecilia ; because all this has been said already, and might as well have been omitted. It is time that some one should be sober, because there are people who have a considerable hesitation in believing miracles, and who are very apt, when over crammed, to rebel and doubt every thing.

That the musical faculty appears in very early youth, when all the rest are unformed or imperfect, has long been known. We might name Mozart, were his name and history not too familiar ; and we might name Crotch and twenty more, if we could prevail upon ourselves to place any other name on the same page with that of him who has “ struck the lyre,” and whose productions will be as imperishable as the art itself.

Why this should be the case, is one of those problems in the philosophy of mind which we are as yet unable to solve : yet, though we cannot pretend to suggest a final cause, we may conclude that there is a proximate one in the structure of the nervous system, in the ear, or rather in the brain, and especially in that part of it which is the termination of the auditory nerves, or the immediate point of connection between the sense of hearing and the general mind, or the soul, as it is commonly called.

Thus we approach to the physiological hypothesis respecting the division of the mental faculties, and the appropriation of distinct portions

of the nervous system to them ; which having, unluckily, invented for itself a term which has become popular, has undergone the fate, not uncommon in such cases, of terminating in being a subject of popular discussion and dispute.

We grieve therefore that we must use the term phrenology ; because we know that, when once pronounced, all reasoning and all listening are at an end. And yet we must say that we consider this very fact as not to be explained on any other hypothesis, and that it is one which offers a leading argument in favour of this system of physiology. If one power appears before the rest, if it predominates above the other, there is some inequality in the original formation of the mind, or of the body. If that power belongs to an organ of sense, the peculiarity must be in the body, since the organs of sense are corporeal. Being in the body, it must be in the nervous system, and that system is the brain.

We shall not however search the side of the parietal bone or the temporal, for a protuberance ; because we doubt much whether the physiological views in question have made sufficient progress to determine the exact place of any faculty or organ ; but we must remark, nevertheless, that the forehead of this child presents a very unusual relative bulk or capacity. Somewhere within it, lies the property or power in question ; and hence is the musical genius.

If it has always been judged sound policy to watch and cultivate the genius, or peculiar disposition to any given pursuit, in a child, it is an advantage which we have derived from the fashionable and contested hypothesis in question, that it has excited more attention to this subject. Hence, we really believe, have arisen the greater number of such prodigies, and we have no doubt that it will continue to produce the same effects. The ridicule which has been thrown on phrenology will not prevent this ; for, whether the people believe or disbelieve, there will always be a silent influence operating in this manner.

But we must return to the subject of our notice. Every one can judge of the extraordinary vigour which characterizes this child's performance on the harp, and every one must also perceive that the execution is as neat and rapid as in the hands of a finished adult performer. There are not many, however, who know how difficult it is to produce full and deep tones on the harp—and still more, how difficult it is to combine these with rapid and neat execution. Independently of muscular strength in the arms and fingers, and great flexibility of the muscles and joints, it requires a delicate feeling at the extremities of the fingers, and also a peculiar conformation. All this too must be under the command of a fine musical sensibility, and, what is more, requires a considerable exertion of the reasoning faculty. It is only by thus analyzing the necessary qualification, that we can know what are the difficulties to be overcome, and do justice to the powers of our trite subject. Those who have no analytical faculties of their own, may form their judgments by comparing her performance with that of the general mass of dilet-

tantis on the same instrument, or even, if they please, with that of most professors in advanced life.

It is plain that it must have required much practice to have attained to all this ; and yet the whole of this creature's life has not afforded time for a great trial. There are innumerable persons who have practised daily, and for a long life, with equal intensity, without attaining so much facility and power ; and, of our female dilettantis, there is not one of those who have acquired execution worth notice, who has not practised for fifteen or twenty years as hard as this child has done for four or five. This will serve to prove that it is not mere muscular exercise that confers power, but that we must resort to the *primum mobile* of all, to the brain, the seat of reason and feeling, as well as of muscular action, for all these effects. We are convinced that it is the same for all ; and that without these qualities which, duly exercised, would constitute a powerful intellect, or produce other results, no man will become even a good rope-dancer.

But that this is the fact, is much more clearly evinced by what is called the taste and feeling of this child's performance—that part of her merit which we have not yet noticed. It has been said that her manner of playing, or the peculiarity of execution, strength, and so forth, with which she distinguishes passages or phrases, might have been taught, and acquired by memory. We will venture to say, that this is impossible, in the first place ; and, moreover, that the expression which she does give, is often purely original, and is such as would not have occurred to many players, even of considerable cultivation or feeling. We have watched her expression narrowly, for it is in this that we consider the test of her faculties to lie, and we know not that we have been able to detect an error in taste ; while we are very sure that much of her expression is such as many a finished performer or musician would be pleased to have felt and given. This is the inventive talent, if otherwise denoted ; and we presume that this little personage can scarcely fail to become a musical composer, unless she should be marred by mismanagement. To discover rapidly what the composer intended, and to execute it, requires that congeniality of feeling which would itself invent ; or it demands those habits of observation, abstraction, and comparison, which belongs only to powerful and rapid minds.

In terminating this very brief sketch, we need scarcely notice the musical memory of our little subject, as this seems always to be a necessary attendant on the faculty in general. It is singular, nevertheless, that this memory should extend to harmony, as well as to melody. There is a concatenation in the latter, which facilitates the recollection of any train of passages, however long, while, also, there is not much room for deviation. But harmony is not equally catenated, nor is it in the same way necessary, since numerous harmonies are admissible with one melody. That we cannot explain how a long train of intricate, and often of peculiar harmonies, can be remembered after once hearing

them, is only part of the difficulty which attends the whole of this subject.

But we must end, and shall offer but one hint to the parents or proprietors of this child. Half of the effect produced on us by any prodigy of this nature, arises from comparing the means with the results—from seeing that produced in infancy, and by an infant; which we have been accustomed to associate, as of necessity, with adult age. It is bad policy therefore to trespass on these associations, or to adopt any thing which may divert our minds from the child to the adult, or give to the former any of the qualities which belong to the latter. The child cannot be too perfectly a child; and, inasmuch as it transgresses this rule, it fails of its effect. Hence the impolicy of that teaching which has made it adopt a system of grimace which is affectation, and which, in this case, is affectation peculiarly misapplied. If the animal itself had felt that it ought to turn up its eyes to the ceiling, or to heaven, as the phrase is, it would have done so, and we should have approved. But, being taught, we are provoked at the cheat, and disgusted with the effect; while the poor creature, not knowing why all this is, but hearing that it must obey, becomes pathetic in the wrong place, and appeals to the ceiling for Paddy O'Rafferty, when it had better have appealed to the audience in its own mild way. If there is any thing which captivates, in infancy, it is the grace and *nature* of infancy; but, by this artificial system, we are deprived of that pleasure, and, what is much worse, pained with affectation and artifice. We doubt very much the propriety of the whole *prestige* with which she has been surrounded; and are sure that it would very much increase our pleasure, and probably also the profits of the proprietor, if she were simply displayed as a child, and allowed at the same time to act as she pleased, under no other restrictions than such as must be very obvious.

THE NATIONAL STUD.

A NEW PROJECT.

THE characteristic of this age is the application of *science* to matters which have always hitherto been treated empirically. Up to these times, the progress of improvement has been slow—one age has undone the work of the preceding generation, with the best intentions, because all worked in the dark, made repeated trials, without any knowledge of *principles*, and, if success attended their efforts, it was more the effect of fortunate accident than wise contrivance. We are now beginning to get at the *principle* of all arts, manufactures, and processes of

every description. A *principle* is some simple property of the thing in hand, whatever it may be, which, under the same circumstances, will always produce the same effects ; a collection of these principles—a collection of rules for combining and applying them, with a knowledge of the objects to which they can be applied, constitute together a science. These principles are discovered by a series of experiments ; an accurate record of such experiments enables the philosopher to draw his general conclusions, to establish his *theory*, which *theory* must be *practicable* if his theory be *correct* ; if it be not practicable, some principle has been misapplied, every thing has not been taken into account ; the circumstances have not been the same. The introduction of *science* into the management of manufactures, &c. may be said to be a little older than our time ; but the application of moral science is quite peculiar to this age, as connected with the conduct of prisons, lunatic asylums, schools, &c. The new project of a National Stud is its first introduction into stables—the first animal, perhaps, as might have been anticipated from its superior intelligence, which will be scientifically *educated*, is the *horse*. Scientific education, after having been just introduced into our national schools, is to be carried into our national studs. The idea is unobvious enough, nevertheless, if the thing be well managed, and, from the good sense of the prospectus, and we know nothing of the matter except from it, we should augur well ; we should expect from it results of the most pleasing kind.

A joint-stock capital is, in the first place, to be laid out in the purchase of the best existing brood-mares and horses, of all the various kinds. On their produce the system of education is to be tried ; in the first place, a superiority may be expected in the progeny, from the superiority of the parents ; for by dealers, and often by private owners, the only horses employed in breeding are those which are too old, or too lame to work. In this institution, horses and mares in all the vigour of youth and health will be employed for this purpose. In a very extensive establishment, the principle of classification can be used with great advantage. The lady's horses will only keep the gentle company of their kind. The hunter will leap with the hunter, and the roadster trot with his travelling companion. The trainer will always be confined to the same department, and thus the principle of the division of labour be usefully brought into play. The man who is solely and wholly occupied in teaching the ambling paces, and delicate manners of the lady's favorite, it may be easily supposed, will soon excel any other trainer in his own department. Conceive for a moment the trainer of the charger, or carriage horse, introduced into the lady's department ; he would quickly spread consternation into all the pupils of the more gentle dealer. The trainers ought, and probably will be, men who are well instructed in their business, and who should not only be closely watched by the directors, but also have instilled into

them the superior efficacy of kind treatment in the management of horses. What is the reason that the first inquiry about a horse is as to its *vices*? How have these *vices* been acquired? by the teasing of stable boys, and the cruelty of horse-breakers. A horse inherits a violent temper, and a strong will. What is the course taken? the animal is put into the hands of some brutal horse-breaker, celebrated for his fearlessness, violence, and strength. The horse, after a series of dreadful trial, of struggle and suffering, is, at length, subjugated; that is to say, is completely terrified at the very sight of its formidable breaker, filled with the most malignant feelings against riders in general, and determined, on the first opportunity, to take his revenge upon the first man of less power or courage that gets upon his back. This is called breaking, and it is this vicious course that produces *vice*. With regard to the original violence of temper, that is a matter of *breed*; and here much may be done by a great establishment in the way of breeding. Such judicious crosses may be made with a large choice, that almost any disposition whatever may be produced, and the breed of horses not only exceedingly improved, but varied and calculated to the greatest nicety.

For the more easily effecting this and many other useful purposes, a very good plan is spoken of in the prospectus; viz. that of keeping an accurate journal of the accidents, illnesses, medicines, and generally of the experience of each horse; so that, coupling this with the pedigree, every element, either for the judgment of the horses' qualities, or for further experiments, may be seen at one glance. The individual who wishes to purchase has but to describe the kind of animal and the qualities he wants; no one has any interest in cheating him; he is directed to the proper department; he has abundant choice, and the history of every horse before him, together with a seller, who has no possible interest in his giving a higher price than the just and settled value. The most inexperienced person runs no risk of deception. This circumstance must secure the prosperity of the establishment; at present, a man who is not an excellent judge of horse flesh treads among steel traps and spring guns; indeed, he dare not move a step alone, he must trust to the judgment of a friend, or send to some distant part of the country, where his family or connexions reside, and where they may choose him a horse for which they can vouch.

Much has already been done in this country for the breed of this most important class of animals, and this institution, we think, likely to carry superiority over all other European countries to a much higher pitch. Both for the interests of humanity, and for the pleasure and convenience of the country, we sincerely wish well to it. Much will depend upon the choice of able directors; we know none of those already chosen, if any are; and our praise of the scheme is dictated by no other motive than that of desiring to see a good thing do well.

THE MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

SIGNOR VELLUTI has been, since our last, the principal object of attraction and of anticipation in the highest musical circles. He has been singing almost nightly—at the Countess St. Antonio's, at the Marquis of Hertford's, at the Attorney-General's, and at many other places, and finally at Carlton Palace. Twice only has he appeared in public; namely, at the Royal Academy dinner, and at Madame Symanowski's guinea morning concert. This lady plays consummately well on the pianoforte, and is much in fashion. We have had the good fortune to hear Velluti in five songs, and almost as many styles, under circumstances particularly favourable to forming a tolerably competent judgment of his chamber-singing, and of his powers generally.

The moment he addresses himself to his task of delight, (for to him singing is obviously extacy,) his countenance assumes the passion he is about to express: his face is Italian in its contour and in its features. His eyes are fine and dark, with an expression of passionate languor. All this aids the effect of his voice, because it indexes the sensibility which is the very soul of his execution. The middle tones of his voice are more delicately beautiful than those of any other we ever remember to have heard. The upper notes are rather thin, but scarcely less sweet. The artificial formation of his tone is masterly. His *portamento* is exact; no taint of nose, mouth, or throat, is discoverable in its production; nothing can be more perfect or more finished; there are no roughnesses, no inequalities—a note is never left too soon or too abruptly, but all falls into the passion so finely that we may defy any body that has a heart to resist the impression.

There are two ways in which singing is judged, as a matter of art, and as a matter of feeling. Velluti is supreme in both. There is something in the power and majesty of Catalani's voice which always stirs our affections the moment it reaches our ears; but never were we so strongly moved as by Velluti. His conceptions are grand; but his voice in passages of command, lacking the volume of the tenor, is not so effective as in the pathetic parts, where he is perfectly irresistible. Nothing, within our memory, but the prison scene, in *Sidagero*, as sung by Tramezzani, ever equalled the piercing tones of deep sorrow Velluti throws into such parts.

Not the least curious portion of his performance, is the nature and execution of his ornaments. They are original, singular, and pleasing, and charm at once by their novelty and science. He is not a man for ordinary judges to appreciate duly; for a long and close attention to the art is indispensable to the exact perception of what he does that is different from others, and *how* he does these things. Yet we may fairly

trust to his power of affecting, for if the hearer will fairly deliver himself up to his feelings, he must be made of sterner stuff than ourselves, if he escapes strong emotion. Upon the whole we cannot hesitate to pronounce his singing to be so far superior in point of polish and sensibility, that we know of no one who can be compared with him.

Il Crociato is now in full rehearsal, and may possibly be brought out this week. Poor Velluti has been shamefully treated by the Corps Vocale. Madame Vestris, with a consistent propriety, that can only be equalled by the consistent care of the public morals evinced by Mr. Theodore Hook, in the *John Bull*, offered any sum to the managers that would engage another lady to sing with him; and it is presumed Miss Garcia is to be her substitute. The Duke of W——, we have reason to know, sent for Mr. Ayrton into his box at the Opera, and threatened to shut up the House, if *Il Crociato* was not got out with all speed. This menace had, at least, the effect of quickening operations; and Velluti has been labouring night and day ever since to instruct those who do sing with him in the exact performance of the Opera. It has the reputation of being by far the most magnificent thing ever seen; and indeed the transports of the Italian audiences for Mayerbeer, the composer, exceed any thing English virtuosi can imagine. At Trieste, he was conducted home from the representation in procession, by hundreds of people; and similar vehement expressions of delight have attended his performance in most of the cities of Italy. Such parts of the music as we have yet seen, are certainly beautiful in a high degree. They join Italian melody with German harmony. In some of the opera parts we are told three orchestras are employed. The airs and recitations, however, are obviously constructed to give the singer great latitude: a power of which Velluti knows how to avail himself to the utmost.

Mademoiselle Garcia, the daughter of Signor Garcia, has made her debut at the King's Theatre, as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*. This young lady, who is about twenty, has been, during the season (as we have stated in former reports), much in request at the private concerts of persons of fashion. Her voice is not of great volume, but it is of good compass, and formed upon the principle of three registers. She has all but overcome the difficulties of joining the breaks, and her lower tones are well rounded, and used in a masterly manner. Her execution is neat, her articulation perfect, and in the lighter parts she was very successful. In comparison with Mad. Ronzi di Begnis, in the character, she however necessarily suffers; for what is there in the opera buffa, that can vie with Ronzi's "*una voce*." By the delicacy of her execution, and the originality and elegance of her ornaments, she has made that song her own; while the beauty of her person, her graceful gestures, and her arch playfulness, place her in the very first rank of actresses. These attributes set all her competitors at an immoderate distance. In the duet "*Dunque Io sono*," and in the lesson scene (where she introduced a Spanish song, which was encored), Mademoiselle Garcia was excellent. But in

the last, beginning with the difficult trio "*Ah qual colpo*," she wanted dignity and force. The upper tones of her voice are thin, but agreeable, and she ornaments in the florid manner of her father. He, by the way, is still exceedingly hoarse, but this evil affords him opportunity to manifest his skill in covering his defects by the introduction of *rifi-ornaménti*. Mademoiselle will certainly make a singer of the first class, and will be impeded in her course only by the limitations of her voice, which is not of the highest order. She is studying "*La Cenerentola*."

The New London Orphan Asylum at Clapton, was opened on the 16th, by a breakfast and Concert. The Duke of Cambridge, attended by his son, Prince George, officiated in the place of the Duke of York, at the ceremony of opening the building prepared for the reception of the children, and all the wealth of the City was present. Marquees were pitched, and the company inspected the house. Sir George Smart conducted the music. The corps vocale consisted of Miss Stephens, the little Cawses, and Miss Goodall, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Terrail, Hawes, Leete, Phillips, Tola, and De Begnis, with a numerous orchestra.

The concert was principally English, and 'principally old. But concerts at Clapton are not very frequent, nor indeed east of Temple Bar, and Mr. Braham's singing Alexis, instead of Mr. Vaughan, is some change, though not an improvement. Stendahl says, he never relishes an air until he has heard it five or six times. The town had here, if it is like him, a good opportunity of relishing the bill of fare. With the exception of one or two things, it must have heard every thing given on this occasion nearly as many hundreds of times. There were, however, no more than fourteen pieces.

The performance of *The Messiah*, which takes place annually at the close of the concerts of Ancient Music, was remarkable this year for being assisted by Mr. Sapio and Miss Wilkinson. Neither of these two singers have advanced during the season. Mr. Sapio must study English chastity, and temper the energy of his natural temperament, if he wishes to maintain his ground in legitimate Oratorios, or even at the Ancient Concerts. Miss Wilkinson shows a mind not supported by sufficient technical ability. Miss Tinns, on the contrary, is a genuine and pure English singer, attempting nothing that she does not attain. But, alack! how all of the English school sing in their throats!

Ever since our last there have been daily and nightly concerts occupying all the time, and more than all the time, that most amateurs can consent to give up to music. The dinner of the Royal Academy (a means of recruiting the finances of the establishment, and the list of future subscribers) was on the 28th of May, and was well attended. The collection was upwards 500*l.*; but we suspect the Directors, the Committee, and the Founders, were the principal contributors. The zeal of these gentlemen cannot be too much commended; but we trust the institution will ere long be more generally and more generously supported, for it well deserves public patronage; whatever prejudices

may exist against it, they are chiefly professional, and must be overcome by time, and the practical demonstration of its excellence, which the progress of the pupils give. Many of the children play delightfully. At the last monthly concert a little urchin, whose name is Mawkes, and who is scarcely as tall as his bow, played a fiddle concert nearly as well as his master (Spagnoletti) could have done. The whole performance of this Lilliputian orchestra was indeed excellently good. No private education, we venture to affirm, ever produced so rapidly such sound musicians as these boys and girls, while their minds, morals, and manners are in far better training than can happen to the great bulk of those brought up to music.

These children performed the anthem at the opening of the Hanover new church in Regent-street, on Monday, June 20, which consisted of a duet for two trebles, a quartett and chorus. The church was full of genteel company, and the execution of the music was very creditable.

It is impossible to enumerate the psalm concerts individually; indeed they are all so much alike, that unless there happens a peculiar taste or interest (such as directed Mr. Hawes to bring Carl Marie von Weber to judgment), one may serve for a specimen of all. It is only wonderful how the public endures so much sameness for the concert audiences are not like those of the theatres, ever changing. Mori's was, perhaps, the best this year, whether the performance or the company be considered. That for the New Musical Fund, the worst. It is curious, that in this month there are four for children—Master Lizst, Master Schultz, Master Minds, and Master Smith, and very clever boys they all are, the last-named is a singer, and the best of his age in the country—Lizst is a pianist—the Schultz are the phys-harmonicon and the guitar players—and Minds blows the flute. Amongst the singularities of the month may be taken the fact that Mr. Sinclair has sung, and at one concert, namely, that for the benefit of Signor Pagliardini and his Signora.

Mr. Wade, the amateur composer of "*the Prophecy*," an oratorio; had that piece performed "under distinguished patronage," at the Argyll Rooms. Mr. Braham sung the Lord's Prayer, set by Dr. Kit-chener. This is a variegation of the common concert products.

Mr. Moschelles is returned to this country, and has played at the Philharmonic and other places with a vigour and talent unabated, we are happy to perceive, by his late, long, and serious indisposition, or the still more serious affair of his late marriage to a very charming and accomplished little woman. The genius, modesty, and amiable dispositions of this artist render him a valuable accession, even to a country which enjoys so much ability of a similar kind. Mr. Labarre, the harpist, has also given proofs of great ability at the Fund and other concerts.

There have been a multitude of private concerts during the month, and among others a party *al fresco* at Mrs. Coutts's. Among other novelties

Garcia and his daughter, habited as Spaniards, sung airs and duets, accompanying themselves on the guitar. These things are very beautiful, and are chiefly his own compositions. Why are they not published? they contain very curious traits of national feeling. In some they are accompanied by a chorus, in which all the party sighs, in others all laugh. The favourite with us is *St. Antoine*.

[We are again reluctantly compelled to postpone the list of new musical publications.]

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

May 20.—William Tell.
Abon Hassan.

May 23.—Faustus.
Abon Hassan.

May 24.—Faustus.
Abon Hassan.

May 25.—William Tell.
Grand Papa.
(Withdrawn after a few nights)

May 26.—William Tell.
Grand Papa.
The Sleeping Draught.

The Maid of the Mill.
Lord Aimworth, Sapio.—Pattee, Miss Stephens.
Monsieur Tonson.

May 28.—Faustus.
Grand Papa.
Frightened to Death.

May 30.—William Tell.
The Wandering Boys.

May 31.—The Slave.
Gambia, Macready.—Captain Malcolm, Sapio.
—Vogrim, Harley.—Zelinda, Miss Stephens.
My Uncle Gabriel

June 1.—Faustus.
The Wandering Boy

June 2.—King Henry V.
Henry, Macready.—Katherine, Mrs. Bunn.
Rob Roy.

June 3.—Faustus.
My Uncle Gabriel.

June 4.—William Tell.
Der Freischutz.

June 6.—Faustus.
My Uncle Gabriel.

June 7.—Faustus.
Simpson and Co.

COVENT GARDEN.

May 20.—Every Man in his Humour.
Clari.

May 23.—Julius Cæsar.
Marc Antony, Kemble.—Brutus, Young.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley.

May 24.—The Way to Keep Him.
Sir Bashful Constant, Farren.—Sir Brilliant
Fashion, Jones.—Lovemore, Kemble.—Lady
Constant, Miss Foote.—Mrs. Lovemore, Mrs.
Chatterly.—Widow Belmour, Miss Chester.
Aladdin.

May 25.—The Lord of the Manor.
The Irish Tutor.
Midas.

May 26.—The School for Scandal.
The Maid and the Magpie.

May 27.—Der Freischutz.
Lofty Projects.
Simpson and Co.

May 28.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Clari.
Charles the Second.

May 30.—Julius Cæsar.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley.

May 31.—Fontainebleau.
High Life Below Stairs.
The Sleep Walker.

June 1.—Ivanhoe.
Isaac, Farren.—Rebecca, Miss Foote.
Lofty Projects.
The Deserter.

June 2.—Cymbeline.
Cloten, Farley.—Leonatus Posthumus, Kemble.
—Jachimo, Young.—Imogen, Miss Foote.
Sivester Daggerwood.
Blue Beard.

June 3.—Twelfth Night.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Blanchard.—Viola,
Miss Tree.—Olivia, Miss Love.
Brother and Sister.
Blue Devils.

June 4.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Clari.
Charles the Second.

June 6.—Orestes in Argos.
Lofty Projects.
Aladdin.

June 7.—Every One Has His Fault.
Captain Irvin, Cooper.—Lady Eleanor Irvin,
Miss Lacy.
The Marriage of Figaro.

DRURY-LANE.

June 8.—William Tell.
Der Freischutz.

June 9.—Faustus.
Rob Roy.

June 10.—William Tell.
Der Freischutz.

June 11.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

June 13.—William Tell.
Der Freischutz.

June 14.—Faustus.
The Recluse (*a failure*).

June 15.—Castle of Andalusia.
My Uncle Gabriel.

June 16.—Faustus.
The Review.

June 17.—William Tell.
The Rossignol.
Monsieur Tonson.

June 18.—Faustus.
The Rossignol.
The Adopted Child.

June 20.—Richard the Third.
Gloster, Kean.—Richmond, Wallack.—Elizabeth,
Mrs. W. West.
The Miller's Maid.

COVENT-GARDEN.

June 8.—The Jealous Wife.
Mr. Oakley, Kemble.—Mrs. Oakley, Miss F.
H. Kelly.—Harriet, Miss Foote.
The Magpie and the Maid.

June 9.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
The Miller's Maid.

June 10.—Clari.
Irish Tutor.
Forty Thieves.

June 11.—Belles Stratagem.
Barber of Seville.

June 13.—Der Freischutz.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley.

June 14.—Comedy of Errors.
Matrimony.
The Deserter.

June 15.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
Clari.

June 16.—As You Like It.
The Marriage of Figaro.

June 17.—The School of Reform.
Ferment, Jones.—Tyke, Rayner.—Mrs. Ferment, Mrs. Gibbs.
The Miller and his Men.

June 18.—The Child of Nature.
Amanthes, Miss Foote.
Lofty Projects.
Der Freischutz.

June 20.—Macbeth.
Macbeth, Young.—Macduff, Cooper.—Lady
Macbeth, Mrs. Bartley.
Aladdin.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

May 28.—The Rev. James Thomas Round, M.A. Fellow of Balliol, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, M.A. student of Christ Church, and the Rev. Llewelyn Lewellin, M.A. scholar of Jesus, were nominated masters of the schools.

June 2.—The University seal was affixed to a letter of thanks from the Chancellor, Masters and Scholars, to Henry Drummond, Esq. formerly of Christ Church, now of Albury Park, Surrey, for his endowment of a Professorship in Political Economy.

A proposal from the Rev. Dr. Ellerton, Fellow of Magdalen College, to found an annual prize for the encouragement of Theological learning in the University, was read in convocation and accepted. The prize is to consist of the sum of twenty guineas, to be annually awarded to the writer of the best English Essay, on some doctrine or duty of the Christian Religion, or on some of the points on which we differ from the Romish Church, or on any other subject of theology which shall be deemed meet and useful. It is intended for such persons as have passed their examination for their first degree, and who have commenced their sixteenth, but not exceeded their twenty-eighth, term from matriculation. The judges, who are to select the subject and award the prize, are to be the President of Magdalen, the Regius Professor of Divinity, and the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity; and in case the President of Magdalen shall at any time hold either of these professorships, then the Master of University is to act in his place. The successful Essay is to be read before the University, in the week next be-

fore the commemoration day, but it is not to be published, except the three judges shall unanimously approve of its publication.

June 8.—Nassau William Senior, M.A. formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, was unanimously chosen the first Professor of Political Economy, on the foundation of Mr. Drummond.

June 11.—The examination for a scholar on Dean Ireland's foundation terminated, and the examiners declared their election to have fallen on Herman Merivale, late commoner of Oriel, now scholar of Trinity. The examination lasted four days; the number of candidates was thirty.

June 15.—The commemoration of founders and benefactors was holden in the theatre, when the Crewian oration was spoken by the Professor of Poetry, and the prizes recited by the successful candidates, who were for the *Latin Essay*, Frederick Oakely, B.A. of Christ Church; *English Essay*, James William Mylne, B.A. of Balliol; *Latin Verse*, Edward Pawlett Blunt, scholar of Corpus; *English Verse*, Richard Clerk Sewell, Demy of Magdalen. At the same time the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law was conferred on

Sir James Stuart, Bart. of Allan-bank, Berwickshire, formerly Colonel of the 7th Hussars.

Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart. formerly Governor of Madras.

Captain George Francis Lyon, R.N. the celebrated traveller, and Francis Chantrey, Esq. well-known as the first sculptor of the age.

The above gentlemen were presented in commendatory speeches by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University, and Deputy Regius Professor of Civil Law.

June 16.—The Rev. Richard Whately, D.D. and Principal of St. Alban Hall, was approved in convocation, as one of the Select Preachers, in the room of Mr. Mills, of Magdalen; and the Rev. George William Hall, D.D. Master of Pembroke College, was nominated a Commissioner of the Market, in the room of Dr. Pett, of Christ Church.

The names of the candidates who were accounted worthy of distinction at the examinations in Easter Term, were as follow:—

First Class in Classics.

Arthur J. Beaumont, Queens.
Peter Stafford Carey, St. Johns.
William H. Cox, Pembroke.

George Moberly, Balliol.
Charles Palairot, Queens.
William Smythe, Christ Church.

Second Class in Classics.

Hubert K. Cornish, Corpus.
Henry H. Dod, Queens.
Archibald Macdonald, Oriel.
Sir George Prevost, Bart. Oriel.

Charles Collyns Walkey, Worcester.
William Welch, St. Johns.
Henry Bristow Wilson, St. Johns.

Third Class in Classics.

George Baker, Wadham.
Richard M. Bonnor, Christ Church.
John L. Capper, Pembroke.
William S. Dear, Wadham.
John Dixon, Christ Church.
George Edward Eyre, Oriel.
John Foley, Wadham.
William Heberden, Oriel.
John Hill, Brazennose.

Frederick Hone, University.
Henry W. Hull, Oriel.
Joseph F. Lightbourn, Jesus.
James Rhoades, Wadham.
Edward J. Stanley, Christ Church.
Samuel B. Toller, Trinity.
Marwood Tucker, Balliol.
Joseph N. Walsh, St. John's.
Henry Wintle, Worcester.

First Class in Mathematics.

Arthur Beaumont, Queen's.
Calvert R. Jones, Oriel.
Sir George Prevost, Bart., Oriel.

Benjamin W. Vallack, Exeter.
Joseph N. Walsh, St. John's.

Second Class in Mathematics.

Richard M. Bonnor, Christ Church.

William H. Cox, Pembroke.

Hon. Thomas Vesey, Christ Church.

The fourth class, consisting of those persons who were considered worthy of their degrees, but who were not included in any of the above classes, amounted to *one hundred and one*.

Elections to Fellowships, &c.

Henry Davison, Blount's scholar of Trinity; Herman Merivale, commoner of Oriel; Thomas Lern, commoner of Worcester, admitted scholars of Trinity, on the original foundation; and George Cotes, commoner of Brazennose, admitted Blount's scholar of the same society.

CAMBRIDGE.

May 25.—At a congregation held this day the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law (by royal mandate.)

William Frere, Esq. Master of Downing College, and Serjeant at Law.

Masters of Arts.

Rev. Bar Dudding, Catharine Hall.

Rev. Thomas Wright Whitaker, Emmanuel College.

Bachelors of Arts.

G. Darley St. Quintin, Trinity College.

Frederick Osborne, Trinity Hall.

John Deedes, Trinity College.

John Hurnall, Emmanuel College.

John Lane Freer, Trinity College.

C. B. Stevenson, Emmanuel College.

The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:—

Rev. John Russell, D.D. Head Master of Charter House School.

Rev. William Hale Hale, M.A. Preacher at the Charter House.

William Parry Richards, M.A.

A grace passed the senate to exempt those persons who came into residence before the 28th of May, 1822, from the operation of the grace passed on that day, respecting the examination of the 7th and 8th classes, before admission, *ad respondendum questioni*.

The Hon. George Allan Brodrick, son of Viscount Middleton, admitted of St. John's College.

June 1.—Charles Phillips, of Clare Hall, admitted Bachelor of Physic, and Howard Elphinstone, of Trinity College, Bachelor of Arts.

Trinity College Examination.

The following is an alphabetical list of the first class in each of the three years of Senior Sophs, Junior Sophs, and Freshmen:—

Senior Sophs—R. Atkinson, Goodart, sen., Hodgson, Law, Mason, Salkeld, Smedley, Stansfield, Stratton, and Webb.

Junior Sophs—Carus, Cleasby, Cooper, Dobbs, Hovenden, and Turner.

Freshmen—Barnes, Borlasse, Fawcett, Fitzherbert, Ingham, Lee, Lestourgeon, Netherwood, Peile, Perry, and Willis.

June 9.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English Poem, by a resident undergraduate, adjudged to Edward George Lytton Bulwar, Esq. Fellow Commoner of Trinity Hall.—Subject, *Sculpture*.

June 11.—The following degrees conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.

Rev. Thomas Shelford, Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

Rev. Thomas Archdall, Fellow of Emmanuel College.

Rev. R. A. Singleton, of St. John's College (compounder).

Master of Arts.

Rev. A. Stapleton, of Queen's College (compounder).

Bachelors in Civil Law.

Charles Bayles Broadley, Esq. Trinity College (compounder).

Rev. Charles Leicester, Trinity Hall, compounder.

William Russell, Esq., Charles Arnold, Esq., and Charles Dade, Esq. Bachelors of Arts of Caius College, were elected Fellows of that Society, on Dr. Perse's foundation.

Sir Thomas Browne's medals were adjudged as follows—

Greek Ode.—W. Selwyn, St. John's College.

Latin Ode.—Robert Snow, St. John's College.

Epigrams.—B. H. Kennedy, St. John's College.

Subject for the Greek Ode.

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

Subject for the Latin Ode.

Academia Cantabrigiensis tot novis ædificiis ornata.

Subject for the Greek Epigram,

Περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ νὺ μέσω λόγοι.

The King has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Professor Henslow, M.A. of St. John's College, to the Regius Professorship of Botany, vacant by the death of Professor Martyn. There were three candidates, Professor Henslow, the Rev. W. S. P. Garnons, B.D. Fellow Sidney College, and the Rev. W. Pulling, M.A. Sidney College.

June 18. The degree of Honorary Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Percy, of St. John's College.—A grace passed the senate, to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity, by royal mandate, on the Rev. Charles Sumner, M.A. of Trinity College.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. John William Butt, M.A. to the Rectory of Southery, Norfolk; Patron, Robert Martin, Esq.—Rev. Robert Roberts, D.D. to the Rectory of Wadenhoe, in the county of Northampton, by Dispensation.—Rev. Henry Thursby, to the Rectory of Isham, in the county of Northampton; Patron, the Bishop of Lincoln.—Rev. Robert Montgomery, to the Rectory of Holcott, in the county of Northampton; Patron, Rev. Francis Montgomery.—Rev. William Carus Wilson, M.A. to the Rectory of Whittington, by Dispensation; Patron, W. W. Carus Wilson, Esq. M.P.—Rev. Thomas Brooke, B.A. to the Rectory of Wistaston, Cheshire; Patron, J. W. Hammon, Esq.—Rev. Hugh Pary, M.A. to be Dean of Canterbury.—Rev. Robert Edmonds, B.A. to the Rectory of Church Lawford, and the Vicarage of Newnham, in the county of Warwick; Patroness, the Duchess of Buccleugh and Queensberry.—Rev. John Banks Jenkinson, D.D. to the Bishopric of St. David's.—Rev. Charles Sumner, M.A. to be Prebend of Canterbury Cathedral.—Rev. Thomas Gainsford, M.A. to be Prebend of Worcester Cathedral.—Rev. Edward Serocold Pearce, M.A. to be Morning Preacher of Hanover Chapel, Regent-street.—Rev. Edward Tomson Bidwell, to be Preacher of St. Mary's Church, Thetford.—Rev. Charles Arthur Sage, to the Vicarage of St. Peter, in Brackley, with the Chapel of St. James' annexed, in the county of Northampton; Patron, the Marquis of Stafford.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

History of Scotland, from the earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century, by the Rev. Alexander Low, AM.

Refutation of Count Segur's History of Napoleon, by General Gourgaud.

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BIRTHS.

- May 19. The lady of R. Frankland, Esq. MP. a daughter.
 20. In Upper Portland-place, the lady of H. St. John Tucker, Esq. a daughter.
 — At his house, in York-place, Portman-square, the lady of Henry Charles Hoare, Esq. a son.
 — At his seat in Herefordshire, the lady of Sir George Cornewall, Bart. a daughter.
 21. At Sibton, Kent, the lady of John Uniacke, Esq. a daughter.
 — The Marchioness of Anglesea, a daughter.
 23. At the Royal Military Asylum, Southampton, the lady of Lieut. Col. Evatt, a daughter.
 26. At Roehampton, the Right Hon. Lady Gifford, a son.
 — In Harley-street, the lady of Lieut.-General Sir George Townshend Walker, GCB. a son.
 27. At Ranger's Lodge, Oxfordshire, the lady of Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. a son.
 28. At Stadwyck, near Leyden, the seat of the Hon. A. V. Alphen, the lady of James Du Puy, Esq. a son.
 30. At Munster House, Fulham, Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, a son.
 — At Gladwins, Essex, the lady of Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn, a daughter.
 31. The Hon. Mrs. Carleton, a daughter.
 June 1. At Hampton Court-Palace, the lady of the Rev. George Fauquier, a daughter.
 — The lady of George Marx, Esq. Bedford-place, a daughter.
 2. The lady of Henry Rouse, Esq. Montague-street, Russel-square, a son.
 3. The lady of Dr. Seymour, George-street, Hanover-square, a daughter.
 — In Stratton-street, the lady of Samuel Whitbread, Esq. MP. a daughter.
 — The lady of Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. a son.
 5. At his Lordship's house, in Upper Brook-street, the Countess of Kinnoul, a daughter.
 7. At Collier's Wood, in the county of Surrey, the lady of Boyd Miller, Esq. a son.
 8. At Forest Hill, near Windsor, the lady of W. F. Riley, Esq. a daughter.
 10. At Greenwich, the lady of William Cousens, Esq. a daughter.
 — At High Wycombe, the Hon. Mrs. Crewe, a daughter.
 — In New-street, Spring-gardens, the Lady Maria West, a daughter.
 11. In Montague-place, the lady of Thomas Abbel, Esq. a son.
 12. In Gloucester-place, the lady of the Very Rev. Dr. Calvert, Warden of Manchester, a son and heir.
 14. The lady of Alfred Chapman, Esq. a daughter.
 15. In Bolton-street, the lady of O. S. Reynolds, Esq. a son.
 — At his house in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of Ashby Smith, MD. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- May 19. At the British Ambassador's, Joseph F. Forster, Esq. of Seaton Burn, Northumberland, to Mademoiselle Jeaine Jombertz, of St. Germain.
 — At St. Aghada church, the Rev. Charles Harte, of Durrow, county of Kilkenny, to Barbara, second daughter of Colonel Atkin, of Leasington, county of Cork.
 21. At Newington Church, Surrey, the Hon. and Rev. John Turnour, M.A. Secretary to the Clergy Orphan Society, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of the late Rev. David Jones, of Long Hope, Gloucestershire.
 22. At the Chapel of the Russian Ambassador, E. Ralli, Esq. of Broad-street, to Mary, eldest daughter of J. Mavrogordato, Esq. of Bush-lane.
 23. At Leamington Priors, Major Charles Stisted, of the 3d (or King's own) Light Dragoons, to Caroline, daughter of the late Sir Charles Heathcote, of Langton Hall, in the county of Stafford.
 — At Dawlish, B. G. Davis, Esq. to Catharine, eldest daughter of F. R. Holdsworth, Esq.
 24. At South Stoneham Church, Michael Hay, Esq. of Midanbury House, near Southampton, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Andrew Hawes Bradley, Esq. of Gore Court, near Sittingbourne, Kent.
 25. At Allhallows, Bread-street, Francis Henry Echalaz, Esq. to Caroline Sarah, second daughter of Charles Hibbert, Esq. of Grove House, Tottenham.
 26. At East Barnet, Henry John Pye, Esq. of Pinner, Middlesex, to Mary Ann, third daughter of William Walker, Esq. of Everly Lodge, Herts.
 28. At St. Pancras Church, John Clarke, Esq. of Heathcote-street, Mecklenburgh-square, to Sarah, eldest daughter of James Mansfield, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.
 30. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Grenville Dudley Ryder, second son of the Earl of Harrowby, to Lady Georgiana Augusta Somerset, third daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.
 June 1. At Camberwell, the Rev. James Thomas Du Boulay, M.A. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, to Susan Maria, eldest daughter of Seth Ward, Esq. of the former place.
 — At St. Ann's Soho, and afterwards at the Chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, Arthur Burrow, Esq. of Hanley, Staffordshire, and St. John's Wood, to Caroline, daughter of Antonio Gallassi, Esq. of Carlisle-street, Soho-square.
 — At Brighton, Arthur Heywood, Esq. of Stanley Hall, Yorkshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Duroune, of the Coldstream Guards, and niece to Sir Edmund Winn, Bart. of Acton, in the county of York.

- June 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, David Scott, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Crawford, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.
- At Richard's Castle, near Ludlow, the Rev. Thomas Lavie, eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Lavie, K. C. B. to Octavia J. Constance, fourth daughter of Theophilus Richard Salwey, Esq. of the Lodge, in the county of Salop.
- At Great Baddow, Essex, John Golding, Esq. to Louisa, daughter of William Polley, Esq. of Galley Hall, in the above county.
7. At Burniston, George, only son of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. of Kingthorp, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth Henrietta, second daughter of W. R. L. Serjeantson, Esq. of Camp Hill, in the same county.
- At Ighthan, near Sevenoaks, Captain James Chadwick, of the 86th Regiment, to Anna Isabella, daughter of the Rev. George Markham, D.D. late dean of York.
- At Chichester, the Rev. Thomas Baker, son of Thomas Baker, Esq. of Ashurst Lodge, Kent, to Elizabeth Lloyd Carr, third daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.
8. At the Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, by the Rev. William Travis Sandys, Lieut.-General Sir John Hamilton Dalrymple, Bart. to the Hon. Adamima Duncan, daughter of the late Lord Viscount Duncan.
9. At Lighthorpe, in Warwickshire, Joseph Townsend, Esq. of Honington Hall, in the same county, to Louisa, only daughter of the Rev. Robert Barnard, and niece to Lord Willoughby de Broke.
- At Hurst, near Benfield, in Berks, William Johnson, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Judge Johnson, to Ellen Clare Classe, youngest sister of George Henry Elliott, Esq. of Benfield Park, Berks.
11. At Hampstead Church, Charles, son of Anthony Bacon, Esq. of Elcott, in Berkshire, to Caroline, daughter of Henry Davidson, Esq. of Cavendish-square.
13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. W. Tower, youngest son of the late Charles Tower, Esq. of Weald Hall, Essex, to Maria, third daughter of Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, G.C.H. and M. P. for the county of Essex.
14. At St. Ann's Church, Kew, Captain Nooth, late 6th Dragoon Guards, to Emily, only daughter of William Brien, Esq. of Great Ormond-street.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir John V. B. Johnstone, Bart. of Hackness, in the county of York, to Louisa Augusta Vernon, second daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of York.
15. At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Henry Blaauw, Esq. to Harriet, daughter of John King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.
- At St. Pancras New Church, Frederick Dawes Danvers, Esq. to Charlotte Maria, daughter of John Ireland Rawlinson, Esq. of Doughty-street.

DEATHS.

- April 9. At Antigua, in the 35th year of his age, Capt. Athill, Bart. only son of Samuel Athill, Esq. President and Commander-in-chief of the said island.
- May 3. At Nice, Lieut. General Matthew Baillie.
21. At Montreal, Seven Oaks, Julia Mary Herries, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Herries, and sister of J. C. Herries, Esq. MP.
22. At his house in Buntingford, the Rev. Abraham Kirkpatrick Sherson, aged 55.
23. At Bath, the Right Hon. Lord Kilmaine, in the 61st year of his age.
24. In George-street, Portman-square, Mary, the wife of — Courtenay, Esq. of Buckland-house, in the county of Berks.
- Horace Hone, Esq. of Dover-street, Piccadilly.
- At her house, in Quarry-place, Shrewsbury, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs. Forester, relict of the late Colonel Forester, of Ross Hall, Shropshire, and mother of Lord Forester.
27. At his house, in Montague-place, Colonel William Cowper, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
- At Richmond, in the 20th year of his age, the Right Hon. Lord Spencer Augustus Chichester, third son of the Marquis of Donegal.
28. At her house in Grosvenor-square, Lady Sophia Heathcote.
29. In Cavendish-square, Henrietta Sophia Jane, only daughter of Sir Frederick Watson.
31. At his house, in James-street, Buckingham-gate, aged 82, George Chalmers, Esq. FRS. and SA.
- June 1. At Paris, M. de Souza formerly Ambassador of Portugal, at Berlin, and Paris.
- At Nottingham, aged 78, the Rev. Charles Wylde, DD. Rector of St. Nicholas, Nottingham.
- At York-place, Edinburgh, the Lady Elizabeth Finch Hatton.
2. At his house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Charles Walsham, Esq. late of Ashted Lodge, Surrey, in his 72d year.
- At the Rectory House, Piccadilly in the 76th year of his age, Gerard Andrews, DD. Dean of Canterbury, and rector of St. James's Westminster.
- At his house, in Gloucester-place, Sir William Willer Pepys, Bart.
3. At the residence of his son, at Walthamstow, Daniel Britten, Esq. of Homerton, aged 76.
- At his Rectory of Pertenhall, Bedfordshire, in his 90th year, the Rev. Thomas Martyn, BD., FRS.
5. At his house, Cavendish-square, John Bourdieu, Esq.
- At his seat, Langley-park, Bucks., Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart. in the 78th year of his age.
7. In Stratton-street, Caroline, eldest daughter of Colonel and Lady Caroline Wood, in the 22d year of her age.
- At Cheltenham, in his 67th year, Sir John Walsh, Bart. of Warfieldworth, county of Berks.

8. At Woolwich, Sophia Mary, wife of B. W. Roberts, Esq. Surgeon-General Royal Artillery, and daughter of the late Sir George Bolton, of Tutshill, Gloucestershire.
 9. At the house of H. Villebois, Esq. Gloucester-place, Jane, wife of the Hon. Mr. Lumley, of Sulham House, Berks, in the 47th year of her age.
 — At his house, Artillery-place, Finsbury-square, in the 87th year of his age, the Rev. Abraham Rees, DD., FRS.
 13. The Right Hon. Mary Seymour, wife of Frederick N. Seymour, Esq. and third daughter of the Earl of Aboyne.
 16. At his house, in Lansdown-place, James Forsyth, Esq.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From May 24 to June 24.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	233 $\frac{3}{4}$	227	233 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per Cent. Consols.....	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{8}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$ p.op.
3 per Cent. Reduced	91	88 $\frac{3}{8}$	91
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	98 $\frac{1}{4}$	96 $\frac{3}{8}$	98 $\frac{1}{4}$
New 4 per Cents.....	106 $\frac{1}{8}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{8}$ p.op.
Long Annuities expire 1860	22 $\frac{1}{16}$	21 $\frac{7}{16}$	22
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	278	276 $\frac{1}{2}$	279 p.op.
India Bonds, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	56	46	55
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.....	37	24	36
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	99	95 $\frac{5}{8}$	99
Brazil ditto, ditto.....	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	81	83 $\frac{1}{4}$
Buenos Ayres, ditto 6 per Cent. ...	92 $\frac{7}{8}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{7}{8}$
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	86	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	88	84 $\frac{7}{8}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	102 $\frac{3}{8}$	102	102
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.....	102	100 75 ..	102
Greek Bonds, ditto.....	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	49 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto, ditto	77 $\frac{3}{8}$	73	77
Neapolitan ditto, ditto.....	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	75	70	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{3}{4}$ ex d.
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	101	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	101
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	102	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	102
Russian ditto, ditto.....	96 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	96 $\frac{1}{4}$
Spanish ditto, ditto	25 $\frac{1}{8}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{4}$

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
 20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

[Several of the usual Monthly Reports are omitted for want of room.]

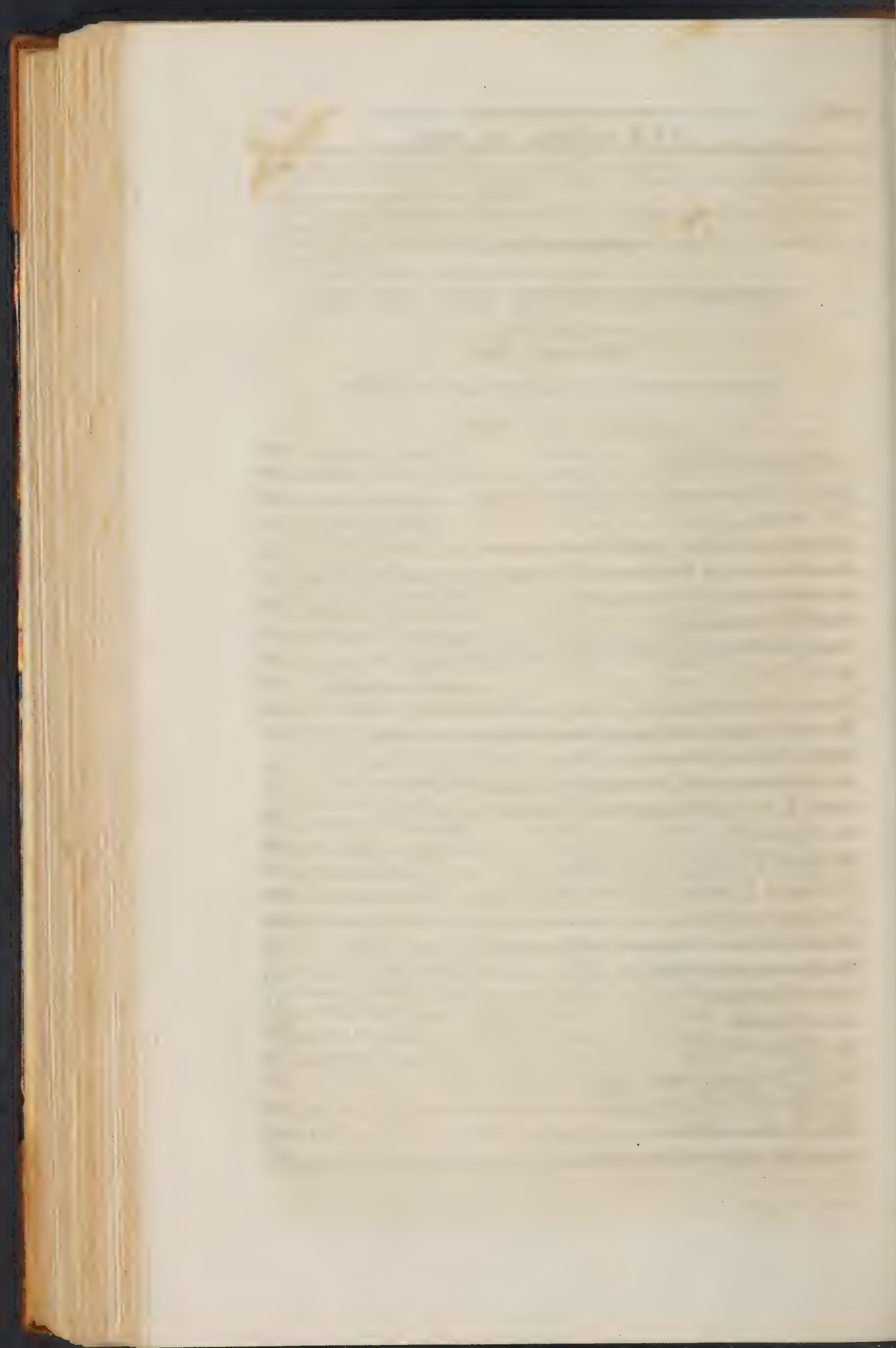
NEW SERIES. No. VIII.

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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

AUGUST 1, 1825.

THE MODERN ATHENS.

YEARS had passed, I must not say how many, among the rice fields and sooty faces of Bahar, when, wearied of ryots and zemindaries, wearied of opium, wearied of accounts, wearied of gnats and currie, and sunshine, and steam, with an account in the house of Palmer and Co., an account with Bazett, Farquhar, and Co., and a little touch of the liver, I at last resolved to close all accounts with monsoons, and the court, and to return to spend the quiet evening of life in the land of blue hills and streams—the land of my affections—the land of my youth; where I had left all the lasses bonny, and all the lads true hearted.

How did my heart beat, when, on descending the long dull hill from Belford, I saw the noble bridge of Berwick bestriding that silver stream which poets have sung, and on which tyranny and oppression had quailed; and with what burning impatience did I pass the low moors of the Press, till, arriving at Dunbar, the noble vision of the Firth, backed by its airy hills, broke on my enraptured sight. But to describe the ebullition of expectation, the beatings of the heart, the doubts, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, that sprung up as I hailed Arthur's seat, couched like a huge lion on the plain, would beggar the pen of Sir Walter Scott, or the Great Unknown, be he one, or be he two pens.

And at length Edinburgh, dear Edinburgh, appeared with all its long lost but not forgotten lines of streets and bristling spires; with its Castle, majestically crowning the long ridge, which, like the backbone of a herring, stretched upwards from Holyrood—Holyrood, the palace of the palaces of Britain, while the curling smoke rolled off, a huge train of dun cloud, crimsoned by the fiery rays of a setting sun. Then it was that all the visions of youth rose in all their enchantments before my eyes; the High School, where Ruddiman and fives were rivals for my time; the stern Janitor, the puns of D. Hill, and the sober smiles of

the placid Dalzel. Then did Strange's ball appear before me with its triple row of seats—that magic row where the lovers and the Graces shot smiles through the bounding heart, robbing me of my studies and my sleep. But the sun descended still lower, and night had fallen around me, before I felt the rattling of the wheels on the pavement. Pavement! pavement! pavement! pavement without end! but where was the town—where was it not? Houses, streets, churches—I was utterly astounded, bewildered, and lost, I began to doubt my senses, whether I was in Edinburgh—in the Auld Reekie of my younger days; but a single breeze crossing the High Street was enough to dissipate these doubts, and I said to myself—Ah ha! Auld Reekie, I smell thee now.

Forty years before, I had thought this odour one of the necessities of life—one of the unavoidable at least, and I used sometimes to doubt whether it was not a refreshing odour, particularly as Dr. Cullen had been of opinion that it was an enemy to contagion. This was the first moment that a suspicion struck me about the remembered merits of the town of my birth: my organs of smell had certainly changed in forty years, and I began to question whether other of my creeds might not have been changed too; and whether I should really find Auld Reekie the most beautiful, most picturesque, most romantic, most intellectual, of the towns of the universe; whether all its lassies would prove as beautiful as the light; its men the most profound, the best read, the most elegant in manners; its medical school the first medical school in the universe; its university the paragon of universities; its lawyers Tribonians; and its cockie leeky superior to mulligatawny soup.

These were painful suspicions, and all produced by one little whiff. The constitution was changed, it was plain. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man should pass forty years on the banks of the Ganges, and not change something with the innovations on his liver. To have witnessed for forty years Hindoo ablutions and Mahometan ablutions; to have weathered forty monsoons; twice to have crossed the whole ocean of waters, and then to land at ten o'clock at night in Auld Reekie! was there no water in "the Esil," none in the water of Leith, none in the Firth, none in the clouds?

But I arrived at the house intended for me in Hunter's square. I was not well asleep, when, good heavens! I was awakened: the High Street of the night before was a jest to it. I threw open all the windows, I still lay gasping for breath. I attempted to discover the cause, and in the kitchen, rather in a pantry, among knives and plates, and fragments of meat, and loaves of bread, I found—I shall not say what—and set down my dear countrymen as the most foul, most dirty, most disgusting, most incurable people in the universe. I now recalled to my mind what forty years of absence and the waters of the Ganges had almost washed away from my memory, and then I recalled to mind the college—the college at ten o'clock, and more, and more,

and more ; and when ten o'clock, indeed, came, there was still no other resource. Why, the very tygers and cats a mountain that I had left behind were a cleaner people. Could not Auld Reekie dig holes too ; had it no pickaxes, no spades ; was there no declivity, no water ? water—yes—but Auld Reekie was like lady Macbeth's hand, nothing would sweeten its ideas, and, without that, all water was vain.

If I now began to think my countryman an animal incurably dirty, I was soon convinced of it. Talking of the elegance of its city, its beauty, and its buildings—laying out streets, and subscribing for Parthenons, every one seemed surprised when I wondered at their having forgotten the common sewers. What ! had the New Town, all those straight streets, all that collection of rows and squares, been planned and executed without a common sewer ; and had they gone on planning and executing, and were they still planning and executing, and still had determined not to have a common sewer. I, at least, determined that they must possess an inherent love of dirt ; and I determined, too, that I would purchase a seat in parliament, and procure an act, by English influence, to compel Scotland to clean itself. It was an opprobrium to the very empire ; but I concluded that they perhaps persisted in their old habits in contempt of England and the Union.

No, that was not a right theory ; it was at least sheer insensibility to dirt, if it was not the absolute love of it. Else how could my landlady have endured the great splay-footed raw-boned animal that came in with the breakfast, without shoe or stocking, and with a foot like an elephant, legs as scaly and red as those of a secretary bird, a skin like a palm tree, a dirty jacket of dirty cotton, not big enough to conceal her Hottentot breast, and a rag for a cap, that seemed to have been dragged through the chimney, not covering her greasy red hair. I hurried out of the house to seek for a breakfast elsewhere, and at last found something like an English coffee-house.

But not till I had threaded the Canongate and the Cowgate, and half a dozen closes and wynds, and half a dozen hundreds of bare-legged, ragged, dirty, idling, lounging, boys, girls, women, and men, stopping up the ways, and jabbering a dialect which long absence had made intolerable to my ears. And then the fearful old women—women—hags ! standing in the shop doors, and the half-naked children rolling in the kennels, or who, as Pope sings, “in crouching low for bread and butter cried.” The black town of Calcutta was a jewel compared to it. And then the wretched shops, with a few salt herrings, matches, treacle, and great lumps of stone coal, with a pound of filthy candles hung up ; and then the whiskey shops, and—pah ! let me stop. Had it been so formerly ? was the “finest street in the world,” extending in its antique pride from the castle of Edwin to the palace of Scotia's kings, a mile in length, whose houses were ten stories high, whose crowned church was the most magnificent of Gothic structures, as its Tron was the most Palladian, the most perfect of Greek architecture, was it indeed, formerly,

the dirty, mean, crowded, beggarly collection of houses and shops and people which I now saw it; or was it changed? Was the Canongate formerly such, that a man could not walk through it without shrinking. Alas! no, it was I that was changed. I had lived to see its misery, its dirt, and its deformities; and all my visions of happiness to be renewed, fled like the smoke which was now rolling away from the glass houses of Leith, spreading till it was lost along the wide blue sea.

I now betook myself to the New Town, and if I marvelled at its increase, I marvelled, too, how I should ever have thought its streets the most beautiful, its St. Andrew's the most graceful of churches, its white stone architecture the most tasteful, and its pavement the most perfect in the world. There was some difference, indeed, between what I had left, and what I had found; for there had been attempts at architecture, and the new square, at least, was handsomer than the old. The cold desertion, dryness, and melancholy of St. George's Street struck to my heart; and when I looked for the Assembly Room, the place of former loves and partners, I wondered whether it was not the county jail. The church was a hideous maypole; but what was even that, compared to the violent and painful abortion of which Charlotte square had been delivered. I wanted no more to tell me what the taste of my countrymen was in building. But I found more, and more, and more.

I thought it impossible that any people could have abounded in such materials, should have built so much and so long, should have possessed architects, and paid money to architects, and seen English architecture, and possessed a school of arts, and have been the best informed, the most clever, the most enlightened, the most learned, the most elegant people of the world, and should still have continued to render its town a heap of deformities, in which it was difficult to say which was the most hideous, the most heterogeneous, and the most tasteless. I had fancied the North Bridge the first of bridges, and I found it lame, bungling, heavy, and awkward; yet I had some respect for the ingenuity which had contrived the earthen mound as a foil for it. On the Calton Hill there was a thing like a chess man, and a prison like a Stilton cheese; but there was more to come, and there was to be a Parthenon, and much more and better, and I thought it quite time that there should be something better. And the North Loch which I had left a quagmire was little changed: it was a heap of rubbish and dirt, and nettles; and I recollected how it might have been converted into shrubberies and ornaments, how it would have been planted with trees, and so converted in any town of the world but Edinburgh—in any town but a Scotch town. And then there was a cotton manufactory built within the castle; and a bank and much more; and a chapel made of piecrust; and wherever I turned, all was alike, barbarous, and vulgar, and hideous; and I determined that the most elegant, the most learned the most enlightened, and the most

refined people in the world, had as much taste in architecture as the wild mountaineers of Napaul. And I began to doubt of the beauties of Edinburgh.

And I doubted still more when I betook myself to the country, to search for the shaded walks and green lanes of my imagination; and the meadows, and Arthur's Seat, and the Links; and all to which I had associated such ideas of rural happiness. Miles did I walk, yet the roads were black and muddy, and no where could I escape from the two endless, white, dry, stone walls, that hemmed me in on each side. I found Salisbury Craig a dirty and fatiguing heap of disgusting rubbish; an eye-sore at a distance, and a toil when at hand. Leith Walk was a bad street, and Leith itself a dirty, narrow, mean, sea-port. All the country looked starved, and desert. No villas, no appearance of wealth and ease, but every inch walled in and cultivated, as if to extract every farthing from the soil, and to prevent plunderers from carrying away the corn. Scarcely a tree on which a man might have hanged himself, and the few there were, stunted and starved; and the whole a huge collection of pounds and prisons. I found that I could find no walk near Edinburgh but the meadows, and the meadows were pestiferous with nurse maids and ditches. I betook myself to Princes street, and found myself肘ed by vulgar dandies, some apeing the manners of Bond-street, or the race course, swinging out, arm in arm, from a coffee-house, to bluster in the next ice shop; others trying to look careless and genteel, though it was easy to see in their faces the impress of the law—the trickery and care, ill concealed under the mixed effrontery and fancied ease of an Edinburgh buck. And ever and anon a party of females would pass, looking for admiration; their clothes in the extreme of some fashion, supposed to be that of Paris or London, but evidently just put on for display; and sitting with effort and constraint on persons, who, till the show hour of four, had probably been sitting in a dirty bedgown with their hair in papillotes, strumming Highland reels on the piano-forte. In Queen-street, the grass was growing green and fresh; and a cold east wind blowing across the Firth, reminded me that Edinburgh was not Lucknow, and that I must seek for warmer quarters.

I found the climate like all else; and I now learnt to congratulate myself that I had for so many years cheated the east winds, and all the winds, and rains, and fogs, of this most detestable of all the climates in God's creation. Long ere this I might have been lying in the Westkirk-yard, or the Greyfriars, amidst dirty nettles and rubbish, like a dog, unconsecrated and forgotten. The east winds, I now began to think, had brought back a little touch of my disorder, and I suspected that I was looking at every thing through a bilious eye. But the doctor came, and Dick gave me twenty grains of calomel, and the *primæ viæ* came to rights again, and the weather cleared up; and I cross-questioned myself, and still I thought and was convinced, that I was not out of

humour, and that all was true ; and that it was time for me to return to my own Bungalow, and pass the rest of my days far from the land that had disappointed all my expectations.

And yet, however, I had seen little of the town but its architecture, and of the country but its stone walls, and of the people but their dirt, and vulgarity, and coarseness. I had only guessed from their physiognomies, and manners, and dress, what the upper ranks might be, and I had yet this acquaintance to make, this knowledge to acquire. It was man, after all, with whom I was to pass my life ; and if the society of Edinburgh was what I had thought, and believed, and heard, and read, and anticipated, I might still be happy ; and I began to consider of a house or a lodging in some better place than Hunter's-square.

I had determined to consult the waiter at Oman's ; and having settled this point, walked in to a neighbouring bookseller's, which had been shown me, with a large board, inscribed 'ready furnished lodgings.' I asked what new publications there were, when, with a surly grin, the man of books pointed huffily to a small duodecimo on the counter, saying, "I suppose ye've seen the Modern Athens?" The Modern Athens ! pray, my friend, what town is that ? "What town is that ! an' whare can ye be fae, that ye dinna ken that E'nbroch is the Modern Athens." I paid down my shillings, walked away with the Modern Athens in my pocket, read it through before I went to bed, and in the morning sent to inquire if there were any places in the mail coach for London. It was full, however, and, on second thoughts, I determined that the author must be a libeller, and a London cockney, and that I would stay and judge for myself.

I did stay—quite long enough ; though I never yet discovered how Auld Reekie had become the rival of Athens. Thank God, I am now quietly settled in Norfolk-street, and have bid adieu to the Modern Athens, its literature, its *δημος*, its law, its disputes, its politics, its concert, its balls, its Sundays, and its strathspeys, for ever. Mr. Mudie, if that be the author's name, knows his countrymen well ; and so, for the matter of that, does that Living Lie, the GREAT UNKNOWN. Let us see what this last gentleman says, in one of his novels, and then we may see what Mr. Mudie says.

He is speaking of a Scotch buck. "Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, and pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth ; and, with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate." Such is a Scotch buck ; and every denizen of Auld Reekie, whether he brandish the quill or the yard, would be a buck.

And here too is the Great Unknown's character of his countrymen, of a "country gentleman," he seems to call it,—of any Scotchman. If the Great Unknown be really Walter Scott, Baronet, we wonder that its head is still on its shoulders. But who can "call out" an Unknown: moreover of which, it is part of a Scotchman's courage not to want caution to temper its ebullitions. "Excellent bankers they may be, for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principle: good soldiers, also, for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline: lawyers they are born; indeed, every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them, in other lines, to submit to hardships which others would not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly." Such is the Great Unknown's captivating picture of his countrymen. Churchill, Wilks, and Francis, were not so severe: Johnson's judgment was high praise. But Johnson could not see; and Churchill, Wilkes, and Francis, did not know Caledonia as well as the Great Unknown: or as well as the author before me.

This gentleman has not very well explained whence Auld Reekie became the Modern Athens, or any Athens at all, but the following passage is not unsuccessful truth, if it should not be precisely the fact.

They began with a long and learned parallel between the overthrow of Bonaparte and that of Darius and Xerxes; and then, coming gradually a little nearer home, they hinted, that, in his encouragement of the arts, Lord Melville was the express image of Pericles. This brought them to the marrow of the subject: Edinburgh was very much like Athens,—it was, in fact, the Modern Athens, or the Athens Restored; the Calton Hill was a far finer thing than the Acropolis; the free-stone of Craigleith excelled in beauty and durability the marble of Pentelicus; the Frith of Forth outstretched and outshone the Egean or the Hellespont; the kingdom of Fife beat beyond all comparison Ionia and the Troad; Ida and Athos were mere mole-hills compared with North Berwick Law and the Lomonds; Plataea and Marathon had nothing in them at all comparable with Pinkie and Preston Pans; Sir George Mackenzie of Coull excelled both Æschylus and Aristophanes; Macvey Napier was an Aristotle; Lord Hermand a Diogenes; Macqueen of Braxfield had been a Draco; the Lord President was a Solon; a Demosthenes could be found any where; and Lord Macconachie was even more than a Plato. Then, to make the parallel perfect, and indeed to make the Modern Athens every way outstrip the Athens of old, only one thing was wanting, and that was, that there should be erected upon the top of the Calton Hill, a copy of the Temple of Minerva Parthenon.

All the people and things here quoted are pretty well known, even to the Cockneys of Modern Babylon; but they may wonder of course who Sir George Mackenzie is. Æschylus and Aristophanes, indeed! His Icelandic Tragedy soared far higher than Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, united. Unluckily, it was damned by a conspiracy among the geologists, because he was not a Wernerian; so at least said the Baronet, but the public averred that it was basaltic, trappish, and barytic; and Sir George betook himself to craniology, Belles Lettres, and vitrified forts. Nothing comes amiss to him: Aristophanes, Plato, Protagoras,

Herodotus, and Solon, are a jest to him, in his own esteem at least, and hence apparently originated the name of Modern Athens. Nothing less than an Athens could have contained the constellation united in his own person, and Athens did Auld Reekie become.

Thus, at least, did the waiter at the Turf Coffee-house inform us; but we were fated to hear yet other theories. With one, it was because John Clerk was greater than Demosthenes; and with others, that Cranstoun and Jeffrey excelled Æschines and Isocrates; with another, that this same John Clerk's pictures rivalled the Pœcile; with a fifth and a sixth, that Professor Leslie was an Archimedes, and Wilson a Socrates; and with a seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, &c. that Dugald Stewart was an Aristotle, Professor Jameson a Pythagoras, Robertson a Thucydides, Allan Ramsay an Anacreon, Mr. Raeburn a Polygnôtus, and so on; while others maintained that the Athenian name and character were derived from, and dependent on, those giants of literature, Messieurs Constable and Blackwood.

In the end, I became lost among etymologies and etymologists. Auld Reekie is now Athens; that must suffice, and assuredly no resemblance can be stronger. It is the seat of mind and manners, and the muses, of elegance, and taste, and architecture, and painting, of tragedy and comedy, oratory and poetry. Leith is the Piræus, and Mr. Scoula is the very Phidias himself. And as the Attic dialect was noted through all Greece for its grace and elegance, so the language of Edinburgh equally exceeds all the dialects of the British empire. This alone would justify the title of THE MODERN ATHENS.

The critic remarks on the antipathy of the Scotch to trees and pleasure-grounds; policies is the phrase. Their policy is of another complexion; "fawning and obsequious," in the men in office; crafty, selfish, and calculating, with the aspect and bearing of boldness and honesty, in the men out of it. As to trees—

The rogue a gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears alike antipathy to trees.

The Calton Hill "is so much infested by lazy blackguards, and bare-footed washerwomen, as to be unsafe for respectable females even at noon-day:" and "after dusk;" but we stop here. We should be glad to know the part of Edinburgh, in the old town, at least, that is not infested by "lazy blackguards and dirty drabs;" we might suppose that all the *polissonerie* of all the kingdom was collected there; and that people had nothing to do but to crowd about the heads of closes and colloque together. And as to after dusk, the worst days of Drury-Lane were nothing to the Modern Athens. Is this Athenian too? This most moral people, where every man is educated, and where a man dare not whistle on a Sunday, exhibits scenes in its streets, at night, that would disgrace Otaheitee itself. They are not fit for our paper; let the author himself explain hereafter the principle, the principle of economy and calculation in pleasures or vice, which makes the Modern Athens one great plague, in

spite of the dearest, the most troublesome, and the most boasted police. London is virtue itself, and order and decency, in comparison.

According to this author and critic, the leading character of the people of the Modern Athens is conceit.

The leading characteristic of the Athenians, of all ranks, all degrees of understanding, all measures of taste, all shades of party, and both sexes, is to esteem their own idols in preference to the idols of every other people on the face of the earth. Their own situation is the finest that can possibly be found; and their own mode of improving it is superior to any that could be suggested. Their men, taken on the average, excel all others in wisdom, and nothing can any way compare with the brilliance of their women. In their manners they are never vulgar; and in their tastes and judgments they do not make half the slips and blunders which are made by the rest of the world. The songs of their poets (when they happen to have any) are transcendent for sublimity and sweetness; and the theories of their philosophers (of which they are never without a reasonable portion) are ever the most agreeable to nature, and the most nicely put together. Upon the latter point they are somewhat amusing; for in no place whatever have philosophic theories been so often changed, as among the sages of the succession of schools which, shining from the Athens, have dazzled and illuminated mankind; and yet, while each of these theories has been the object of Athenian adoration, it, and none but it, has been the true one. In politics they have not, at least for a long time, been agreed in their doctrines, or unanimous in their worship, for in politics, interest has generally much more to do than principle; and, being by much the stronger of the two, and pulling opposite ways with different parties, it has produced among the Athenians, divisions which are as remarkable as their union of self-adoration in most other things.

What is the cause? ignorance of better. They scratch each other, and they are always itching. It is the character of all half-civilized people, as it is of savages. The Modern Athens is first-rate to herself, and forgets to inquire how she is rated by the rest of the world. There is a general conspiracy among her people to scratch each other. If it is a lawyer, a historian, or a geologist, that writes a book, half a dozen pens are drawn to prove that it is the best book in the world, and that its author is the best of authors. Every thing is the discovery of a Modern Athenian, all portraits are measured by the standard of Raeburn, and all landscapes by Nasmyth, all geology and gothic architecture by poor Sir James Hall; and if a doubt is thrown on the metaphysics of Dugald Stewart, half a dozen books are written to prove that he is the most elegant of writers, and the most exquisite of metaphysicians.

Happy the man who is born in the Modern Athens; at least, if he can make a party. If not, the father will get his son to puff him, and the brother the brother; in any way, he will persevere till he succeeds. They puff each other in life and in death. *Eloges* succeed to the puff direct; for the fame of the Athens must be supported. It must be supported too through thick and thin. Though the world had proved that a Coal Esquire had stolen a system of naval tactics from a French author, up rose all Edinburgh (all the Athens, I beg pardon) to prove that he was the inventor; though the plagiarism was as palpable as the assertions were gross. Somebody wrote a quarto to puff, after his death, Black, the most indolent of chemists, who confesses, in his own handwriting, that he maintained phlogiston for ten years, when the eyes of all

the world were opened around him. Playfair puffed Hutton, and now somebody must puff Playfair; and we are to have a life of Horner; and of Sir James Hall, of course; and of Brewster, when he is dead; and of Hogg, doubtless; and of Blackwood, most assuredly; and so it goes round: and so the Modern Athens sets itself up, its own idol, and falls down and worships itself, and is THE MODERN ATHENS.

But the literature of the Athens is to meet us again, and here we are in the midst of the politics.

The first thing that strikes a stranger is, that he must take a side the moment he enters the Athens. It is an arena of gladiators, and he must draw his sword and dismiss the scabbard. He cannot have friends in both parties; nay, he cannot go from a Whig ball to a Tory one: he must make his election and abide by it, or else he will find himself neglected by all. In London, a man dines with his bitterest political opponent, all meet at the same tables at least, and society is not interrupted. In the Athens, there is no salvation, and no dinner out of the pale; a man must eat Whig diet or Tory diet, for it is certain that he cannot eat both. His very love must be a Whig love, or a Tory love: to couple opposed politics is beyond the power of Cupid and Hymen both. And if the Athenian Cupid has his party, so has the Athenian tailor and the Athenian shoe-maker.

Is it a miracle, if politics are here inveterate? The Athenians, the Caledonians, are by nature an inveterate, bitter, obstinate, pig-headed, people, but if they were not, they hear but one conversation, and see accordingly. Each man's bitterness aggravates that of his neighbour. If a man's leg is cut off the wrong way at their infirmary, be sure it was a Tory doctor, and all the Whigs meet and move an inquiry into the management. If a school is founded to teach masons how to hew stone in an Athenian manner, the Whigs and Tories squabble for the supremacy. It is "pull devil, pull baker;" they bespatter each other with Athenian dirt, and, at last, one party must yield; the stones are hewed in Whiggish patterns, and the Tories go elsewhere to build their houses. The Huttonian system is Whiggish, and therefore all the Tories side with the Wernerian; and they write books, and squabble, and fight, as if the fate of nations was involved in whin and graywacke. Such are the blessed politics of the Modern Athens: even the Whig doctor will not consult with the Tory doctor; or the Lord have mercy on the patient who attempts to procure health from contending politics.

In the peculiar politics of the Athens, it struck me, that though there are only two parties,—the men in office, with their connexions and dependants, and the men who are not in office,—yet that there are several distinct grounds of opposition, some of which neither party are very willing to avow, and therefore they lump them all together in the convenient cant terms of Tory and Whig. Both parties are radically and substantially loyal; and both parties, though in different degrees, and sought for by different measures, may have a regard for the prosperity of their country generally, and for the glory and aggrandizement of the Athens, in a particular and pre-eminent degree;

but still, their wars of the tongue, and the unpleasant inroads which these wars make upon domestic prosperity and happiness, are just as unpleasant as though the one party were about to draw the sword for absolute despotism, and the other for blind and indiscriminate democracy.

The Athenian Tories are perhaps the most place-devoted race in the British dominions. Office is their god; and, as is sometimes the case with other devotees, their devotion is fervent in proportion to the feeling they have of their own unworthiness. In defence of that which they worship, they have no more variety of voice than the winged warders of the Roman Capitol. Hence, as I said of the burghal magistracies, they cling to each other, and by that very means separate themselves more from the people than the necessity of the case requires. Their strength consists, mainly, in those imperfections of the elective franchise, and powers of the law officers of the Crown, to which I have alluded: and as those cannot well be defended in argument, eloquence is of little use to them, and they seem to have no great partiality for those who possess it. When they make an attack as a body, in any other way than through the instrumentality of the law, (which they can employ only when the waters of society are a little troubled,) they do it snugly and covertly,—by letting people feel that they have the dispensing of rewards; by standing between a candidate and an office for which he is qualified, or by something of a similar kind. I was told that, at one period, and that not a very remote one, they would hit a man whose politics they did not like, through the medium of his banker; but latterly, the will or the power, or at any rate the practice of this, has been lessened, if not abolished.

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The Athenian Whigs are a mixed multitude, and though they all agree in their opposition to the other party, they are by no means agreed among themselves,—that is, as far as I could discover, they are not all influenced by the same principles, or seeking the same object. The party who are in office, have always among their opponents, and frequently foremost amongst them, a party whose principles and disposition differ not much from their own—namely, the party who wish to get in. As, however, those longers for office cannot, like the enjoyers of office, support themselves by their politics, they have no principle of union, and therefore do not, like the others, unfurl the ensigns, and raise the war-cry, as a party. Were they to do this, it would not only defeat their own object, but cause them to be more disliked by the independent part of the people, than the persons who are in possession. Feeding, whether with pudding or with place, has a tendency to smooth the turbulent passions; while hungering, whether for food or for office, has an effect exactly the opposite. Hence, even the Athenian placeman, whose appetite is most ravenous, and who is prone to snarl at those whom he suspects of a desire to take his portion from him, is the more civil from being in office, unless when he thinks that his honours or emoluments are in danger. Upon this principle, he is kind to those whom he thinks indifferent, and polite, and occasionally generous, to all whom he imagines can strengthen his influence, without turning round in the end, and attempting to share it with him. Hence, also, the place-hunter, I mean him who hunts for it in opposition to the present holder, is always irritable and jealous, and keeps his wishes and his plans as much to himself as ever he can. Thus, such of the Athenian Whigs as would be placemen to the very core, if they had “good opportunities for the ’ork,” are careful to blend, and lose if possible, their peculiar propensities, in the general mass of those who, without any specific or immediate view to their own personal interest, seek for a reform of what they conceive to be the political abuses of their country.

In this way, all that is selfish among the Athenian Whigs can be kept in the background; and as the principles which they abet are much more rational in themselves, much more agreeable to the general feelings of mankind, and much better adapted for declamation, than those which their opponents profess—when they venture to profess any thing, the Whigs always have had, and always will continue to have, the best of

the argument, and the finest of the eloquence upon their side. But though they be by far the most numerous, and the most specious, their chances of success bear no proportion either to their numbers or the apparent superiority of their cause. The opposite party have the command of the public purse, and when the two parties strive, they are thus enabled to throw the expense of both sides upon their antagonists. Such are a few of the principles and practices of Athenian politics,—a war of words, of which it would be no easy matter to define the object, or calculate the end.

The author here ceases his *tirade* against the politics of the modern Athens, and if I am to believe from what I saw, though I did not see all this, it is likely to be all true. It is impossible to extract from his account of the state of the Scotch representation, but it appears by his report, that it is as perfectly corrupt as a representation can well be. There are but few voters on the roll of the freeholders, and as no Scotchman ever *gives* a vote, but calculates for how much he can sell it, it is easy enough to see whither all this must lead. Nothing can in fact be so gross. In England, the county electors at least are tolerably independent; and there are so many, that it is in vain for every one to expect a place for himself or his fifteenth cousin. In Scotland, every man calculates that though he cannot be made an exciseman himself, cousin Jock may, or that Will, his wife's cousin's nephew, may be made surgeon's mate of a frigate, or that Dick is pushing his fortune at Bombay, or something else; and as the concatenation of cousinship is a wide one, there is never wanting some hope or expectancy for somebody. And to add to this corrupted state of the elective franchise, any proprietor may create voters at his pleasure, since the right of voting is separable from the possession of the freehold. Thus the sale of votes is carried on openly; this merchandise fetching, generally, in the market, from three to five hundred pounds, according to the populousness of the county in votes; and the first thing a young writer does when he has raked together five hundred pounds, by hornings or other dirty work, is to lay it out in a vote, or a superiority, as they call it.

In the burghs, or town elections, this author says, that the provosts and baillies who possess the votes can be purchased like the "necks of so many geese;" and if they are sold, it is for the same reasons that some cousin Will or Jock may be able to leave the country which no man stays in who can help it, to push his fortune in the "sooth." As to the Peers, Scotland complains that it has but sixteen representatives; but they are sixteen too many, when it is notorious that they are all nominated by the minister.

With all this, it would be expected that Scotland should possess a strong influence with the minister in Parliament, yet it has none whatever. The Irish members unite hand and heart for any national object, and never fail to carry it: the Scotch members can obtain nothing of the kind. The college of the Athens was fast hastening to ruin, long before Parliament could be persuaded to grant a few thousand pounds towards it. The Parthenon is at a stand, the Parthenon, which is to stamp the name of the MODERN ATHENS to all posterity, and Parliament

has been vainly solicited, even for a farthing. And the reason is plain. Every Scotchman has some private end of his own to gain, and every man is trying to jockey his neighbour in the race after places and pensions. No man cares for his country, and every man cares for himself; rather, for himself first, and then for his first circle of cousins, and then for the second, and so, *gradatim*, to the very verge of the diluted circumference of consanguinity. The minister understands all this; and, by playing off one knave against another, and holding out distant promises, keeps the whole in division, and contrives to get his dirty work done cheaply.

Whatever airs the Athens may give herself in other matters, however she may boast of her taste and her elegance, talk of her science and her literature, cherish the mouldering skeleton of her medical school, no one can be a day within her precincts without discovering that the law is her Alpha and Omega; the food which she eats, the raiment she puts on, the dwelling-house which she inhabits, the conversation in which she engages, the soul which animates her whole frame, the mind which is discovered in every feature of her countenance and every attitude of her body.

The author is severe, but true. Law is the life, the soul, the heart, the liver, the body, and blood of the Athens; it is stamped on every astute and cautious face, it occupies all thoughts; they eat and sleep chicane, lie down to dream of mortgages and interests, and rise to think it over again. Be the man, the event, what they may, the secret and self question is, "what can I make of it?" If a writer cultivates a friendship, it is with the hope of making money out of it; if he gives a dinner, it is with the full assurance that it shall be repaid; if he renders a gratuitous service, it is because he means to balance it hereafter with a solid reward. And so admirably have they contrived to entangle business throughout the country, that a landed proprietor cannot stir an inch without a writer on or about every piece of land he has; an agent at Inverness, an agent at Aberdeen, an agent at Stirling, should be so divided, besides his Edinburgh writer; and, to crown the whole, another cunning Scotchman in London, who takes care that he shall never be without the aid of English law.

There are complaints in England, that when once property gets into chancery, the "infant" becomes grey before he can enjoy it; but the Scottish chancery is incalculably worse; for the moment that a Scotch proprietor allows his lands to pass into the keeping of an Edinburgh agent, from that moment he must lay his account either with losing them altogether, or purchasing them anew; and to enumerate the heirs of Scottish families, who are at any time pining away in heart-broken obscurity, or toiling under the burning suns of the East or the West, in the hope of winning back a poor fragment of the ample heritage to which they were born, would require no trifling succession of pages.

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It is matter of trite remark, that very few of the seed of Jacob have ever taken up their abode in the Athens, and that the few who have done so, have in a short time been starved to death or to removal; and it has sometimes been wondered why a people, who have been so successful in pillaging the other nations of Europe, should have failed so completely in this instance. A very slight acquaintance with the Athenian "men of business," as they are called, will explain the fact, and resolve the difficulty. The man of business has all the natural rapacity and cunning of the Jew, and he is at the

same time so well conversant with every quirk and turn of the law, that there is no possibility of calling him to account for his depredations.

Those hounds usually pursue their game in couples. There is one who is called "the dining partner," whose business it is to watch for every inexperienced or expensive man of property, who happens to be spending a few days in the Athens, get invited to the same party with him, ply him with flattery, and when his weak side is once discovered, inflame his vanity upon that. Toward the close of the party, when the wine has circulated with that abundance and rapidity which are common in such cases, the dining partner becomes large in his professions of friendship. The victim swallows the bait with avidity; a meeting takes place in the kennel of the hounds next morning; and a loan of a few thousand pounds, being upon a first security, is negotiated in a manner which is quite fair and equitable; but the men of the law, when they go down to "take their infestment" over the lands, contrive to suggest so many improvements that the supply is speedily exhausted; and, as it has created much more appetite than it has satisfied, another and a larger supply becomes necessary. The terms of this are a little different: money, which was in profusion upon the first occasion, is now difficult to be had. More than the legal interest would invalidate the security; but matters may be so managed, as to give a bond for payment of the interest, and repayment of the principal of fifteen thousand pounds, while ten thousand only is advanced. The gates of ruin are now fairly opened; loan follows after loan, till the whole value of the lands be mortgaged, and the whole rents consumed in interest; and when matters have come to this situation, the men of business press a sale at a time which they know to be disadvantageous, and thus get into their own possession property, upon the improvement of which almost the whole of the sums advanced by them have been expended,—are, in short, much in the same situation as if they had got a present of the lands, and only laid out a few thousand pounds for their improvement. It is not the object of the men of business to retain a great deal of property in land; so they divide the lands into lots, sell them at a handsome profit, and retain the freehold qualifications, either to promote their own political interest, or to part with them for large sums in the event of a disputed election,—a matter which they are often known to bring about for this very purpose. Such are some of the blessings which the legal men of the Athens bestow upon their country, in return for the fees with which it has previously fattened them.

The following picture must be quoted for the purpose of displaying the author's power in the humourous as well as in the satirical manner.

Business commences; the Lords Ordinary take their seats—in places which make them look more like as if they were standing in the pillory than any thing else. But even there, advocates are drudging in their vocations; agents running backwards and forwards with briefs; clients watching the result with palpitating hearts; and the Athenian loungers hanging about, anticipating their Lordships in the decision of the several cases. The well-employed advocates now put you very much in mind of shuttlecocks. They run from bar to bar, making motions here and speeches there, in the most chaos-looking style that can be imagined. Of the whole gown and wig mass, it is but a small portion, however, who are thus occupied; four-fifths of the whole keep trudging on from end to end of the hall, and seem never to expect or even to get a fee; while the bar clerks collected round the fire-places keep up a continual titter at the repetition of all the good jokes of the day; and the same scene continues day after day, and month after month. You are astonished that a place, the real business of which is so dull and so dry, should have charms for so many idle people; but except this Parliament-house there is not another in-door lounge in the whole Athens; and as the business of the courts forms the chief topic of the evening's conversation, many attend for the purpose of qualifying themselves for displays upon a very different arena. It is long before a stranger can bring himself to relish this first and most favourite of all Athenian pleasures. I, for one, got tired of it in two or three days, and began to be of opinion that, however much this fondness for legal proceedings may sharpen the wits of the Athenian

idlers, it is but a sorry treat for those who have no wish either to get rich by the acting, or wise by the suffering of the law.

When the business of the day is over, you can perceive the veteran barristers taking council together as to where they may be joyous for the night; and the younger legal men of all descriptions hurrying off toward Princes Street, in order that they may show themselves to the Athenian fair, before they retreat to drown the daily badgerings in the nightly bowl.

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The Athenian University was long the boast of the Athens, not only as a school of philosophy, and a school of medicine, but as a general school of learning; and, with the exception, perhaps, of the latter, the titles were, in the case of a few illustrious men, well earned. Those times have, however, gone by, and the Athenian university, pressed down by the general circumstances of the Athens, and yet more by the peculiar circumstances of its own patronage, has sunk to rise no more.

This is too notorious to be denied; but the Athens alone cannot see that its university is a jest, the exhausted ghost of what never performed many corporeal functions even in its best of days. Here is the author's picture of its principal.

The time has not long gone by, when the principal of that university was numbered, if not with the most learned and profound, at least with the most elegant of historians; but I should be glad to be informed of what person, or thing, or circumstance, the being that I found holding the supreme sway in the Athenian university, and in its metropolitan name, presenting himself before the King, as a specimen and representative of all the universities of Scotland, could write the history. It is true, that the office of this person is not much else than a sinecure, as he seldom comes before the public, except when his name stands rubric to a diploma; but, if an image is found with a wooden head, people are apt to turn away, without any very much examination of the limbs. It is said, more wittily than wisely perhaps, among the fledglings at the seats of science in the south, that "whatever may be the walls, the heads of houses are most commonly of lead;" and the saying might be carried to the Athens, if it were worth the trouble. I was told that, if at some former point of Athenian history, this personage had not been a bachelor, and the daughter of a quondam provost of the Athens a damsel to be wooed, the college of the Athens might have gone all unprincipalled for him.

A fact which has been repeated a hundred times. This author, indeed, states that such a choice, even with regard to the professors, is inevitable, as the election lies either with a stupid set of baillies, or is more directly a political job in the hands of the minister. My residence was too short to get at the bottom of what is local, and in present action. Here, in Norfolk Street, I can only judge of the present by the past, of the literati and literature of the Athens, by what is vulgarly known; but it all agrees well with the judgment of this critic.

It appears too that the Scotch church, staunch as every church has ever shown itself in pursuing its own aggrandisement, has

Usurped every professor's chair in the Athenian college which can be by any sophistry twisted into a compatibility with the functions of a minister of the Kirk. After the very Reverend personage who, as aforesaid, groans under the load of the principality (not of Wales), the chairs, not only of divinity, church history, and Hebrew, but of logic and rhetoric, and the belles lettres, are in the hands of the Athenian priests.

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Not many years have gone by since the whole Athens was thrown into confusion, because one of the brethren was not permitted to squelch his carcass into the chair of

mathematics, and become the successor of Mac Laurin, and Stewart, and Playfair; and had he succeeded, the Athenians would perhaps ere now have had a clerical expounder of "Dirlton's Doubts" in the chair of law, and a holder forth in the Tron Kirk wielding the anatomical scalpel during the week. The objections taken to the better-qualified candidate upon that occasion, were such as to throw considerable light upon the feeling of *eorum ministrorum* toward the university, and to enable one to form a pretty accurate guess at what will be its state if their unquenchable longing for it shall ever be fully satisfied. The exception which they took was a grave charge of infidelity, founded upon an allusion to David Hume, contained in a note to a purely philosophic book, and a book, too, which, both from its subject and its style, was never likely to get into general circulation, and would be read by nobody, merely on account of the note—the only part which was impugned as being contrary to the canons of orthodoxy.

Why, the thunder of this dispute absolutely extended its growlings to Lucknow; for I remember well the virulent pamphlets put there into my hands, which, if I recollect right, were brought over by the son of the Professor of Moral Philosophy; not the elegant O'Doherty who figures in Blackwood, but the gazette writer for Scotland.

This author is candid enough to allow that the constitution of the Athenian university is not bad, if the patronage were duly administered. Indeed, there can be no better plan for ensuring the effectual services of men, than to pay them in proportion to their talents and exertions; which must be the effect of fees. But all this good is defeated, if the professor is to be elected by ignorant shopkeepers, because he is a cousin, or a son-in-law, or a churchman, or a staunch Tory, or a friend of the minister. And if the attendance is compulsory, or rather the fees, as it is in many cases, the whole degenerates into a gross abuse.

It appears, in particular, that the medical school is absolutely dead, defunct, and gone. The author speaks with some reverence of its older days, but when did it begin to fall off. I suspect it owed a good deal of its old fame to the same system of puffing by which the Athens gains its ends, and by which it is still called the first medical school of the world. At present, says the critic, there is not a man fit to light a furnace for Black, or hold the scalpel for Monro, or the book for Gregory. Which Monro, and which Gregory? As to Black, he did nothing, while chemistry was making rapid strides every where; not only did nothing, but shut his eyes to the light. He was said to have made discoveries; but it was like a man who finds a diamond and throws it aside; he did not know their value, and brought them to nothing. Priestley discovered more in a week than Black did in the forty years of his professorship; and, if he had not been an Athenian, his name would have never been heard of, as it is now forgotten. If the world is to judge of the talents of his successor by his discoveries, they are still less; nothing.

As to Cullen, he appears to have been an old woman, but he was "equus inter asinos." Perhaps his "First Lines" may be intelligible to medical readers, as every trade has a jargon of its own for the initiated; all I know is, that it is nonsense to the apprehension of a civilian who is not read in the cant of this sect. In the long leisure of a long sickness, and in hopes of relief to myself and my servants, I

laboured like a tiger to extract some sense out of it, and I found plenty of words, but no ideas. Spasm, conditions of the nervous system, collapse, excitement, and such cabalistical terms, were always before my eyes; but I sought in vain for the meaning, and gave the point up in despair. Buchan is positive sense, in comparison.

But as all the world agrees that the medical school of the Athens is the worst in the world, while it is the most boastful, that M—— does not know an artery from a nerve, that Gregory was a blustering quack (I do not know even the name of his successor), that Rutherford knew as much botany as Graham, and Graham as Rutherford, and so for all the rest, I must leave the author and them to settle it as they best can. As to the professor of “slate and granite,” this gentleman affirms that he has published for immortality, which is consolatory amid such a dearth of talent. Whether he is a Huttonian or a Wernerian, however, we are not informed.

The Royal Society is a “coterie of old wives,” with a poet for a president, a “humdrum and heavy editor of an Encyclopædia for a secretary,” and a few wisdom-struck squires, including Sir George Mackenzie, the tragedian, men who amuse themselves with the “small philosophy of mosses and muscle shells,” for all else. Of all these matters, I cannot judge as I did of the odours of the High Street; but the author seems to know his own townsmen well, for that he is an Athenian himself, though a renegado son, seems unquestionable.

But the world at large can judge of the boasted literature and science of the Athens. If we are to believe an Athenian, Scotland comprises all the talent of Britain, just as the manners of its *société* include every thing that is elegant and polished. We will venture to say that no one can be one minute in the female, or the mixed society of the Athens, without being struck by the vulgarity, provincial vulgarity, as well as *pretension*, which pervades even its uppermost classes. There is a style of feeling and manner even among the female portion which cannot be concealed for a moment; and when it thinks fit to ape the imaginary freedom of good London society, it becomes familiar and pert. Like a man of *mauvaise honte*, it knows not how to depart from its natural sulky shyness without becoming forward.

As to its literary and scientific talent, past and present, the catalogue is soon told. In its earlier days, Scotland possessed some show of literature and poetry, and promised more. It was, perhaps, on a par with England. But mark the tremendous gulf between. The literature of the Athens in George the Third's day was scarcely that of Anne; it was a century in arrear. But if you speak to a Scotchman, Athenian or not, he overwhelms you with the names of Hume, and Smith, and Robertson. Push him still further, and you get Beattie and Reid, and Stewart, and then Campbell and Maclaurin, and perhaps Millar, and possibly Playfair, and then the Man of Feeling, and he becomes gra-

dually more and more puzzled, unless he escapes by knocking you down with Burns and the Great Unknown.

All this time he is utterly ignorant of English authors and English literature; of the giants which it has produced in every department of letters and science, names almost unknown to him. Of that army, of poets, of theologians, of classical scholars, of mathematicians, and even of metaphysicians, his darling subject, he seems never to have heard. If his mind reverts to history, it is to think of Robertson; if to metaphysics, of Beattie—the wretched feeble Beattie; if to mathematics, perhaps of Napier. On theology, he has not even a name to produce, unless it be Boston—yes, Blair; and in classical learning, he must be content with George Buchanan, a single plant in the dreary desert. If he doubts the ignorance of his country in classical learning, let him ask his own countryman, Irvine; we may give him Ruddiman, if he pleases, but what then? Every man learns Latin in the Athens, and some learn Greek; and yet Scotland has not, with scarcely an exception, produced, and does not contain, a classical scholar fit for the fifth form at Eton.

Robertson was an elegant historian—admitted; his style is agreeable; but what has he done for the obscure history of Scotland, and where are the qualities that mark the historian. Hume was almost as much a Parisian as a Scotchman. Henry was a useful plodder, and the tale is almost told. Compare the boasted metaphysics of Caledonia with the metaphysical writings of England; and, after all, what is the value of nine tenths of the trash standing under the name of Reid, Beattie, Campbell, Smith, and Stewart. But why proceed: there is not a scholar or a man of science who does not know how to value Scotland, provided he be not a Scotchman.

There is no better way of judging of a people than by the gods which they worship. Beattie, Gregory, Allan Ramsay, Blackwood, Playfair, dull, slow, Playfair, the “elegant” Playfair, who was a week in writing a sentence, beau Leslie, Sir James Hall, who takes a quarto to say what might be told in ten lines, professor Walker, Tom Macknight, fiddler and aspirant to mathematics, the man who had his head shot off for making dull epigrams—these, and of these “be thy gods,” O Athens. But listen to the Athenian himself, and wonder. Hear him despise the Babylonian, and smile. But we must excuse him, for he has never heard but of himself, he has seen none but himself in his own looking glass; he is “himself alone,” and like the Pagan Turk, he exclaims to himself, he exclaims to the world ‘There is but one city, and that city is the Athens; there is but one philosophy, and that philosophy is Athenian—Allah, illah, Allah.’

The Athens is a bad provincial town. Without one of the merits of a large city, it has all the faults and vices of a coterie. It is its own model and referee, nought but itself can be its parallel. Every man knows his neighbour, and of his neighbour; and every man and every

woman scans the loves, and hates, and relationships, and creeds, of every other man and woman : imagining itself a capital, and behaving like a paltry village. And while the men squabble about Pitt and Melville, or Hume and Brougham, the women make parties about their pastors, and those who cannot fight about the House of Commons, fight about the house of the Lord, and dispute about Thomson and Chalmers.

As to the learning of their clergy, what is it, or what has it ever been? Nothing has it produced beyond those sermons which all may write who ever held a pen ; and the mass of their country "ministers" are mere farmers, men without classical learning or theology, very fit for their audiences, doubtless, and probably very virtuous men, but without education and acquirements, and with manners as coarse as their glebes.

They boast of their horrid music too, just as they boast of their Man of Feeling, one of those who is among the most successful examples of the value of puffing. To hear of his elegance and his taste still, is absolutely nauseating. This very "Man of Feeling" to which he owes the *soubriquet* that has stood him in such stead, is a wretched copy of the Spectator—a sort of Washington Irvinian writing ; and as to his other novels, they are absolutely beneath contempt. The Great Unknown we cheerfully grant them, for he has done more for their fame than his whole country united.

As to the Edinburgh Review, this author remarks properly, that all the talent of Edinburgh could not have supported it for a single year. It is a mere name ; and ninety nine of a hundred of its articles have been the produce of England. It was a lucky concurrence of circumstances that led to its being dated from Edinburgh ; but it would not the less have been written, and written as it has been, had the editor practised at the English bar, and Longman's name occupied the place of Constable's.

That the Athens should boast of Blackwood's magazine, is a sufficient proof of the elegance of its feelings and the quality of its taste. And this magazine has been, if it is not now, conducted by its Professor of Moral Philosophy ; while it is strongly suspected too, that the Great Unknown stands perdue, and pulls some of the strings at least. Those who choose may consult the book here under review for a more detailed opinion, both of this work and of the Edinburgh Review. The world cannot see to what purpose the Hones and the Carliles are persecuted, together with all the ribaldry which has issued from what is called the radical press ; it cannot complain of John Bull, on the other side, while Blackwood is held up as wit, and its contributors as men of taste and elegant literature. To all but an Athenian, its Norths and its O'Dohertys must appear as basely scurrilous, as their style and matter is unintelligible : but it is Athenian, and that is a sufficient answer. But to go back to the author and critic himself :

Having heard a great deal about the intellectuality of the Athens, and its superiority in genius, in taste, and in literature, above every other city in the world, I made a point of examining, with all the care and candour that I could exercise. I began, too, with a strong, yes, a very strong prejudice in its favour; for it had been rung again and again in my ears, that, compared with what was to be found here, the whole world beside was an empire of dulness. But my fond, and, as it proved to be, my foolish prejudice, became less and less, at every step; and, whether I would or not, I was compelled to see, that the greater part of the name which somehow or other the Athens has gotten, has been gotten through the unceasing brazen-frontedness of her own self-idolatry. In various parts of the Athens, I found men *pirouetting* in small evolutions of what they call philosophy.

What the philosophy is, let those seek who know where to find it. The critic says:

I have said, and I dare themselves to deny it, that her men in office are a trifling and a truckling race; I have said, and I dare themselves to deny it, that a great mass of her scribes unite some of the worst propensities of the Jew, with none of the best of the attorney; I have said, and I dare them to deny it, that her schools of philosophy have "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," and that her philosophical societies pursue trifles, from which even school-boys would turn with disdain; and I have said, that her *gentry* have neither the capacity nor the means of encouraging the sciences, literature, and the fine arts; but though I have said thus, and said it from personal—perhaps painful, observation, I am bound to add, that in point of intellect, and all matters considered in point of conduct, the populace of the Athens are far superior to any with which I am acquainted. When I visited the public libraries, the men whom I found borrowing the classical and philosophical books wore aprons, while the occasional lady or gentleman that I saw there, was satisfied with the romance of the week, or the pamphlet of the day.

In speaking of the education of the Athenian youth, he says:

From the peculiar kind and manner of education which I have noticed, the young men of the Athens are more impertinent and self-sufficient than those of any other place that I have seen. They know not much, and the little that they do know is far from being accurate; but they state their opinions with a forwardness, and support even their ignorance and their errors with a pertinacity at which you are quite astonished. Perhaps it is this precocity in assertion which renders the Athenians so querulous and dogmatical after they grow up.

As the sums of money which can be afforded to be spent or squandered away in the Athens are not great, there is not much deep playing or costly dissipation in the city. But though the immorality of the Athens costs less than that of a wealthier place, there is not proportionally the less of it upon this account; and though the number of what may be termed gentlemanlike indiscretions be very limited, yet there is perhaps no place of equal proportion which rivals the Athens in low vice. Indeed, the vices of her people are almost all equally low, or if there be any who strive to outdo their fellows, it is by a deeper plunge in downright beastliness.

Among the dashing bloods of the Athens, the squalor of a house is no objection whatever. Scotch economy prompts them to get every thing cheap, and hence there are in the Athens sinks of vice, supported and frequented by those who call themselves gentlemen, that would hardly be tolerated, or even supposed, in the very lowest neighbourhood of any other place. I have been told that nothing can be more shocking either to morality or taste, than the midnight orgies of certain clubs of the Athenian *esprits forts*; and among all ranks of the Athenians—I mean among all the ranks of those who wear the dress and assume the name of gentlemen,—the practice of drinking is both habitual and deep.

The real state of taste and civilization in any place is perhaps better known from the vices of the inhabitants, than from their virtues; and if the Athens is to be judged by this standard, she has not much of which she can boast, as the broad and vulgar debaucheries of her people not only occupy much more of their time, but engross much more of their conversation, than is the case in the British metropolis. There is a cause for every thing, and perhaps a reasonable part of the cause of this may be found in that peculiarity of the Athenian education which I noticed in a former chapter. The purity, the ignorance, and the simplicity of the number of young men and boys who are annually added to the mass of the Athens, the novelty of their having all restraint taken off, and the example and encouragement with which they naturally meet, dispose them to proceed to greater lengths in dissipation than if their introduction were more gradual. The limited nature of their finances, too, and the operation of those lessons of thrift and parsimony, which no parents are fonder of inculcating than the Scotch, lead them to cheapness rather than elegance, in their pleasures; and the debased and vulgar taste which they thus acquire in their boyhood clings to them after they are men, and not only gives the tone to their vices, but in some measure also to their whole character. Accordingly, in no place that I have visited is there more licence of conversation, more general freedom from all manner of restraint, and a more total absence of scruples of any kind, than among the scribes of the Athens.

This is an agreeable picture, and it is only to be wished that the critic has seen it through prejudices or anger. It does not appear that he has been answered, at least. If it was so in my younger days, I was among the innocents, and quitted it before my education was completed. I did not remain long enough to see it after my return, and it must be believed, or not, on the critic's credit.

The last picture is more light, and is amusing; and here the book draws to a close.

Another small feature in the character of the Athenians is the high and supercilious disdain with which they affect to look down, not merely upon their fellow-Scotchmen, but upon all the world. How they originally came by this quality, it would not be easy to determine, and therefore it is, perhaps, needless to inquire; but, as it is permanent and general, it must have something upon which it permanently feeds. It is by no means peculiar to those who are born in the Athens; for no sooner does a Lowland clown take up his locality there as a writer's clerk, than he begins to toss up his head at the land which produced and fed him, and "writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*." And no sooner does a tattered and trowserless *Rorie* escape from the wilds of Sutherland, or the woods of Rannoch, to lug half an Athenian fair one from tea-party to tea-party, than "she is a shentlemans, and teuks her whisky wi' a 'Cot tam' like a loört;" and, in fact, it seems a contest between those two sets of worthies, which shall take the lead in Athenian dandyism. Indeed, in personal grace at least, the "shentlemans" must be allowed to have much the better of the "*armigero*."

He proceeds to say, that nothing of a higher class of dandyism exists in the Athens, and then adds—

Perhaps it is this total absence of every thing elegant in the shape of man from the public streets and walks of the Athens, that has given so singular a twist to the minds and manners of the Athenian fair. Those dandies, instead of being objects for admiration, are subjects for criticism; and when an Athenian belle first quits her bread and butter, and flits forth to conquer the world—heedless of the fact, that such was the condition of a dear papa ere he *booed* himself into some government office, "processed" (I do not use that word in the Yankee meaning,) into the management of some laird's estate, or the estate itself—she curls up her nose at these, the only "creatures" that

she meets, with so much force as to give it, as Dr. Barclay would say, "a sidereal aspect" for life. For a long time she holds fast her aversion; but though her nose be elevated, her fortunes do not rise along with it. Time drives the wheels of his curriole across her countenance, and there is no filling up the ruts which they leave. Meanwhile the despised clerks become wigged advocates, or wily solicitors; and the lady stretches her neck over her six-pair-of-stairs window, to catch a glance of the bustling man of business whom she despised and contemned when he was a Princes-street walking boy, and would have accounted her society and countenance the very choicest thing in the world. Time, who is the most delightful of all visitors during the early stage of his acquaintance, gradually introduces his friends; and at last, old hobbling Despair is admitted into his coterie. In some places, the ladies to whom he has been introduced seek their quietus at the card-table; in others, they abandon this world for the next, and very frequently choose the by-paths to heaven—because a way thronged with dissenting ministers is always a sort of love-lane, in which a lady may at least gather the dry stalks of those flowers which she neglected to pull while they were in season. But in the Athens they go another way to work,—they dip their stockings in heaven's azure, pass through the hoops of small philosophy to the heaven-ward attic, (from which, perchance, the Athens takes its name,) and thence launch the bolts of their criticism against all the world below—that is, all the world of their own sex, and below their own age.

The conclusion concludes—

The Athens boasts of herself as a model of elegance and of taste: I found her a compound of squalour and vulgarity. She boasts of her philosophy: I found it pursuing thistle-down over the wilderness. She boasts of her literary spirit: I found her literature a mere disjointed skeleton, or rather the cast-skin of a toothless serpent. She boasts of her public spirit: I found almost every man pursuing his own petty interests, by the most sinister and contemptible means; and, perchance, the most noisy of her patriots standing open-mouthed, if so that the very smallest fragment of place or pension might drop into them. She boasts of the encouragements that she has given to genius: I looked into the record, and I found that every man of genius who had depended upon her patronage, had been debauched and starved. She boasts of the purity of her manners: I found the one sex engaged in slander as a trade, and the other in low sensuality as a profession. Under those findings—and they required not to be sought—I had no alternative for my judgment.

Verily thou art not a gentle critic.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE late Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has exercised so much power as to render it proper for us, the watchers of the watchmen, to pass some judgment on the man and on the nature of his criticism—to consider what Mr. Gifford was, and what a person who conducted a work intended to influence and direct by criticism the literature of the age should have been.

Mr. Gifford was to a great degree a self-taught man. His history, which he tells in a manner very creditable to himself, in the introduction to his translation of Juvenal, is briefly this. The child of very poor parents, he was left an orphan at a very early age, and after a boyhood

passed in extreme misery, he reached his twentieth year, without the common rudiments of learning. He was then a shoemaker's apprentice at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His body was not fitted for labour, and he seems to have been in a most wretched plight, when he was discovered by a benevolent surgeon of the name of Cookesley to possess some abilities, and to have made, without instruction, some progress in the mathematics. A subscription was raised by Mr. Cookesley "for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Eighteen months of Gifford's life were purchased for six pounds: exactly six and eight-pence a month; which shows that the editor of the Quarterly must in his best days have been a very indifferent shoe-maker. He was sent, by the same kind aid, two years after, to Exeter College, Oxford, as Bible clerk. Mr. Cookesley died, and Gifford would have been, perhaps, not much less miserable as a Bible clerk than as a shoemaker's apprentice, if he had not by an accident been introduced to the notice of the late Earl Grosvenor, who was taken by his abilities or his story, and provided for his support. He afterwards travelled with the present Earl Grosvenor, as bear-leader, if the name of bear may be applied to so urbane a nobleman, or that of leader to so friendly a companion. In the rest of his life there was nothing peculiar or romantic. "He struck root," as Cobbett terms it, "into the pockets of the people," the holder of a sinecure. He was for a time, we believe, Editor, or joint-editor of the Anti-jacobin newspaper. For a long time, as every one knows, he has been Editor of the Quarterly Review.

In the struggles, or the accidents, by which a man emerges from wretchedness and from ignorance, there is much to interest and to gratify us, and we are always ready to hope that the enlarged experience of the world which may be acquired in the course of them, may make amends for the misery that has been endured. In some minds, under some circumstances, we have no doubt that it is so; but we are afraid it is more generally true that suffering produces any thing but patience, and injuries any thing but mildness or justice. The knocks and rubs of Gifford's boyhood appear to have affected the temper of the whole of his after life. Wordsworth talks of a man

Who long compell'd in humble walks to go
Was soften'd into feeling, soothed and tamed.
Love he had known in huts where poor men lie, &c.

But Gifford was treated in the early part of his life with little kindness by the world, and there appears to have been no love lost on his part; "by degrees," he says of his shoe-making days, "I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor, or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future; an object at once of apprehension and dislike."

The bitterness with which the boy is so deeply imbued must have some effect upon the man. This state of feeling may have arisen from no protervity of Gifford's natural disposition. There must have been, no doubt, much in a Presbyterian master which would have given just cause of sourness to the mildest apprentice; but since we are the joint product of nature and circumstance, many an unhappy author may have had reason to lament that the future editor of the Quarterly Review was ever under the tuition of a sectarian cordwainer.

There is too in self-taught persons a feeling towards learning, not unlike that of a *parvenu* towards wealth—an ostentatious mode of using it—a habit of setting value upon manifestations of it, which those who have gotten into the possession of it at an earlier period, or with less merit of their own, care little about. Happily, there is in men of this description, very commonly, a pleasant flow of good humour with themselves and others, which prevents the display of their notions of the value of their possessions from taking any thing of an offensive character. But an ill-tempered *parvenu* either in estate or letters is the very devil.

Gifford's account of his employment in his apprenticeship, his "exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks," in some sort applies to the style of his criticism. There is rarely any comprehensiveness in his views, or continuity in his elevation. He is much more studious to make others *appear* to be in the wrong, than to *be* himself in the right. To spy a flaw or to make one, to crush or to afflict the insignificant—and if he meddle with the powerful at all, to give them sly stabs with his critical awl, or to throw dirt on their coats from his lurking hole—to make faces at them, instead of grappling with them—these with an ostentatious display of the riches of the accidence seem from his writings to be his delight. There was never a man or a critic possessed of less magnanimity, never one who had a more irresistible propensity to kick every lame cur of the adverse faction that came in his way, or less of a disposition to raise his toe against any thing that was likely to snap at it. It is almost needless to say, that such a temper is quite inconsistent with a sound judgment. If it does not arise out of a defect of the mind, it soon produces one.

There is a notion which it is our duty to encourage, that no editor can or ought to be answerable for all the vices of a periodical work under his direction. We speak, therefore, with more confidence of Gifford, from the works published under his name, particularly his Massinger, and his Juvenal, which afford fair opportunities for the display of his mind, temper, and knowledge. In them we often admire the whole energy of the man displayed upon trifling occasions—the ridicule, impotent only from the overdose of bitterness against the mistakes of others, side by side by the grossest blunders of his own, producing an effect not unlike that of the squinting cobbler in one of Hogarth's prints, who, in grinning at the besmugged visage of his neighbours, displays and exaggerates his own indomitable deformity. When we speak of his blundering, it would

be grossly unfair not to limit and explain the expression. Though he is constantly taking credit for other men's discoveries, yet where the power of his mind, and where the apparatus of his research, is brought to bear on a particular point, he is generally the reverse of a blunderer, he has a clear mode of seeing and explaining himself. But he was neither well-grounded enough to secure himself from literary lapses, nor had he the judgment which was the more necessary to direct his acuteness, as the sharper instrument requires the steadier hand. We do not know a more signal instance of his absurdity (though the examples abound) than in his translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth.
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade ;
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence trolls his song.

It must seem strange to the reader of Mr. Gifford's translation, that a traveller should particularly choose the night in the time of Juvenal, "to win his way by stealth," unless his business was stealing. Horace not a century before had said—

Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones ;

which Mr. Gifford would translate, to cut men's throats—robbers rise any time but at night. Juvenal's words, however, are as plain as need be, if Mr. Gifford had not in one of his splenetic tricks undertaken to pervert them—

*Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis ;
Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

But the translator's explanation is not less droll than his version. "The poet is still speaking of Nero's time, and he alludes to the cautious practice of those who being in possession of a few valuables wished to remove them without being seen." Remove them whither? Into the next bailiwick? It is very new certainly to bring that Nero, who is described a little before as having seized the wealth of Seneca and Longinus, and the *Egregias ædes Lateranorum*, down to the level of the man who stole Mr. Justice Bayley's cup at Ascot races, and to make him on the watch to *nim* any piece of plate that ventured into the sunshine. The whole of the sentence—beginning, middle, and end, would leave no man who had the least discourse of reason at a loss for the drift of these plain words. The poet has before shown that under certain circumstances great masses of wealth have insured the destruction of their owner ; and then he goes on to say that even a small quantity of superfluous wealth is to its possessor at certain times (*pauca licet portes*,) a source of danger, or at least painful solicitude.

An instance in which the snip-snap and the blunder go together, is to be found in the note on the line (*Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo*—Satir. vi. 64).—"In a profound treatise on dancing, which I know only by an extract in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the author cites this passage to prove that there was a female dancer of the name of Chironomon. Papæ! *The Chironomon* here mentioned was a *ballet of action*, founded on the well-known amour of Leda, in which some favourite dancer, probably Paris, was the principal performer." Mr. Gifford might just as well say that the *Primo Buffo* means a comic opera, as that Chironomon is a ballet of action.*

These the readers may say are trifling matters. We cannot help it. They are those in which Mr. Gifford delights. His occasional blunders, his snappishness and mischievous and splenetic perversions of plain passages, Mr. Gifford has in common with much more learned verbal critics than himself. In his worst times he is not so wrong-headed as Bentley; as in his best he is never so acute. It may be doubted, however, whether the ill temper, the straining constantly to discover small errors, and the pride generated at often finding them, the narrow vision and the mighty conceit which verbal criticism creates, particularly fit a man for judging of literature as it grows up in an age which has had some great men. Whatever qualifications this study might have, we are sure it was not increased by the circumstance that he attempted himself to write poetry. Men, like Goethe and Walter Scott, may be fitter to criticise contemporary works of imagination, because their power or their fame relieves them from the temptation of sacrificing their rivals. But it requires a better temper than Mr. Gifford to enable a man who has himself been straining impotently to produce poetry, to be the judge of the poetry of the age. What work has he made of the noblest passages of Juvenal? When there is plain sense to be given in a homely manner he occasionally succeeds; but let the poet soar, and the translator sprawls. There is nothing in Juvenal finer than the reflexion on the account of Domitian's fish, and no line more poetical than the concluding one;—

* It is curious, with the ostentation of care which he exhibits, to see how deficient he is in critical judgment.

The passage—

“ ————— longum

“ Attendit Thyme, Thyme tunc rustica discit,”

he mistranslates; the following is a corrupt version—

“ While rustick Thyme, with curious eye,

“ Marks the quick pant,” &c.

Rustick Thyme! Rustic Vestris! Thyme is spoken of in two other places in Juvenal, i. 36, and viii. 197, in such a way as to leave no doubt that she was the dancer, and not the spectator. Thyme is a name borrowed from the altar or place of sacrifice of the ancient stage *Θυμολη*, but we doubt whether Mr. Gifford had much Greek.

Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dedisset
 Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
 Illustresque animas impunè et vindice nullo.
 Sed, periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
 Cæperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.—

which Mr. Gifford gives thus:—

Oh that such scenes, disgraceful as the most,
 Had all those years of tyranny engros't
 In which he daily drain'd, by none withstood,
 The city of its best and noblest blood.
 And yet he fell! he fell! for when the herd
 First felt his cruelty to them transferr'd,
 They seized the murderer, wet with Lamian gore,
 And—

What d'ye think?

And instant hurl'd him to the infernal shore.

Oh, Juvenal, Juvenal, how art thou translated!

The well-known conclusion of the tenth satire is just as flat—

Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
 What blessings man by his own powers may reach.
 The path to peace is virtue—we should see
 If wise, O Fortune, nought divine in thee.*

When we view such platitudes as these we shall not wonder how it happens that the Quarterly Review dealt almost entirely in that sort of poetry that every one else thought below notice, and why little was mentioned, and less praised, but what approached nearest to Mr. Gifford, and was beneath even him.† We confess that it is not easy to bring proofs of this assertion without turning over a whole series of the Quarterly Review, for the poets and the poems that have engrossed its attention are so insignificant that we forget who and what they are. But every reader of the work must have felt with us in almost every number of it, the nausea and disappointment arising from its poetical criticism, which may be called the weighing in false scales things not worthy to be weighed at all.

* The note on the passage immediately preceding is disgraced by a filthy piece of falsehood and cant. Ut tamen et poscas aliquid, &c. Mr. Gifford calls an “earnest recommendation of a due regard to the public and ceremonial part of religion,” and abuses Dryden for approaching more nearly to the meaning of the author. Surely learning, morality, and common-sense, must have been in a very low condition when it could answer any man's purpose so scandalously to misrepresent a scarcely doubtful passage, and to be afraid to allow a philosophical poet to sneer at the idolatry of his times.

† Lord Byron is, we believe, the only exception. The early friendship of the editor, his connexion with the bookseller, and his rank, conspired to secure him from censure or to procure him notice.

THE OPERA.

WE were not of the number of those who apprehended any mischief from the indecent attacks of The Times on Velluti: had a performer so assailed been about to make his appearance at the Coburg Theatre, the Circus, the Royalty, Covent Garden, or the Yorkshire Stingo, or any other place of vulgar resort that can be named, we should have trembled not only for his success, but for his life and limbs, when we saw him pointed out as a sort of reptile to be loathed and crushed in the columns of a journal whose opinions are probably held in esteem in the ale-houses, and whose instigations to brutality are likely to be materially aided by the inflammatory and stupifying libations which accompany its perusal in those places—meet temples for the oracle. But an Opera audience, we were well assured, were not to be influenced by the cant of The Times, more especially when it interfered with their pleasures, and we should just as soon have expected to see a gentleman come staggering into the house, roaring drunk with “*Deady’s best*,” or “*Old Tom*,” as to discover one brutalized by the ravings of the “leading journal.” The higher classes may, and indeed do take leave of their senses occasionally, like tinkers and tailors, but their taste raises them above the reach of certain influences, and they are about as likely to fuddle themselves with “Whitbread’s entire” as to dement themselves with The Times. So long as this paper goes with the public sentiment, and corroborates opinion, it is a powerful engine; but it would seem that by some wise dispensation the moment it swerves from this policy, and ventures on an act of mischief, it is struck with impotence, and covers itself with odium from the attempt, and with ridicule from the failure. Had The Times desired to dissipate the *prestige* concerning the irresistible power of the press, and to show that it loses its strength when it would pervert it to injury, the “leading journal” could not have accomplished its object better than by its recent attacks on Kean and Velluti. Kean came within the immediate sphere of its powers in a public theatre, a great part of which is filled by the folks of the public-house; but yet The Times was beat on this ground, for Kean was as popular in the tap-rooms as the leading journal, and *cæteris paribus*, his cause was the just one, and all men who have not some inducement to be unjust, pique themselves on being just; thus the very persons on whom the paper could best have counted on this occasion, deserted it and went over to the enemy, and a few canters only hissed a good actor because his morality was bad. The common prejudices against a foreigner might have arrayed the vulgar against Velluti; and in one of the national theatres, where the mob are all powerful, the labours of The Times might not have been wholly lost, and he might have been exposed, at least, to ruffianly annoyance; but with the Opera audience we were confident that liberality would prevail, and we were not deceived, nay, it ran into an extreme, as is usual in these cases, and the raptures with

which this performer was received were nearly as ridiculous as the attack on him was brutal—so true is the vulgar proverb that one fool makes another, whether in emulation or in opposition. Velluti made his appearance in Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which was performed for the first time for his benefit; notwithstanding the encouraging thunder of applause with which he was greeted, he seemed in an extremely nervous state throughout the evening,* and an injudicious attempt to encore him, which was resisted, gave occasion to an unnecessary mortification: that he was ill able to bear; having come on the stage with a humility of demeanour, which it was painful to witness, to repeat the song, a great clamour ensued, and he obviously mistook the opposition to the encore, for an attack on himself; for a few moments he appeared overwhelmed, and as if crouching for mercy, but, after a short time, he drew himself up and folded his arms, with the air of one whose spirit was roused by unjust and barbarous treatment. He was mistaken; for, as we have explained, the disapprobation was merely to the repetition of a long piece of music; but we liked him the better for this show of self-assertion. Towards the end of the performance, two or three vulgar fellows in the gallery (they could not have been more numerous) indulged in some gross mimicry, but finding that the pleasantry did not take with the audience, and that it only served to provoke encouragement of the performer, at whose expense they exercised their wit, they were soon silent, and the curtain fell amidst a tumult of applause. It was pleasant enough at this moment to call to mind some fulsome cant in *The Times* of that day, about "the manly British public, and the pure British fair," who were either not to go to the opera, or to go into fits, or to abominate, or to loathe; we do not, indeed, precisely remember what edifying thing they were to do, but it was certainly something very unlike that which they did do; for "the pure British fair" filled the boxes in great numbers, and "the manly British public" testified their

* The fact is, that on the first night he was in a state of complete exhaustion. On the Wednesday, the day preceding his appearance, there were two rehearsals of *Il Crociato*; the last was called for half-past seven o'clock, but it did not commence till nearly ten, and lasted till half-past two. No one but Velluti knew any thing about the manner in which the opera should be produced, and he had to direct every particular, from the instruction of the singers and choruses, down even to the arraying of the soldiers and slaves on the stage. The fatigue of these exertions, added to anxiety of mind concerning his own reception, very sufficiently account for the extreme nervousness under which he obviously laboured on the Thursday night. His voice was, of course, considerably affected by these circumstances, and it was shriller than we have since heard it. We have been informed, but we are loath to believe it, that some savage took the trouble to translate the brutal article in *The Times* of the Thursday, and sent it to Velluti; and, doubtless, if such a wanton barbarity was committed, the perpetrator would allege in his defence a violent zeal for humanity! *The Times* itself throughout has by its own confession been inspired by no other feeling, and has never failed to whimper over Velluti, even when in the act of scourging him; thus reminding us of the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who, having regularly once a day flogged four bitches with extreme vigour, wept over them, and wiped their tears away with a fine embroidered pocket handkerchief.

satisfaction by making a greater uproar than we ever before heard in the King's Theatre—a work by the bye in which many of “the pure British fair,” *manibus pedibusque*, assisted. Under other circumstances, we should not have admired this extravagance, but as opposed to malignity we could not but regard it as excusable, if not respectable.

We had been warned that we should not be pleased with Velluti's voice on first hearing it, [and that, like olives, it would be disliked at first, but extremely relished after a few trials; we did not, however, actually dislike it at first, and we liked it better on a second hearing; but the hot weather having suspended our visits to the Opera, we will frankly confess that we have not arrived at that degree of admiration which is promised to assiduous listeners. That he is a perfect master of the science it is easy to perceive, and his execution is wonderful, and not to be resembled to any thing we have ever heard; but if we could imagine an automaton as skilled in singing, as Roger Bacon's fabled clock-work head was in speaking, we can fancy that the effect would be similar; for the precision with which Velluti executes the most difficult passages, can only be compared with that of a piece of machinery, and the likeness would hold good also in respect of an occasional want of modulation in his highest tones, and a certain grating sharpness of finish. Some pieces of music he performs exactly as a steam-engine would perform them, if a steam-engine could be made to sing, taking each note with unerring accuracy, and taking each by a separate impulse, instead of floating on the gamut as less perfect singers commonly do. In other compositions we have, however, heard him excel in this latter particular, and have been surprised at the extraordinary sweetness of some of his tones, and the smoothness of his transitions, but generally speaking, it strikes us that there is an unmusical abruptness, and we might almost say a harshness in his style. Altogether we are rather astonished than pleased by his singing; and after listening to him, we have left the theatre without carrying away with us a single agreeable recollection of what we have heard. Others however are delighted with Velluti, and perceive in his singing every sort of perfection, and we must indeed confess that we have found very few persons who are of our way of thinking about him; as we hear him oftener we may like him better; we are told that this will be the case, and as we have not the control of the Commander-in-Chief over our opinions, we cannot say that it may not be so—on the other hand, it is to be remembered that Velluti is now the fashion, or rather, to use the cant term, the *rage*, therefore the current admiration of him is to be received with some allowance.

Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which is enthusiastically admired on the Continent, and about which expectation had consequently been highly raised here, is undoubtedly a fine opera, but its merits in our judgment by no means correspond with its reputation. There are two or three pretty things, and two or three beautiful compositions in it, but there are also a great many pieces of music that we never desire to hear

again, and that we listen to a repetition of with considerable impatience. The commencement is most unpromising. The opera opens with a chorus of slaves who sing vehemently of their country, and hammer at blocks of stone, and we cannot decide whether the singing or the hammering was the more fatiguing to the ear; the music of this scene, which, as may be supposed, was not particularly well executed, is of a very common-place character. The hammering was followed shortly afterwards by some villainous trumpeting, introduced certainly rather with a view to stage than to musical effect. Some warders are placed behind pasteboard parallelograms, which resemble bad likenesses of double drums, but which are intended to represent lofty towers; and we all know that a warder on a tower is a poor thing unless he blows a trumpet, therefore we had a flourish from the walls first, and afterwards such a concert of these instruments on the stage as would have driven Mozart mad. But after this unpromising beginning, perhaps we enjoyed the more keenly those compositions in which Meyerbeer discovers his genius; these pieces are already so hacknied, that we need not particularise them; we have, indeed, seen them advertised under the title of *The Beauties of Meyerbeer*; and by this time, all the pianofortes in the united kingdoms have resounded with them. Though ready to acknowledge the merits of particular compositions, yet on the whole we cannot but regard *Il Crociato in Egitto* as an unequal production, and we are particularly struck by the absence of *style* in it; the composer indeed seems to delight in caprices, and has given no general and distinctive character to his work. We do not instance this as a fault, it may be a merit; but if so, it is one, we confess, that does not please us. Each of Mozart's operas, for example, appears to have been written in a spirit suggested by a general design; the music is various, but there is a certain *keeping* in it, and the mind of the master seems to have been in one mood from the beginning to the end of his labour; there is nothing of this in Meyerbeer's *Crociato*; on the contrary, he is incessantly rambling and incongruous in his productions, which often strongly remind us of the effect of a medley—a thing of which we are by no means fond. He is, however, the fashion just now, and it is high treason against the prevailing taste to find him other than perfection; there are persons, indeed, who do not hesitate to compare him with Rossini, and even with Mozart, than which nothing can be more absurd.

Mademoiselle Garcia played the part of Felicia, a young lady who visits Egypt, merely because her lover is supposed to have fallen there, and who wears armour on her travels, because, as she observes, she has a manly heart. We remarked in our last article that Mademoiselle Garcia very injudiciously ventured to attempt Madame Pasta's graces; in this character the imitation appears more glaring and sufficiently ridiculous. She not only aspires to the style of Pasta's singing, but also mimics her peculiarities of gesture and action, and just with so much success, with so much resemblance to the incomparable original, as to

make a tolerably happy caricature. If Mademoiselle Garcia would consent to survey herself in the glass without favour or partiality (a case we allow of immense difficulty), she would perceive at a glance that nature never intended her for a tragedy queen. Smart she now is, and she may become something better; she may become a respectable comic actress in certain parts of the Susanna order;—we do not mean the *bashful* Susanna, but the chambermaid—but the serious can never be her forte, and perseverance in her imitation of the Siddons of the opera-stage will only expose her to unfavourable comparisons. We have in a former number expressed our persuasion that the manager of the King's Theatre has not that control which is necessary to the proper conduct of the concern; a circumstance which occurred during the last month confirms us in this opinion. Mademoiselle Garcia introduces a song, we believe by her father, into *Il Crociato*, in the place of one in the score. The Times commented very justly on this anomaly, observing that it did no credit to the management. Mr. Ayrton, in vindication of himself, wrote a letter to the Editor of The Times, explaining that he had not only resisted the introduction in question, but had positively forbidden it, and that the song was sung in despite of his directions to the contrary. This called forth a statement from the other party, which appeared in The Morning Post, setting forth that the lady *accepted* the part, on the express condition that she should be at liberty to introduce any airs she chose, and affirming that the Director must have known that his authority could not vitiate an agreement. The paragraph concluded with a flourish, to the effect that Mr. Ayrton must also have known “that intrigue would not prevail with the public against Signor Garcia and his daughter,” about whom the public do not care two straws. We thus see that the wholesome control of the manager is set aside by improvident agreements, into which none but a person wholly unqualified to intermeddle in the conduct of the theatre would have entered.

We have had nothing this month except *Il Crociato* and *Il Barbiere*, which latter opera has been occasionally played, when the customary indispositions of singers rendered the performance of the former piece impossible. Madame Ronzi di Begnis has not gladdened our eyes or delighted our ears for nearly two months; these absences are commonly dangerous things, but we can never see the Opera-stage without regretting the absence of its chief grace and ornament.

We are extremely sorry to say, that we are about to lose Madame Charles Vestris, whom we regard as the most brilliant dancer of the present day; she is engaged at Naples, we understand, together with her husband, for some years. The ballet has been solely supported by the excellence of Madame Charles Vestris, and we are very certain that her place cannot be supplied. In justice to the management, it must be presumed that every effort has been made to retain this deservedly great favourite.

MORALITIES.—No. II.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

SCENE I.—*A room.*

FREEMAN and MUSEWELL, at a table, reading.

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! thank you, thank you! Your compliments are really worth something, if it be only that they are scarce.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha!—Yes, and a little out of season. But, n'importe. I always tack a jest at the end of 'em, in order that they may not do any harm to my friends. But let us leave banter, and go on with your poem. How do you open your last battery? is it masked.

Musewell. The third part opens with an address to the Muse Erato, who presided, as you will remember, over love.

Freeman. Ah!—my dear Musewell! Now, indeed, I am compelled to be candid. Those Muses, with their Helicons and slips of Parnassus, my dear friend, will never serve you. Prythee give up your mythological machinery, and be a little reasonable. It will never do in these days, man. 'Tis as bad as Odin or Woden, or—stay! if you *must* have a little folly of that sort, you had better bespeak Thor and his hammer, in order that he may be in readiness to beat a little comprehension into the brains of your readers. No, no, my dear Harry, no mythology. Remember your last poem, and be wise.

Musewell. Why, there I *was* wrong, I confess it; but I know better now. All mythology will no more do than all pepper, or all butter. The body and substance of your dish should be one which is adapted to every intelligent palate; and then, with a little of the sauce piquante of mythology, 'tis delightful. But,—regarding the present poem, you have really little else to learn. It ends with—

Freeman. Oh! I see—a few more difficulties—a meeting between rivals—some big words—a river of tears (on the part of the lady)—a quarrel and a little blood—a shake o' the hand and a mother's blessing—the father relents gradually, like the ice after a long frost—then follows matrimony on the first of April—and a grandchild with the plum-pudding at Christmas. These trifles are frothed up after a general receipt, I know. If you read your directions carefully, you can no more blunder than your cook.

Musewell. Our *fire* must be genuine.

Freeman. Oh! for God's sake no puns. I must take care of my pockets. [*Buttons them.*] There; now I defy you. Now you may do your worst with the English language. It has withstood stronger enemies than you.

Musewell. I believe so.

Freeman. If you *must* cut your verbal jokes, suppose you sit down

and compose a rebus or a charade for the Gentleman's Magazine? or a smutty double entendre for Blackwood? or—you are an aspiring person, I know—would you like to be enrolled in the list at the *Athenaion*? There is a brilliant catalogue of names, I assure you. My uncle, Sir Tinsel Freeman, Lord Lapwing, old Jabberall, and my tailor are members.

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! No, thank you. Rope is not so dear, but that I may reach immortality by a surer road. But—I beg pardon—perhaps you are one of the corps-d'—.

Freeman. Out with the word!—'D'Esprit?' No; they required me to put one of the Irish speeches into appropriate rhyme; but I could not do it for the soul of me, and so was cashiered.

Musewell. I congratulate you sincerely. And now (to turn to a more worthy subject) how do you go on with your uncle's ward?

Freeman. With Emily? Oh! excellently well. She will be of age in a month; and if we cannot, until that time, beat off Sir Tinsel and his friend Lapwing, I permit you to despise our wit. By the way, I have an appointment with him this morning. [*Looks at his watch.*] Ha! It wants half an hour of the time. Will you walk with me?

Musewell. With all my heart. I love to look upon beauty—at a distance.

Freeman. What, you are as bashful as ever? Ah! you should attend to the proverb, "A faint heart ———." But you poets (who are such inveterate bachelors) really do us men of the world good service, and therefore we should not abuse your good nature with any advice. You put the women in good temper with themselves (and us) and never interfere with our pretensions.

Musewell. You may live to find yourself mistaken. *Alas!*

Freeman. Perhaps so; but, in the mean time I must laugh, even though it spoil my symmetry. Ha, ha, ha! Emily and I laughed that thing Dabble out of countenance the other evening, at Sir Tinsel's. He brought—ha, ha, ha! nearly twenty yards of rhyme in his pocket, which he threatened to recite at our leisure—ha, ha, ha!—we told him that we *had* no leisure—ha, ha, ha!—but that if he would leave his "work," we would try what we could do with it in a week; ha, ha, ha!

Musewell. Twenty yards? what do you mean?

Freeman. 'Tis a fact, upon my veracity. We sent it to the tailor's, and 'twas found honest measure, Sir; without a flaw or a spot upon it, written in a sweet 'Roman hand,' and upon unquestionable foolscap. But, come! we must walk towards Sir Tinsel's. His ardour for a noble alliance, as he calls it, may injure his character,—so I'll do my best to allay it.

Musewell. If I might recommend, Freeman.—

Freeman. Well, Sir?—well?

Musewell. I would recommend you to soothe your uncle a little. He might yield to a little persuasion, when opposition would only—

Freeman. Hang him, the dolt! No, Musewell, no. These petty spirits, like little mischievous monkeys, require chains and stripes. Caress them, and they snap at your fingers; but a cuff or two o' the ear will always reduce them to obedience. This *head* of our family has been bred up on the tory side of the argument of 'manners against mind,' and thinks that his friend Lapwing, with four inches of two-penny ribbon in his button hole, a pedigree of fools from the Restoration, a smooth tongue, silky manners, and a reasonable want of wit is,—the very pink of gentility, and a model to be imitated by all future generations. I must disturb these opinions a little, or Emily and I shall have fifty impediments to fight with. Come along, Musewell, come along. I'll show you a 'gentleman,' ha, ha, ha! (an old fool) a baronet, and a peer of the realm, of such humble materials, that you shall go back to your garret, and for once eat your mutton chop with satisfaction. Vive la Republique—

Musewell. Of letters?—with all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir Tinsel Freeman's House.*

SIR TINSEL and DUMPS.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Dumps? Go on. "THIS INDENTURE—"

Dumps. [*Reading.*] "Made between Sir Tinsel Freeman, of Tinsel Hall, in the county of Surrey, Baronet, of the one part, and Peter Puzzle Jabberall, of Goosegabble Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and of Calf-skins, in the county of Essex, Esquire, A. S. S. of the other part—"

Sir Tinsel. Of the other part—very well, Dumps, very correct indeed. Well?

Dumps. [*Reads.*] WHEREAS the said Peter Puzzle Jabberall hath contracted with the said Sir Tinsel Freeman for the purchase of ALL that piece or parcel of earth or ground, shaped like a porridge pot, and having thereon the figure or effigy of a bird, together with the marks or letters A. N. S. E. R. over the same, and which said piece or parcel of earth or ground, shaped as aforesaid, is of a red, otherwise brown, otherwise reddish brown colour, and hath been, and still is commonly called or known by the name of the christening basin of Romulus and Remus." I thought, Sir Freeman, that Romulus lived too early for—

Sir Tinsel. You are a fool, Dumps. Go on!

Dumps [*reads.*] And also all that piece or fragment of paper, otherwise reed, otherwise papyrus, commonly called Egyptian papyrus, together with the several letters or symbols thereon written and never yet decyphered, measuring in length sixteen inches and an half, or thereabouts, and in breadth five inches and one quarter, or thereabouts (be the same several quantities a little more or less) commonly called or supposed to be the 'Talisman of Orosmanes.' And also all that piece or parcel of wood or stone, being the fragment of a carved or graven figure, known by the several names of the 'Venus Surgens, and Jupiter Stator, and

being one or the other of them, together with the several coins, fragments, figures, lares, termini, and other articles of marble, stone, brass, copper, bronze, wood, and other materials hereinafter described and set down in the schedule or inventory hereunder written, at, or for, the price or sum of seven thousand and five hundred pounds—

Sir Tinsel. Stay!—Stay, Dumps! Let me reckon 'em up. Let me see—five hundred for the christening vase: one thousand for the talisman: two thousand five hundred for the Venus Surgens (two thousand five hundred only! tis too cheap). Well—fragment of head supposed to be by Praxiteles seven hundred: shaving basin of Nestor eight hundred: Terminal head of the bearded Hebe two hundred and fifty: patera—um!—um!—um! I believe you are right, Dumps. Go on! But, hark!—there are steps coming up stairs. Put the deed aside for the present, though I dare say 'tis only Mr. Jabberall.

Dumps. I suppose so, Sir. Ha!—no, I protest it is Mr. Dabble, Sir.

Sir Tinsel. D——n Mr. Dabble.

Enter DABBLE.

Ha! my dear Dabble, I am rejoiced to see you. I was just mentioning your name as you entered. Well, Dabble, and how are you? but I need not ask; your looks are enough to assure me that you are in excellent health. Well, and have you seen our friend Jabberall lately? He was asking about you only yesterday. He is a truly worthy man, Mr. Dabble.

Dabble. Oh! excellent, Sir Tinsel, excellent—and a little tedious.

Sir Tinsel. An excellent classic.

Dabble. Oh! delightful; h'as turned Potter's *Æschylus* into English—done it to a T., Sir Tinsel. I had it from one of his own family, so that the thing may be relied on. He has been buying, I am told, as usual—books and acres, books and acres! both classic and agriculturist; with a little of the antiquarian to boot. 'Tis a pity that he is so litigious, Sir Tinsel, is it not? He never thinks himself sure of having his own way, I'm told, unless he goes to law for the purpose. An excellent man!

Sir Tinsel. I did not know that he had been so litigious. Dumps, take care and examine that deed *very* correctly.

Dabble. Oh! yes, prodigiously. Why, it was but three weeks ago that he picked up (for two-pence half-penny) something that he calls the toe of Ptolemy. I am not nice on these points, Sir Tinsel, but Mr. Jabberall is really *too* peremptory at times. I must take the liberty of having an opinion of my own as well as Mr. Jabberall; and so I have told him.

Sir Tinsel. Dumps, you may retire. [*Dumps exit.* Well, Mr. Dabble, and so you really do *not* altogether—that is to say entirely, implicitly credit our friend Jabberall's fancies? Take care! he is a great name among our classical readers. Then his ancient family commands respect.

Dabble. Ha, ha, ha! excuse me—but his ancient family, my dear Sir Tinsel, is like all other “ancient families,”—except your own, Sir Tinsel, except your own. The fact is, I *know*, why he is so proud of his family. He had an ancestor who aspired to be fool to Cardinal Pole, but was rejected for want of wit. The fellow’s name was Chucklehead—which was changed to Jugglehead—Jobblehead—Jobblehall—Jobberell—Jabberall—the thing is as easy as possible.

Sir Tinsel. And he actually translated Potter’s *Æschylus* into English, Mr. Dabble?—a great undertaking!

Dabble. A long one, at least, Sir Tinsel; but not difficult, Sir, not difficult. I myself have turned a French chanson or two in a style that has been considered not at all contemptible.

Sir Tinsel. Oh! I am quite sure that, Mr. Dabble—but you—but your talents—are—are—

Dabble. Thank ye, Sir Tinsel, thank ye! Why, I believe few men think less of themselves than *I* do. But no one can possess talents without knowing *something* about them—ha, ha, ha! that is a clear point, I take it—ha, ha, ha!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Reverend Mr. Dibble, Sir.

[*Exit. Servant.*

Dibble [*entering.*] Ha! Sir Tinsel, how d’ye do, how d’ye do? Mr. Dabble, your servant. Well, Sir Tinsel, I’ve *just* stepped in for one instant to see how you were after the mistake about the Hercules Furens.

Sir Tinsel. Don’t mention it, Mr. Dibble; it is of no consequence—not in the least, a mere mistake.

Dibble. Oh! Sir Tinsel, but it *is* of consequence. To be deceived in such a matter *is* of consequence to the well being of society, Sir. What would become of morals, Sir, of the state, Sir—of the church, the church, Sir? It would go to wreck, and then what would become of you all. I shudder at the supposition.

Sir Tinsel. Why you *do* look a little cold, Mr. Dibble. Suppose you take a glass of Madeira? ’Tis *East* Indian, I assure you—has been there twice. I never send it to the *West* for fear of the fever.

Dibble. You do wisely Sir Tinsel:—but, thank you,—no. It was merely a shuddering of the spirit. I’m *personally* as warm as a toast. I’ve just been at the Bible Society—then stepped into the African Institution—looked in at the House of Industry (and found all the boys playing at marbles)—gave a glance at Sir Loftus Orthodox’s—made my bow at the bishop’s—and here I am.

Sir Tinsel. I hope Sir Loftus is——

Dibble. Thank ye, Sir Tinsel, he *is* but ailing. His doctor, under whose care he was going on so very well, has been dismissed.

Dabble. What, doctor Galen?

Mr.

Dibble. Yes, Sir. He told Sir Loftus that he hoped to make a *ra* cure; which so offended the patient, that—he is too high a gentle lord—

to allow of any indiscreet language—that he dismissed the doctor the same day.

Sir Tinsel. Hem!—very spirited indeed.

Dibble. Oh dear! yes, Sir Tinsel—a perfect martyr to his principles, Sir. Gave up eating potatoes some years ago, because he was credibly informed that they were the food of the disaffected Irish—Hates number one—

Dabble. Ha, ha, ha!—that's odd however,—ha, ha, ha!

Dibble. Sir?—He hates number “one,” I say, because he thinks that it savours of Unitarianism—has rusticated his son Townley for wearing a white hat in the dog days—and refuses to abide by Mr. Butler's opinion touching the orthodox estate, because, as he justly says, he is a Roman Catholic, and may have been instigated by the Pope. But, I must tear myself away, Sir Tinsel, from your delicious museum. Ha! there are the Etruscans, I see,—you have a delightful taste in these things, Sir. Now what may this have been? an urn? or a basin? or—but I must really be going. Lady Flappit expects me at three; Lord Barbican at a quarter past. The High Church Evangelical Dissenting Society (you *must* belong to that, Sir Tinsel; it reconciles all differences with a fine conciliatory spirit), and—bless me, 'tis almost three already.

Enter JABBERALL and SERVANT.

Ha! Mr. Jabberall, I declare. Mr. Jabberall, I am delighted to see you—your poetry, Sir, your poetry still runs in my head—I am concerned to be obliged to leave you so soon, but the fates, you know. Sir Tinsel, your most obedient; Mr. Dabble, your servant; Mr. Jabber—a—a—a—

[Exit bowing.

Dabble. Mr. Dibble will be a bishop some day.

Sir Tinsel. Why, he is certainly a busy man—

Jabberall. And of good family. Sir Tinsel, good morning! Has the deed—

Sir Tinsel. My dear Jabberall, how are you? The deed is all that we can wish. It is quite ready, I believe, and very explicit. I think I detect your hand now and then?

Jabberall. Why, I *was* obliged to be a little particular. Lawyers—mere lawyers, cannot be expected to feel as we do on these subjects. They are an useful class of men however, and must not be despised. A—young man! give me that small packet—no [reading] that is my work on confused metaphors—this is my examination of critical ventilation—this is my dissertation on the ashes of the temple of Minerva—um!—my ode to a new pair of small clothes—my epigram to a favourite hat, on its twentieth anniversary,—my inquiry into how long a man may appear in society without undergoing ablution—my—ha! this is it,

Enter LORD LAPWING.

Lord L. My dear Sir Tinsel, how d'ye do? Mr. Jabberall, I am happy to see you.

Sir Tinsel. My dear Lord!

Jabberall. Your Lordship's most obedient. Sir Freeman, did I tell you that I had made a purchase since I last saw you? If not, it will be a pleasure to you to know that I have at last bought the waxen tablet, on which is traced the commencement of the will of Alexander the Great in favour of Perdiccas.

Lord L. and Sir Tinsel. Ha! indeed?

Jabberall. It is a fact, upon my honour. And here, Sir Tinsel, *here* is a thing that I think *will* please your—

Sir Tinsel. Is it possible, Mr. Jabberall, that you can have, as is reported, a letter of Pharaoh's?

Lord L. Not Pharaoh's?

Jabberall. My Lord, it is *undoubted*. It is true papyrus, Sir Tinsel. Smell it!—Is it not *prodigiously* ancient?

Sir Tinsel. Delightful!

Dabble [*aside*]. Oh! a fish-like smell!

Jabberall. The odour was originally much richer: but it has been exposed, Sir Tinsel, it has been exposed to the touch—the ravages of antiquarians, and they, you know,—

Sir Tinsel. True, Mr. Jabberall, they have no consciences. And yet you yourself handled the treasure some time ago, I believe.

Jabberall. I did, Sir Tinsel, I did, and carried away a most delicious nose-gay. It is here, still, Sir. [*Holds his hands up to his nose*]. I have not washed my hands these sixteen months, in order to preserve some memorial of it. Now, however, that I have bought it and can keep it in the country, I may consent to occasional ablution again.

Sir Tinsel. I respect your public spirit, my old friend.

Lord L. Mr. Jabberall, you are a true lover of your country.

Dabble [*aside*]. Filthy old rogue!

Sir Tinsel. I hope that we are not detaining our good friend, Dabble. His numerous engagements, I know, must not be——

Dabble [*aside*]. A palpable hint. Why, Sir Tinsel, I believe I *must* be going. Good morning to your Lordship, Sir Tinsel, Mr. Jabberall—good morning, good morning. [*Dabble exit.*]

Lord L. A very slight and impertinent kind of person seemingly, Sir Tinsel.

Sir Tinsel. Oh! exceedingly, my Lord. Well, gentlemen; now that he is gone, I may as well tell you that I expect my perverse nephew, Freeman, here almost immediately. He says that he thinks one more interview will satisfy us as to his intentions regarding my ward Emily. His passion is, I suspect, on the decline, for he talks sensibly. It will, nevertheless, be well to keep up a high tone with him, for he *can* be a little obstreperous.

Jabber. and Lapw. Oh! certainly, certainly!

Sir Tinsel. My lord, I rely on your lordship's patrician pride. Mr. Jabberall, may the spirit of the Jabberalls support you.

Jabberall. Assuredly we must adhere to our contract with his lord-

ship. If there be any demur on the part of the young lady, we must refer to the Court of King's Bench.

Sir Tinsel. You are still fond of the law, Jabberall?

Jabberall. I am, Sir. I respect the statute law particularly. So much so, indeed, do I value it, that I think one ought always to plead the statute of limitations——

Sir Tinsel. What, against a *fair* debt?

Jabberall. No debt, Sir Tinsel, is a fair one that cannot be enforced by law.

Lord L. True, true; that is precisely my idea on the subject.

Sir Tinsel. Um!—

Jabberall. If a man do not ask me for the money due to him in six years, I take it for granted that he means to give it to me,—and I keep it accordingly.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! you are like the poet;—

And really if a man wont let us know

That he's alive, he's dead—or should be so.

Ha, ha, ha! I admire your wit, Sir, prodigiously.

Sir Tinsel. Hush!—here is somebody coming this way.

Enter FREEMAN (as if downcast) and MUSEWELL.

Freeman. Uncle, your servant. Mr. Jabberall,—I believe, uncle, that this respectable looking little elderly gentleman is—a—

Sir Tinsel. Well?

Jabberall. Well, Sir?

Freeman. Is the celebrated translator, critic, and antiquarian, Peter Puzzle Jabberall, Esquire.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Sir? and what then? Do you mean, Sir—

Jabberall. A—— pardon me, Sir Tinsel—but I beg you will be lenient. The young person appears respectfully disposed. A—— young man! answer my friend, Sir Tinsel, as becomes you, and I have no doubt that all will be settled satisfactorily.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Sir, and what have you to say for yourself?

Lord L. Ay, Sir, speak out. Have you any thing to—a—say—a—*Diavolo!*

Freeman. Say, Sir?—say?—no, Sir, nothing. I am at a loss for words. I am, as I may say, dumb-founded. I feel oppressed by this honourable presence, as though I stood before kings, Sir.

Sir Tinsel [*aside*]. Come, this is pretty well. He seems respectful and reasonable.

Musewell [*aside*]. Where the deuce is our friend sailing on this ocean of compliment? An he do not take heed, he will strike his head on a blunder presently, and get kicked out of the room.

Sir Tinsel. Nephew Freeman, I am satisfied with you—I say that I am *satisfied*: and I hope that your future conduct will justify my present good opinion. Touching your extravagant pretensions towards my

ward Emily, they are, of course, dismissed. If not, you must address yourself to Mr. Jabberall, my excellent co-trustee.

Freeman. A—— Sir?

Sir Tinsel. I say that you had better canvas for Mr. Jabberall's vote. Speak to him, Sir!

Freeman. Oh!—[*to Jabberall*] Cousin!

Jabberall. Cousin! What is it you mean, Sirrah? Do you affront me?

Freeman. Ah!—I cry you mercy, Sir: I know you now—[*aside*] for an old fool.

Sir Tinsel. Take care, Sir, take care!

Freeman. Thank you, uncle; you are as good as the dinner bell.

Sir Tinsel. Neph—umph!—what does the villain mean?

Freeman. I don't mean, uncle—

Sir Tinsel. What don't you mean, Sir? what don't you mean?

Jabberall. Ay, Sir, what do you mean?—won't you speak, Sirrah?

Lord L. The young man is dumb—étonné. Let him alone.

Sir Tinsel. I insist on his speaking. What don't you mean, Sir? what don't—

Freeman. What don't I mean? Ha, ha, ha! why, I don't mean to give up thy lovely ward, mine uncle—ha, ha, ha!—I met that shrimp of an author, Dabble, who told me that three paper sculls had met here, to determine on my pretensions,—ha, ha, ha!—Why, Jabberall, he swears that thou hast translated Potter's *Æschylus* into English—ha, ha, ha! 'Tis well for thee, mine ancient; for thou would'st be sorely puzzled with the Greek. Musewell, this is Peter Puzzle Jabberall, Esquire; ha, ha, ha! Look at him! H'as nothing in his face but a nose and mouth; but out o' the latter he'll puff ye forth big words of no meaning, in a thick voice which varies from the gabble of a turkey to the sputter of a goose. Look at him! ha, ha, ha!

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! an old blockhead!

Sir Tinsel. Who is this—a—gentleman?

Freeman. This "gentleman," uncle? why this "gentleman" is my very particular friend, who having half an hour to spare has come hither to be witness to my happiness. But, come,—we delay. Where is the paper, that ye may write your consents to my marriage with Emily? Oh! there is some upon the table, I see. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Jabberall, and so thou hast really been dabbling in Greek—ha, ha, ha! or hast been spoiling thine eyes over a letter of Pharaoh's? ha, ha, ha!—[*aside*] Pah! he smells like a goat.

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! The critic seems a little bewildered.

Jabberall. Mr. — a—your conduct is extraordinary, and—

Freeman [*talking with rapidity*]. Extraordinary! To be sure it is "extraordinary." What else dost look for from an extraordinary man?—Have n't I kissed a Copt, and ate raw mutton with a Tartar? Have n't I swam in a bason of tea 'at Pekin,—skaited on iced lemonade at Naples? Have n't I halloed louder than *Etna*? fried steaks on Chim-

borazo and Vesuvius? boiled my eggs in the Geysers, and taken a pinch of Cheops at the Pyramids? A murrain seize you! you would have me scale the sky and crack nuts with a crocodile, and, after all, be no more in manner than such a *thing* as thou art. Bottom! I tell thee I am translated.

Lord L. [*aside*]. The fellow's mad.

Jabberall. My name, I would have you to know is Jabber——

Freeman. I know you, Sirrah, I know you! You are like the ass who turned round to reprove his betters—*you*, Sirrah, who are after all but a monkey stricken in years, with a long nose.

Jabberall. I——

Freeman. Your face (which one might see if it were clean) is like a withered John-apple, and yet you tramp after little female creat——. Away with you! away with you! you would scribble and translate, and chatter by the hour, forsooth—*You*, who have nothing in your head but a dozen bad teeth. You would set up for a classic! for a learned man! Take a lesson, old man, take a lesson! you are crumbling to pieces, day by day; your strength is going, your senses are gone, and nothing but your folly sticks by you. Go home, go home, and repent! Confess yourself a fool and be silent.—[*Aside*] Do I not know of your pilfering pen? Be silent!

Jabberall. Sir Tinsel, I—I am indisposed.

Sir Tinsel. Mr. Freeman! If you do not instantly make an apology to Mr. Jabber——

Freeman. Ha!—I cry you pardon, mine uncle. Have I been undutiful and forgotten *you*? Give me your hand and let me look if I can find the organ of common sense in your face;—no,—not a line, not a bump: all is as smooth as my palm. Uncle!—a cracked sixpence for such uncles! What business had you, Sirrah, to disgrace *me* by carrying in your silly veins some drops of the worst blood of our family? Where is your paper cap, Sir uncle? Where is your sash and your sword of lath, with “*Zany*” written on’t in cheap ochre? *You* an uncle! Go to!—I marvel that your head hath not left your shoulders by dint of its lightness. What hath become of the law of gravity, Sirrah, that you thus abuse it in your person?

Sir Tinsel. Nephew——

Freeman. Ah!—are you come to that? Dost know the complexion of Dolly Marjorum, the gardener's girl, mine uncle? How she looks when morn and midnight are kissing? Dost know what 'tis to frown and cry “hem!” when her crone of a mother hobbles by thee? to breed up her brothers to be bullies? to feed her thieving father into a plethora? and all for—what, mine uncle, for what? why, to share a shrew with the whole village—to gaze upon a face as flat as the floor—to hear loving lies (for two hours every eve) from a thick brown ugly coarse squat wretch of the feminine gender, till thou goest to sleep upon a flock bed, and hast thy pockets picked by thy Venus, in order that the little good

which thou can'st bestow upon her may be shared with a knave who has lost his ears in the pillory. Pah! I smell folly all about thee. Ah! mine uncle, mine uncle, go thank the stars that thou hast not wit enough to be a rogue.

Sir Tinsel [*aside*]. For God's sake, nephew, be reasonable. What do you wish me——

Lord L. [*pompously*]. Sir, these gentlemen are elderly,—and——

Freeman. Well, Sir?—well?

Lord L. Well, Sir,—and I—I am—I beg that you will refrain from such improper language.

Freeman. Sdeath! you cock-chafer, if you speak another syllable I'll pin you to the wall. Why, thou skein of silk, what's in *thy* brain that needs unravelling? Thou spider,—thou barber with an ape's visage,—thou meddling, foolish—monkey in man's apparel, what dost *thou* dare to say? Dost *thou* huff, and hector, and look big, like the fool in the fable? Be dumb, dog, or I shall flog thee till I am as weary of the sport as I am of thy company. Begone!—And now——

Musewell [*aside to Freeman*]. Now then, for your *coup de grace*.

Sir Tinsel. Ha! nephew—what have you there?—under your coat?—There?

Freeman. Here? Oh! 'tis only a terrier or two, mon oncle. [*Pulls out pistols.*] Musewell, lock the door. I always carry my terriers about me, for self defence. This—look at him—nay, closer—this I call Thumper: 'tis a good dog, I give you my word. Would'st like to hear him bark? You—Jabberall—look here, Sirrah; this was the popgun of Ptolemy,—ha, ha, ha!—Look, Sir; take one of these, and try whether you can crack louder than I.

Jabberall. I?—I?—Take the instrument of death away. I am willing——

Freeman. Gentlemen—if that is to be the word—you have done me the honour to talk of me in my absence in a way that requires a little—[*striking one of the flints*]*—a little gratitude on my part. Mr. Jabberall—uncle—*[*offering a pistol.*]

Sir Tinsel. What, nephew, would you attack your own flesh and blood?

Freeman. 'Twill save phlebotomy. Come, Sir, your time has come, which will you take? Towzer or Thumper? Pretty creatures, how grim they look!—[*In a loud voice*] Come, Sir, no delay! Take your choice, and stand three paces off. There should be as little space as possible between friends. Come! [*offering the pistol.*]

Sir Tinsel. I—a—really—this conduct—what *do* you want?

Freeman. The pen or the pistol, Sir: take your choice. Sign your consent, Sir, or pull the trigger. There—I like to be courteous to my friends. There—take Thumper. 'Tis my favourite; and I assure you that I would not part with it to any one but a friend. Come, Sir.

[*Pressing him.*]

Sir Tinsel. I—a—turn the point aside—what do you want? You must know that an affair of this magnitude cannot be——

Freeman. Nay, then, I shall unmuzzle my dog without further notice. There is your pistol, Sir [*lays one down*]*—*and now, if you have any sins to confess—Oh! you have none? very well; so much the better. [*Cocks the pistol.*] Now—

Jabberall. Ah! for God's sake, take care! Stop, Mr. Freeman! Stop! He *shall* sign. Sir Tinsel, you *must* sign.

Sir Tinsel. Turn your pistol, nephew, turn—*[aside]* my blood runs cold.

Jabberall [*writing.*] There—I have signed *my* consent. Sir Tinsel—

Sir Tinsel. Why, Mr. Jabberall, as I have always said that I would not act in opposition to you in this matter [*writes*]*—*I consent. There, Sir.

Freeman. Gentlemen, I am entirely your debtor.—And now, Sir, who are you?

Lord L. Who am *I*, Sir? I am a peer of the realm, Sir. Lord Viscount Lapwing, Sir—a name, Sir, that has been borne by heroes, Sir, and——

Freeman. Gramercy! I beg your lordship's pardon. I ought to have began with your lordship; but I trust that your lordship will excuse me. However, in order to make amends for my neglect—we will lose as little time as possible. Does your lordship prefer the pen or the pistol? Your lordship *has* a contract, I believe—but I would on no account affront a gentleman of such noble blood—a name that has been borne by heroes. [*Presses a pistol on him.*] Take your ground, my lord:—Stay, you may lay hold of this pocket handkerchief; a foot is as good as a mile.

Lord L. A—why—the contract?—the contract is there, on the table. I really care nothing about it. 'Tis there, Sir.

Freeman. So I perceive, my lord: but as I have positively sworn to load and fire every two minutes until the matter be settled,—what can be done? I must trouble your lordship to put an end either to me or to the contract.

Lord L. I—really—I—

Freeman. Perhaps your lordship wishes to burn it? There is the fire; or—here is Towzer.

Lord L. Oh! I have no objection, Sir. There, Sir. [*Burns the contract.*]

Freeman. I am particularly obliged to your lordship's generosity. And now [*taking up the consent*] all is right, I believe. Come along, Musewell. Gentlemen, your slave: Farewell!—Yet—were I inclined to waste a moral upon ye, I could find a dozen suited to my purpose; but, perhaps, *one* word of advice will do.—Learn, Sirs, for the future, then, that honesty with wit and courage are a match for the world united. My pistols have nothing in them, more than yourselves—nor *I*, indeed, except it be stout nerves and a clear conscience—What! do you expect me to say more? Why then, learn from me also that age is honourable only as it is honest—that rank is reputable but with talent

and integrity—that relations to be valued must be friends—that friends to be prized must be constant—and that critics and connoisseurs to be esteemed must have common sense, Mr. Jabberall—that pride is not the best mark of the peerage—nor prejudice the true inheritance of an ancient family. These are truisms, and are therefore better adapted to your use. If you wish to be distinguished, Sirs, and to learn what *are* the qualities (belonging neither to toothless age nor antique times, to rank nor rusty learning) which lift a man above his fellows—Know, that they are Intellect, (in its many shapes), Philanthropy, Justice, Truth, Modesty, Prudence, Valour, and Constancy in all things—a strong back to endure misfortune; a strong arm to shield ourselves; and our friends—and a word of generosity for our enemies.—And now, Musewell, we'll go visit the prettiest girl within the limit of the bills of mortality, who has always a clever word for a clever companion, and a smile of kindness for Freeman's friends. [Exeunt.

BROSTER'S SYSTEM FOR THE CURE OF IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

BY A PUPIL.

St. James's, June 13, 1825.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been requested a few weeks ago, through the medium of a friend, to give in a letter my opinion on the merits of the Brosterian Discovery, it occurred to me that a general sketch of the System, as far as is *allowable*, being made public, might be of public benefit. That letter is not so easily recoverable as another is written. If you approve of this, perhaps you will allow me to give it a local habitation and a name in your Magazine. I acknowledge that I do feel such a sketch to be my duty towards the public in general, and towards Mr. Broster in particular; you perhaps divide this feeling with me, and will therefore permit me to gratify it. Taking your philanthropy for granted, I submit the following document for insertion:—

Mr. Broster's System for the cure of Impediments may certainly be named the chief discovery of the present day; at least if we are to measure that by the sensation created. Supposing it what it professes to be, it is second only to that of Jenner's in this age, and in the department to which both belong,—the cure of visible infirmity. Inasmuch as the want of speech may by some be deemed a yet more lamentable defect than the want of sight, it will appear to them even of superior importance. But the merits of this System are, I believe, generally misunderstood, and its claims to public favour generally mis-estimated. It shall be my endeavour to explain the one, and adjust the other. No one can do both, but a Pupil. He can, if he has sincerity and ability. I have given you references sufficient, I believe, to satisfy you (and through you, the public) with respect to my sincerity; with respect to my ability, you (and the public also) must be content with a slenderer security. These premises were necessary. Now to the purpose.

As far as I have learned of other systems by inquiry, and as far as I know of this by experience, I conceive it to be the very best which the human imagination ever devised to attain its purpose. But it is no *Miracle*. It is generally effective, but it is not always *perfective*. It is powerful, but not almighty; a partial remedy certainly, a total one possibly,—a nearly perfect one, probably. In a word, it is only a potent remedy, not an *infallible* one. This is my opinion founded on my experience; it may either exceed that of the public, or fall short of that of the Inventor,—both of which are about equally distant from my wish to flatter or follow. It is no great vanity to suspect that Readers will generally prefer mine to that which must be the result of ignorance in the first case, and may be the effect of prejudice in the latter. I am *myself* a living instance of what I assert; of the potency of the system, and its fallibility.

It is not always perfective, nor omnipotent, nor infallible,—for *I*, I repeat, am yet uncured, who have tried it. But it is generally effective, and powerful, and at least a probable remedy,—for all have been, in a greater measure or a less, relieved, who have to my knowledge tried it. Several pupils have been *perfectly* cured; some but partially. Explicitness is the life of information:—Of twelve cases which fell under my own observation whilst at Mr. Broster's house (including myself), it may be said that *three* are nearly as eloquent now as their friends, and three nearly as tongue-tied as their enemies could wish them. The remaining six (of which I am one) are all partially or considerably relieved, both species of relief being in different degrees. To this account it is but fair to add, that those uncured would be at least partially cured, and those partially cured would be almost perfectly cured, if they had continued to put Mr. Broster's system of speaking in force as they might and should. But in some cases it is difficult, and in others disagreeable to put this system in force, *which* makes the fallibility of the system,—and in this view alone is it fallible. But how can a system be considered infallible, when the difficulty or disagreeability (in some cases) of putting it in force, disempowers the pupil from using it? Suppose it were the secret of the system, that the pupil should stand with his arm extended at right angles to his body whilst he was speaking, and that this whilst acted on was infallible,—would the system yet be infallible? Certainly not; for no man could always speak in the attitude required, nor would he for any length of duration. Or if the system be in theory infallible, it is in fact useless, i. e., as far as it is impracticable. Suppose, to take another instance of a system infallible in theory and fallible in practice, suppose a certain given act requiring presence of mind were to be performed on every occasion of speaking, in order to facilitate speech; suppose the secret of the system to be of this kind, and suppose from the natural impetuosity, irresolution, or forgetfulness of the pupil's disposition, he is unable to collect that presence of mind which is imperative for the success of the system,—Can the system in his case be considered infallible? Assuredly not; for though it would, if put into act, vanquish

the *visible* part of the pupil's malady, still if it does not vanquish the invisible part, *videlicet* the pupil's *disposition*, it does not ensure that act, and therefore does not cure that pupil. *Id est*, it is not infallible. Now there is something, I do not say of what kind, in Mr. Broster's System, which, in certain cases, is required for its success, and which in these cases is not always practicable by the pupil, though when he can practise it is remedial. This much it is incumbent on me to assert; great as is my admiration of the System, I cannot allow it to be infallible; and think—*know* it to be my duty so to declare to the public. That the non-infallibility of the System be generally and distinctly understood is of use perhaps to both parties; it will prevent over sanguine expectation, disappointment, &c., and likewise divest Mr. Broster's discovery of that air of imposture and quackery which always accompanies the promulgation of an infallible nostrum or a miraculous remedy.

The next great point of the System to its power, is its permanence. As to this, no one I think but a perfect fool could forget the System; and the sooner *he* forgets it the better. We have plenty of fluent folly already in the world, without setting other founts a-flow. Men with no other faculty besides memory, and of that but a scanty endowment, *must* remember the System; and its good effects will be exactly as permanent as its practice. There is nothing further to be said upon this point.

From the consideration of its permanent effects, the mind naturally flows to the *progressive* effects of the System. These I am happy to testify are not merely proportional to the time and quantity of the practice, but in a ratio vastly transcendent. In one week's labour, you reap one week's fruit; in two, you seem to reap four; in three, twelve; and so on. The difficulty, disagreeability, and *necessity* of practising the system continually diminish.* My own experience is my best evidence: for the first fortnight after my return from Mr. Broster's I was but little better than before; in the next I was "a new man;" and now I often speak without any difficulty, seldom with much. The nature of my disposition is very inimical to the system; if I did or could perpetually speak in it, I should speak as perpetually well. Even under this unfavourable circumstance I feel perfectly confident that the difficulty and disagreeability of speaking in the system will, in my case, wear themselves out, and that I shall ultimately be able to speak as fast and as fluently as I can scribble: more than sufficient for my hearer's satisfaction, perhaps, but at least quite enough for my own.

The last material point in the System is, the difficulty of acquiring its secret, the time and labour of acquiring its practice. To prevent this "Discovery" from becoming a *longitude* or *trisection* problem with my readers; to prevent country-parsons and village schoolmasters beginning with an El Dorado upon its foundation, and ending with a madhouse;

* Of course there are advances and recessions (always owing to accident or neglect, however); but the average improvement is progressively steady.

in short, to prevent any one puzzling his wits to no purpose or a bad one, this is sufficient: the secret of the system is not *one*, but multifold. It is no charm, nor panacea, neither a black ribbon round the throat, nor a bunch of "holy vervain" for the breast; neither Balm of Gilead, Tar-water, nor the "Universal Restorative," a potion, nor an operation. Neither Satan nor St. David are at the bottom of it: but Nature herself. By a long devotion to her service and a close examination of her secrets, in plain English, by long experience and native sagacity, this system was discovered. It has no other basis but Nature; and until some other person investigates her as long and laboriously, as sagaciously and successfully, its present discoverer will probably be its only one. The secret, I say, is multifold: it is made up of many secrets, all of different, many of opposite effects. From this it follows that to different cases, different secrets are applicable; to some, opposite ones. Yet it frequently happens that secrets of exactly opposite effects are to be applied to the *same* case, only at different stages. The simplicity, and at the same time, intricacy of the System are not its least remarkable features. Easy to be comprehended in its parts, but as a whole hardly to be compassed. Even if the secrets one and all stood rubric, even if they were published, known, and understood, they could be made but little use of: the *grand* secret is,—how, when, and to whom to apply them. *My* knowledge of the Brosterian System, intimate as it is with one part of it, and general as it is with all, would scarcely enable me to cure a parrot if it spoke with an impediment,—unless, indeed, it happened to speak as I do myself. But complicated as it is, as a whole, no pupil can have any difficulty in understanding his part of it, at least if he can understand his prayers. As to the time and labour of acquiring its practice, these are with some the work of a moment; with no one who is willing, more than a few days.

This last point may be also put in the form of the following question, —How long a time is necessary for such instruction in the system as will render it permanently effective? To this I answer, that of course the difficulty not only of acquiring, but of *persevering* in the practice, will depend on the disposition of the pupil and the nature of his case: some find none after the first moment, hour, day, week, &c.; *I* find considerable still; and others may find it for ever. But the time necessary for instruction generally falls short of two months, and is, I believe, mostly about one. Such at least was the case whilst I was at Mr. Broster's. Some have found a week quite sufficient; some a day.

I do not know that I have any thing further to add to the above sketch, but—that I never heard any pupil of this System, cured or uncured, regret the expense of it. For my own part, with the knowledge that I now have of the System, were it to be tried again, I would try it.

I am Sir, &c.

G. D.

SPANISH RELIGIOUS TOURNAMENTS.

THE mixture of amusement with devotion—of profane parade and worldly sports with religious ceremonies—of dissipation and debauchery with pious professions and spiritual aims, which prevails in some Catholic countries, has been the subject of remark and censure with Protestant writers. It might be easily proved, that this union of things apparently so incompatible has sprung from the interests of the priesthood and the revived influence of the superstitions which Christianity had supplanted ; but from whatever cause it has arisen, its existence cannot for a moment be denied. Hence it is, that the riot and grotesque exhibitions of our fairs were intended to celebrate the anniversaries of the saints whose name they bear ; hence the buffooneries and the dissoluteness of Carnival ; hence the pompous rites and splendid pageants of Holy Week at Rome ; hence the illumination of the dome of St. Peter, and the fire-works of the castle of St. Angelo ; hence we have sky-rockets to announce evangelical rejoicing, and salvoes of artillery to proclaim the mysteries of faith.

In Spain and Portugal—those most Catholic and most faithful kingdoms—this amalgamation has been carried to a greater extent, and has remained with more inveterate constancy than in other Catholic countries. Hence, confessional tickets and bulls of indulgence are frequently bought of women of the town ; hence it is no uncommon thing to appoint the representation of a play for the relief of the souls in purgatory ; or to give a bull-fight in honour of the Virgin Mary. The name and worship of this saint—the Queen of Heaven—mixes with the most common business and the most ordinary relaxations of life. At one time she is invoked as the patroness of a band of smugglers—at another, as the head of an association of excisemen to put them down ; one day she figures as a partner in a commercial adventure, or in a policy of insurance—and another she is the object of a splendid religious ceremony, or monkish procession. Under some one of her many attributes, she is the object of hourly homage or imprecation, and her name is more frequently pronounced than that of all the saints in the calendar.

The celebration of her *Immaculate Conception* is a grand affair with all Spaniards, and probably has been a more fertile cause of profligate indulgence and illegitimate progeny than any other institution, religious or profane. It is, therefore, the less surprising that it should have become so universally popular.

At first, one cannot easily perceive what interest a monk or a nun, a courtesan or a rake, could have in freeing the Virgin from the imputation of original sin—why a Spanish cavalier should draw his sword to defend her original purity—why popes and counsels should be solicited to give it their sanction, or why public rejoicings should take place on its promulgation. But the difficulty is explained when we consider that

it gave occasion to new festivals among the people, and conferred new splendors on the church; that during the despotism of the Inquisition, a nation prone to enjoyment like that of Spain could not participate in any indulgences so safely as in those of religion; and that the activity of character and love of strong excitement which had been formed and exercised in so many sanguinary wars and hardy enterprises as Spanish history presents—when confined by the church within the limits prescribed by its own interests—were not only capable of filling the narrow sphere allotted them, but sufficiently elastic to occupy every fresh enlargement.

We have mentioned these facts, and made these remarks, not on account of their novelty, but as an introduction to a very curious description of a Catholic Tilt or Tournament which took place at Seville in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which was repeated to the beginning of the last, in honour of the *Immaculate Conception*. These theatrical exhibitions were the image of those judicial combats which in the dark ages were resorted to, not only to prove the innocence of the accused, or the falsehood of an accusation; but the divine origin of a doctrine—the correctness of a point of law—the validity of a monastic charter—the sanctity of a religious creed—the truth of a legend—the honour of a saint—or the merits of a liturgy. The question of the Mus-Arabic and Popish Missal had been submitted for decision, not to the judgment of doctors, but to the steel of two combatants; and as the honour of noble dames had been defended against calumnies by their champions, it would have betrayed a want of chivalrous gallantry if the “Original Purity” could have been challenged without calling forth a Spanish knight to break a lance in its defence. The work whence we extract this account, is a Description of Seville, published in that city about the commencement of the French Revolution, but scarcely known beyond the place to whose curiosities it professes to be a guide.

After mentioning that Seville has always been zealously devoted to the service of the Blessed Virgin, and consequently greatly attached to the mystery of the “Immaculate Conception,” the writer goes on to state that most solemn festivals have long been celebrated in honour of the latter; and that at the beginning of the seventeenth century were established literary *jousts*, in which “poets, excited by a sacred *æstrum*, said most glorious things” * of this doctrine.

* The following is one of those “glorious things” which our author thinks worthy of quoting as a relic of these poetical contests, and which, in his opinion, is sufficient to make the name of the author immortal. Those least acquainted with the Spanish language, will at once perceive that such doggerel, however “immaculate” in “conception,” is wretched in expression, and would require as great a miracle as the doctrine which it celebrates to prove its literary “purity.”

Todo el Mundo en general
A voces Reyna escogida
Digan, que sois Concebida
Sin pecado Original.

He then relates that in the year 1617, the archbishop and municipality solicited Philip III. to allow a deputation to be sent to Rome, to obtain the sanction of the holy see to the tenet so dear to their hearts, and thus describes the effect produced by the result of the negotiation.

On the 22d of Oct. 1617, at 10 o'clock at night, arrived the bull, which Pope Paul V. returned in favour of the mystery, and the intelligence caused a universal commotion in the city. Delight filled the hearts of the inhabitants of Seville, manifesting itself through their eyes, which streaming with tears of tenderness, displayed the excess of their joy. They sallied from their houses at that late hour, venting mutual congratulations, and crowding the streets as at noon day. The confraternity of Nazerenes, composing a procession of 600 persons, proceeded through the streets with lighted torches, singing couplets in praise of the *Original Purity*. Bon-fires were lighted, the streets, windows, and balconies, were in a blaze, and artificial fire-works were played off. At mid-night a general ringing of the bells of the cathedral took place, and was answered by the bells of all the parish churches and convents of the city. Crowds appeared in masques, and, forming themselves into bands, proceeded to the palace of the archbishop, who appeared at the balcony shedding tears of joy at witnessing the devout jubilee of his flock. At the commencement of the ringing, all the churches of the city were thrown open, and with hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, converted the sombre silence of night into a most joyful day.

The archbishop and municipality, seeing that the Pope's brief took so well on the occasion, determined that this midnight revelry should not be the last. They therefore determined to appoint another festival in which they might publicly swear to defend the immaculate mystery; and for this purpose they selected the 7th of December of the same year. We shall not enter into a particular detail of the ceremonies and rejoicings which took place on that occasion. Suffice it to say, that in the evening the city was illuminated—that the magnificent cathedral appeared (in the words of our author) “like a luminous mountain of fire from which the great tower rose like a brilliant and burning crest,” that processions of all the civil and religious bodies took place, that all the bells were rung, that the guns of the Golden tower and of the vessels in the river fired salutes, that dancing and music, and pious acclamations enlivened every street, square, church, and house of Seville; that feats of horsemanship and chivalry were exhibited, and that splendid bull-fights were given at the public expence, in which twenty-eight knights with their lacqueys gorgeously apparelled entered the ring. The distinguishing feature of the last pageant was the appearance of the dwarf of Don Melchor de la Alcazar (“so small that his stirrup-hoops were obliged to be nailed to his saddle”), who entered the ring on a white charger, richly caparisoned, attended by four gigantic negro lacqueys. The dwarf was dressed in a short cloak of black velvet trimmed with gold lace, a cap of black velvet with black and white plumes, white buskins, and gilt spurs: his lacqueys were tricked out with similar magnificence. The dwarf behaved with great courage, and drove his lance half a foot into the neck of the bull.

But the part of this festival which is the most curious, and which it

was chiefly our object to notice, is the tournament given by the silk trade, or corporation of silk manufacturers.

There was (says our author) erected near the *puerta del Perdon* a platform or stage, in the front of which was the altar of the most blessed Mary, who is there worshipped, and below the said altar were three costly chairs. On each side of the scaffolding were passages for the entrance of the judges, the challenger, the seconds, and the combatants. In a corner was the tent of the challenger, made of rich black and grey taffety, with a chair of black velvet. At the door was a well-imitated apple-tree (the forbidden fruit), covered with fruit, and a target, with a challenge. At five o'clock, the master of the lists and his adjutant arrived, followed by four most beautiful boys, representing angels, with white torches in their hands, and behind them, the person who was to act the Angel Michael. In a short time six other boys appeared, habited like the former, and between them an actor, who carried the prizes, which were a lamb and a male infant. Last of all entered the judges, who were Justice and Mercy. In a short time was heard the noise of six drums, four fifes, and clarionets. Then there came two wild savages with clubs on their shoulders, eight youths habited in black with torches in their hands, two infernal furies, and in the midst of them a page, with the challenge, richly dressed in clothes embroidered with gold. The last person who made his appearance in this procession, was the second of the challenger, dressed in black, with plumes of black and yellow feathers (representing flames) in his cap. He took a turn round the stage, and then called for the challenger (*Mantenedor*), who was dressed in a black gold embroidered uniform, and held in his hand a lance twelve feet long. Then came the combatants who were to oppose him, the first of whom was Adam, preceded by six rustics with burning torches in their hands. He was seconded by Hope and accompanied by Innocence. The second was Cain, preceded by six infernal furies and attended by Envy as his supporter. The third was Abraham, preceded by six dwarfs. His second was Faith, attended by three angels in the habit of pilgrims, together with his son Isaac. The fourth was Job, preceded by six pages, and attended by Patience as his second. The fifth was David, preceded by six gallant youths, and led by Penitence as his second. The sixth was Jeroboam, preceded by four Indians; his second was Idolatry. The seventh was Ahab, preceded by twelve strange youths; his second was Covetousness. The eighth was John the Baptist, preceded by twelve beautiful youths; his second was Divine Love and Grace.

All of them were richly dressed in robes corresponding to the characters which they represented. They all combated with the challenger, and were wounded by the first thrust of his lance, but laying hold of their swords, some of them overthrew him, and others were worsted.

The Baptist highly distinguished himself in this combat; for although overcome by the first charge, his second, Divine Grace, gave him such arms that the boldness of the enemy was tamed in all the subsequent encounters.

To the saint was therefore adjudged the palm of victory and the prize of the Lamb. At this stage of the contest went forth to the sound of martial music the master of the lists, with his adjutant, Grace and Divine Love, to bring in the last champion. They soon returned, followed by 12 gallant youths, bearing torches in their hands, the seven Virtues represented by most beautiful boys of from four to five years of age, and nine angels representing the nine celestial choirs. Each Virtue and each angel was attended by their respective squires. Then came the seconds, Divine Love and Grace, accompanying a boy three years of age. Last came a boy of seven years of age, beautiful beyond all compare, who represented the most holy Mary. His habit was consequently more splendid than that of any of the rest, his robe being white besprinkled with golden

stars, his hair flowing loosely over his shoulders, and his head encircled with a diadem of twelve stars. At sight of him the challenger trembled. A champion took from his hand the lance which was inscribed *daughter of Adam*, and his second gave him another, inscribed *daughter of the Father*. With the latter he assaulted his adversary, who in dismay beat the empty air, and was overthrown by a thrust in the breast. The victorious champion then armed himself with two other lances, inscribed respectively *mother of the Son*, and *spouse of the Spirit*. With the first of these he attacked his adversary with such success, that he soon overpowered, threw him on the ground, planted his foot on his neck, and his sword in his body. This glorious sight was hailed with a universal burst of religious acclamation. The judges decided the contest in favour of the Virgin, placing her in a seat more elevated than all the rest, and giving her the child Jesus as the prize of victory. Divine Love and Grace, the Archangel Michael, St. John the Baptist, had chairs allotted them on a lower level, while the other combatants and champions skirmished before them. This was concluded by the departure of the challenger and his party by the left side of the stage, while John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, the Angels, the Virtues, the Seconds, and Judges, retired by the right, forming the procession of the glorious victor, who was preceded by 140 lighted torches, and welcomed by songs of the church, the crowd shouting the couplet* composed in honour of her original purity.

We are told in a passage which follows this description, that the Silversmiths' Company gave a masquerade in honour of the same religious mystery, in which there figured—

A Fame on horseback, attended by six lacqueys, Hercules and Julius Cæsar on horseback (what had they to do with the Virgin?) a party of Ethiopians on horseback, headed by the king of Abyssinia; a party of Indians, headed by Montezuma; a party of Romans with the imperial *Labarum*; a party of the Patriarchs from Adam to Noah; the kings of France, from St. Louis to the reigning monarch; and the family of Austria from Rodolph to Philip IV.

To make any serious reflections on these exhibitions would either appear a burlesque upon good sense, or expose one to participate in the ridicule which they are calculated to excite. We cannot however refrain from making a single remark or two. In the first place it should not be forgotten that this scriptural tournament and solemn revelry were not only arranged with a religious object, but actually composed part of a religious rejoicing. What connection with the sober duties of life, or what influence over the moral conduct of man, can such a religion possess? In the second place, it ought to be observed, that this exhibition took place not in an age of darkness, nor in a country of barbarians, but at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and in one of the most civilized nations of the world—a nation which had attained and just passed the zenith of its glory, while its literature had reached a point of perfection from which it has subsequently declined, after Lope de Vega had conferred on its stage its richest and most varied treasures, and after Cervantes, who had long inhabited Seville (and who had died the year before), had published those immortal works, which added the reading public of Europe to the mass of his Spanish admirers. Seville, which has been deservedly called the cradle of every species of talent, was then nearly the most wealthy and most cultivated city of the Spanish mo-

* This couplet we have given before in a note.

narchy ; and this exhibition, absurd as it is, was no doubt planned and arranged by some pious poet or learned monk, whose works always commanded popular applause on similar occasions. Viewed in connection with these circumstances, its jumble of scripture and fable—its collection of characters taken at random from the Bible, furnishes a striking proof of the intellectual degradation and moral darkness which the Inquisition had occasioned among an otherwise intelligent, active, and ardent people. In the third place, chivalry must have begun to decline, and its formalities to be forgotten before *our Lady* was allowed in person to enter the lists. Ladies, ecclesiastics, and minors, fought by their champions, and not by their own lances. The Virgin should have had the privilege of her sex. Why did the Angel Michael not offer her the succour of his heavenly tempered steel? Why was she defied by king Jeroboam and his second, Idolatry? The result was to be sure happy—the Virgin put her foot on the neck of her adversary ; but what would have become of the *immaculate conception* had she been vanquished? It makes one shudder to think of it.

DEATH IN THE GALLIPOT.

IN these days of universal light, it is most necessary, proper, and meritorious, that every man should ascend or be shoved up to a higher rank in society than that in which he was born ; but that is no reason why he should poison his neighbours. It is necessary that the philanthropy expended on climbing boys should enable them to climb from chimneys to chancellorships, from beneath ground to above the clouds ; but that is not a valid reason why any man should poison his neighbour. Because we are all flogged at Westminster and Eton, it is necessary that we should all be supposed to know Latin ; but what right does that confer on any man to poison his neighbour. And though the wisdom of our ancestors founded corporations, and though corporations are as stupid as our wise ancestors were, and though they hold fast by old customs lest the cloth should be torn off with the lace, and though they wrap themselves up in mystery, we maintain that none of these are sufficient reasons for allowing any man to poison his neighbour.

Now, though forty men who have not learnt physic at Oxford and Cambridge (for the plain reason that it is not taught and is not to be learnt there) choose to sell their house in Warwick Lane, build another in Suffolk-street, make a long speech in Latin which no one understands, give a breakfast to the Duke of York, and write their orders in Latin that is not intelligible, to people who could not understand it if it were, we aver that these are not justifiable reasons why any man should poison his neighbour. Nor, because an apothecary, an apothecarius, a man who keeps a shop, an apotheca, a depository of drugs, chooses to set himself

up as a physician ; nor because another man calling himself a chemist (alas ! poor chemistry !) chooses to become an apothecary, nor because he cannot read Latin himself, and because the names of his poisons are written in dog Latin, dog and curtailed, and that they are all huddled together on shelves and in gallipots ; nor because he also begins to practise physic, or is too much of a gentleman to stand behind his own counter, and hires boys to do it at the wages of a footman, are all these any reasons why he should poison his neighbour ?

Such poisonings are the consequences, among the consequences, of that spirit-stirring ambition to rise a grade, or more grades, (as Jonathan would say) on the ladder of society, to make, *make*, money, “rem, quocunque modo ;” to buy cheap, in short, and sell dear, according to the very spirit and essence of commerce.

There is not a week passes, in which some one is not poisoned, by “a mistake in the medicine,” as it is genteelly and tenderly called, in this age of politeness, and of all manner of mincing, from a “mistake” to a “faux pas.” In plain terms, the man is poisoned, killed, murdered, by the blunder or negligence of the apothecary, the chemist, or the chemist’s boy. And the people submit to all this as quietly as if it was part of the necessary and irremediable law of Nature. “Death in the pot” is a jest to these “deaths in the gallipot”—in the gallipot, in the phial, in the pill box, in the elegantly folded and flattened bit of paper, which issue weekly from the apothecas of drugs and destruction that haunt every alley, every street, and every corner, illuminating with their portentous and ghastly lights the circumambient darkness. You think, reader, that what we say is rather “splenetic” or “rash :” not at all, though these and harsher terms will be applied to us—suffice it, that we *know* it. And so does the public ; but it does not know the half, the tenth, the twentieth. Oxalic acid for salts, saltpetre for salts, butter of antimony for antimonial wine, arsenic for antimonial powder, ammonia embrocation for a draught, laudanum for any thing ; of these, or some of these, the public knows every month, or every six months ; but it does not know them all, and it does not know of many more, and it does not know one case in ten, twenty, a hundred, where these “mistakes” occur, where people are poisoned, killed, and buried, and where the disease or the doctor, not the apothecary nor the chemist, gets the blame.

It is a crying evil, and it does demand a remedy. It is not a month since a lady of rank was killed by swallowing ammonia prescribed to be used externally. It is not much more since Mr. Owen, the artist, was poisoned by laudanum, similarly misnamed. The fate of the late Primate of Ireland is not forgotten. But what are these to the crowds who never come to light. In our own experience, and a most limited one it has been, we have seen twenty such cases for one of which the public has known. We have inquired among our medical friends for testimony, and we have found it ; testimony that would make your

readers shudder. And those friends have scarcely exempted, among them, a man, or a shop. From one or other, we are assured that such mistakes have happened in almost every one of the greatest shops in London. But we are desired not to give names, and we must obey. And yet this seems a specimen of that false delicacy which would rather that the innocent should suffer than that a culprit should meet his just reward.

And from the evidences which we have collected, we have also found errors proving that nothing but the extremest ignorance or the grossest carelessness could have committed them; substances substituted for others the most perfectly dissimilar, and the misplacement of labels where it would have been supposed impossible to misplace them. What else but an utter ignorance of the nature or aspect of these dangerous substances could compound a draught of arsenic and water, could substitute saltpetre cast into bullets, or sal prunella, for common salts, antimonial powder for ipecacuanha, muriate of antimony for antimonial wine, laudanum for almost every thing, and much more that we need not enumerate. One of our evidences has informed us that, in a medicine chest containing six bottles, four were wrong, and that from the very largest shop in London.

Sickness is a sufficiently serious evil; and it is hard to think that, like poor Owen, we are recovering from it to die of the remedies. Why does not the legislature interfere; it is always interfering, and with less reason. The apothecary was originally the dispenser of drugs, and often the maker; he understood his trade, and attended to it. So he does still in France, and elsewhere. In England, he must be a physician, forsooth, a physician without education or study, without either practice or experience than that of having folded papers and tied packthread for seven years; and his own trade, that which he has undertaken to perform, a most dangerous trade, is left to mean hirelings and idle boys, ignorant and careless, often so careless that they will neither weigh a solid nor measure a liquid. The chemist, as he is called,—chemist indeed—steps into the place of the apothecary, and he too by degrees becomes a physician, and leaves his business, in rotation, to similar hands. Both study to procure assistants or workmen at the lowest wages, and the consequences are obvious.

The foolish and coxcombical custom of writing prescriptions in Latin, and, in some measure, of naming substances in abbreviated Latin, is perhaps a minor evil, but it is one. The hireling cannot read Latin; and though he may discover the names and the substances, he often cannot translate the directions to the patient. Surely these at least might be given in English, as is the case in Scotland, wiser on this point at least. Hence the gross and dangerous blunders which occur every day. But the Latin does not now serve even the purpose of concealment from the patient, if that is its object; since every patient can contrive to read his prescription, in a country where all know physic, or

about it. Let the College show that it has good sense enough to abolish this silly relic of mystery and barbarism.

But let the legislature interfere also, as it very properly does in France, where no *Pharmacien* can practise, and where he must attend to his shop. Why should not errors of this nature be visited with penalties, if nothing else will keep apothecaries to their duty. The man who throws a beam from a house into the street, is subject to the penalties of law; he who deals in danger, and does not take every precaution against it, is a proper object of criminal legislation, and the more so when the facilities and the frequency are considered; the difficulty of detection, and the fearful consequences of neglect—consequences involving no less than human life. These are the contingencies attending crime, which justify penalties peculiarly severe, as the law acknowledges in its general practice; and they are circumstances which cause the legislator to visit minor crimes with the severity due only to greater ones. Let us hope that another parliament will not pass without investigating a subject which has long loudly called for its notice and care. We are confident that one or two examples of justice would correct the evil for ever; and they are not severe laws which effect their purpose by means of partial suffering, and which, with transient or limited severity, produce permanent and solid good.

APPROVED METHODS OF SETTING HOUSES ON FIRE.

IF a man sets his house on fire, says a Spanish proverb, he warms his fingers and drives the rats out. So that, as the moralists aver, there is no evil which is not productive of good. The Spaniard has been very kind in trying to help the lame dog of a moralist over this stile; but really, except for the sake of the carpenter and masons, we do not see any vast advantages to be gained by burning down our houses, although it is a tolerably prevailing fashion, as Mortimer-street testified not very long ago. It is a day of lamentation to the Directors of the Sun, and the Hand in Hand, and the Norwich, and the other hundred offices, who, receiving by drops and dribblets, must return by bucketfulls, that, like Phoenixes, we may rise from our ashes in all the splendour of new brick, fresh plaster, and stinking, not fresh, paint.

Yes;—no,—we had forgotten. A warm fire burns down the plague, as it did in London of yore—the itch, as it lately did in Edinburgh—and those confounded, long, intricate, unsettled, unintelligible, questionable, un settleable, Custom-house accounts (thanks to Colonel Kelly) whose fiery fate filled with rejoicings the Custom-house clerks, and the Treasury clerks, and the Board of Customs, and the Receiver-General

of Grand Accounts, and Mr. John Charles Herries, and—not the Solicitor to his Majesty's Customs, God be praised for all his mercies. O si sic omnia. Is the race of the Kelly's extinct? Is Indra, the God of fire, dead? or does he but snore to the soft gliding of Gānges, dreaming of his next Avatar, when perchance the Excise shall follow the Customs, and the Stamp-office the Excise, and when Board after Board, fast fixed in defiance of Hume and Cobbett, shall, after long days of darkness, show a light to enlighten the people, and when the Trinity-House shall become unquenchable in all the waters of its *mare clausum*, and when the Chancery and the Six Clerks shall meet the judgment they never give, and with the papers "they're so rich in, light a fire in Michael's kitchen."

But alas, to what purpose burns the Custom-house, unless the Customs burn too. Though we should carbonize the Six Clerks, and decompose the Chancellor, other Clerks, other Chancellors, will spring from their ashes; the gas which distills from the pink slippered Vice will consolidate, like the blue smoke of the Genie, into fresh Vices, and new Masters will sit where Masters sat before, swallowing up the estates of the widow and orphan, each, all, draining, like leeches that have lost their tails, the purses of clients, like vampires, silently extracting the life, the heart, the soul, from the weary and wasted expectant, building themselves, like ichneumans into caterpillars, into the bodies of their suitors, and, fattened with their blood, their marrow, their intestines, their brains, their hearts, their lungs, their livers, rejecting the empty skin as a thing of nought; judging as they would be judged, as knowing full well that the longer shall be protracted the decision of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Cæacus, that delay is clear gain to them.

Alas, that fire is such a physical substance. It is, indeed, O Great Royal Society, in spite of thy squabbles, and experiments, and decisions, in spite of thy great Sir Hum, and thy Rumford, with his Rumfords, and the baking of thy Blagden, and all thy other Hums. Else why does it only boil potatoes and roast legs of mutton, and burn Porson's Lexicon and Colonel Kelly, and convert into smoke and charcoal long accounts and short accounts, and cockets, and entries, leaving the metaphysical soul existing, fresh, new, renovated, ready for more mischief, as the souls of the Commissioners, and the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, and the Privy Council, will hereafter be, when they have shuffled off their mortal coil; provided they can find any mischief to do. O for a metaphysical fire and no Insurance-offices.

After all, a fire is a fine thing. It furnishes patents to Sir William Congreve, and fees therefore to Mr. Pooley and the Attorney-General, and work to the carpenters, and the bricklayers, and the hodmen, and to Mr. Whitehead's lime-works at Purfleet, and it enables bankrupts to cheat their creditors, and rogues to cheat the insurance, and finds employment for Mr. Bramah and the hose makers, and produces a stamp

duty to government, and opportunities for begging and charity sermons, and for setting broken legs to the students at St. Thomas's, and for all the water companies to squabble about their respective superiorities. And then it generates a new water bill in Edinburgh, so that the Modern Athens may perhaps learn in time to wash its face and hands, and to dismiss its night-smelling flowers, and it furnishes paragraphs to the newspapers during the still days ; and last, not least, has it not made us take up our blunted pen ?

And then, what a firework is a fire. Pyrotechny is a jest to Drury-Lane ; Mrs. Hengler is but as the illumination of a tobacco-pipe ; Sir William Congreve's Chinese bridge was but as the crackling of thorns beneath the pot, to Covent-Garden, and the Custom-house, and Ludgate-hill, and Mortimer-street. There are the crackling, and the burning, and the blazing, and the water, and the buckets, and the engines, and the swearing, and the crowding, and the thieving, and the mobbing, and the crying, and the running, and the ladders, and the constables, and the guards, and the dirty water streaming through the streets, and the jingling, and rattling, and trotting of the fire-engines, and the parish beadle awakened out of his sound sleep, and the keys of the church missing, and the Churchwardens in a heat, and featherbeds to catch the falling, and fire-escapes to break their necks, and removing of chairs, beds, tables, pots, pans, and children, and the women screaming and wringing their hands, and stacks of chimneys falling, and a grocer's shop with a barrel of gunpowder in the garret, and the firemen suffocated, burnt, breaking their legs, heads, arms, ribs, thighs, and all the apothecaries shutting up their shops and running away, lest they should get plenty of work and no fees. What a noble thing is a fire !

But that is no reason why we should set our houses on fire. A few minor inconveniences attend these experiments occasionally, and therefore we are about to tell our readers how to contrive the burning of their own houses. *Experto crede—credite.* In each and in all of these several ways, we have burnt down, or else set on fire without burning down ; either our own houses or other people's houses, besides sundry arsenals, stables, dock-yards, churches, inns of court, powder-mills, tallow chandlers' shops, laboratories, and sundry other erections—tot quot, tales quales.

Twice we have set fire to our beds,—twice !—three times, by the very laudable practice of reading romances, a practice much approved by young ladies and young ladies' maids. So did Lady Frederick Campbell, at Coombbank ; wherefore she was burnt, together with her chamber. There are two modes of gaining this end, and the experiment succeeds best when the curtains are made of muslin ; it does not answer amiss if they are of dimity. We do not counsel any young ladies, given to nocturnal romance, to permit moreen ; partly because it is hot, old fashioned, and ungenteel, besides obstructing our cotton manufactories,

and partly because the experiment will certainly fail, and that if the house-maid has forgotten the towels, they cannot wipe their faces on the curtains.

There are two or three modes of performing this experiment. The operator may place the candle by the bed-side, on a chair or a table, and suffer the curtain, which must not be carefully looped up, to fall down on it, or she may take the candle into the bed itself and fall asleep, or lean over it in her night-cap and do the same thing, or forget to snuff it, and allow the mushroom to tumble into her pocket-handkerchief, or to become a thief. Ingenious experimenters will discover other modes of operating; and it is a very good way to hold a candle in the hand when getting into bed, and to whisk it past the curtains. It is a sort of corollary from this mode, that without going to bed, my lady's maid, or the house-maid, should similarly make up the bed, or make it down, which is the proper phrase, with the candle in one hand, and she may then whisk it along the bed curtains or the dimity window curtains, or sit down on the bed with it in her hand; all of which modes we have known highly successful.

Should the experiment be much desired, especial care must be taken that no candle has a glass shade; and if it should succeed, the windows and doors must immediately be opened, and the party must scream and run down stairs; for we have known the experiment utterly fail by the application, in time, of the water jug, or by squeezing the diseased part in a towel, or by pulling down the curtains, or shutting the door close and leaving the room quietly.

Thus much respecting beds and curtains, and thus much as to young ladies when they set up to operate on houses. On themselves, they possess other modes of experimenting, by means of muslin, whether in the form of gowns, caps, or handkerchiefs. Such, for example, as sitting or standing near a wood fire, particularly if it be oak and has the bark on, or fir, which answers nearly as well, or standing by any fire when it burns well, and there is an open door or window, and no guard, or reading a romance with the knees inside the fender, or meditating over one with the chin on the hand and the candle under the cap. And in all these cases, should the lady prove as inflammable as the romance and the candle are inflammatory, she should scream and run out of the room, by which means it is probable she will serve as a torch for the curtains, or the chair covers, or the sofas, or the bed, if there happen to be one present, and by which means also she will ensure perfect success as to her own person.

But the fair sex, not being ladies, young or old, possesses other resources, in the shape of nursery maids, laundry maids, kitchen maids, maids of all work, or maids of no work, such as are the housekeeper who keeps a deputy, and my lady's maid. It is necessary that the nursery maid should have a fire, or how should she boil the infant's pap, or

make a "comfortable drop of tea" for herself. And she must keep it alive all night, that she may dry the clouts. Or rather, because that is too much trouble, she makes a roaring fire before she goes to bed, the clouts begin to singe, the children and the nurse try which shall snore the loudest, the clouts flame, the horse takes fire, so does the wainscot, and then the ceiling, and then "the neighbours are alarmed, and cry out, Fire," and a successful experiment is the result.

If the child should have had occasion to take Godfrey's Cordial or Daffy's Elixir, it is proper to leave a candle burning all night, and it is impossible that it can be safer any where than on a mahogany table, because mahogany is an incombustible wood, just as larch is. By degrees, a thief gets into the candle, it gutters down the smooth cylindrical tallow, floats gently on the gliding stream along the candlestick, settles on the table, and, behold! the incombustible becomes a lamp, the lamp takes fire, so does the house. If any one doubts that we set our camp table on fire by this very process, and were very near burning down Swinley camp, he may apply to the Quarter-master General's department.

But we can instruct the nursery maid, the laundry maid, the kitchen maid, all the maids, how to effect their purposes in another way, not less efficacious, and as little suspected. When a kettle is to be lifted off the fire, it is apt to be hot in the handle, and to burn the fingers. A towel is a convenient intermedium. The towel, being dry, dry and hot, is seized on by the point of a flame, or a spark, and it is then proper to throw it over a chair back, or into a corner, or into any other incombustible place. The spark spreads into a circle, as it does in a tinder box, or wanders about like the parson and the clerk when a child "has burnt to tinder some stale last year's news," and, in due time, the engines arrive, and Nobody has set the house on fire. We vouch for the success of the experiment, because it once succeeded perfectly with us on a bit of wainscot.

All these methods, however, bear a certain air of vulgarity; for which reason we shall point out at least one elegant mode of effecting this desirable object. Being founded on optical principles, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the ladies who have learnt their Ologies, who know the length of Captain Kater's pendulum, think Captain Basil Hall a greater man than Cook, and Frobisher and Raleigh united, Barrow of the Admiralty and the Quarterly, the first of human writers, past, present, and to come, and the Quarterly itself the pink, or sink, of all human science, human literature, human knowledge, besides theology, politics, and puffing.

This expedient is perfectly Galilean, and consists in choosing a globular decanter, which is to be filled with water (ladies, the water needs not be distilled), and then placing it, on some sunshiny day, supposing that such a thing ever happens in England, in the sunshine, on a table, in a window, covered (the table) with a fair toilette table-cloth. The focus (that is the word), concentrating the sun beams, and—in

short, it sets the house on fire. It is even so indeed ; for we have known it happen twice. As to other scientific and chemical means of producing the same results, such as by a phosphorus bottle, or a bottle of oxymuriatic matches, they are too vulgar to be introduced into so profound a treatise as this. Nor need we inform school-boys how they may manage for the same purposes by gunpowder and squibs, since we profess to deal only in the obscurer and more profound expedients for exciting what the lawyers call Arson.

That is the reason why we recommend the use of rat catchers, or else that learned treatise relative to the apprehending or fugitating "that unpleasant animal called the rat," put forth by the High Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Admiralty, price one guinea, the honour of inventing which is, however, disputed by our friend in the Strand, whose commentary we have quoted, but whose name we have unluckily forgotten. For it is most certain, we having seen it with our own eyes, that this "most unpleasant animal" has not only a long tail, but has a great affection for tallow candles, particularly when the cook is careful of her pantry, and the population presses hard on the means of subsistence, as Mr. Malthus says in his chapter, "anent" the swarming of rats. And actually, whether it is that said rat is desirous of having light at his supper, or that, like a celebrated worthy of yore, he is afraid to snuff a candle with his fingers, we have seen, or did see, him extract (as being about half asleep or half awake, it matters not which) said candle, being about an inch and three quarters long, combusting at the upper extremity, out of the candlestick, by force of arms, and said candle did bear in his mandibles, to his retreat, nest, or hole, said candle being then and there in a state of ignition, when, if it had not been extinguished *in transitu*, as alien goods are sometimes clutched by his Majesty's cruisers, heaven only knows, as Mr. Speaker Onslow wisely remarked, what would have been the consequences.

The cook, the kitchen maid, the scullery maid, the whole genus dealing in fires and the great art of nutrition, possess such obvious means of their own, of making fireworks of any dimensions, suited to the scales of their respective houses, that we consider it beneath our dignity to descend far into their regions. Yet we think we can teach the cook one expedient unknown to her, a discovery of our own, one on which we pride ourselves as much as if we had found out a new tax, not to be put on, but taken off. We dare say that she, or he, does not know that charcoal possesses a self combustibility, or an inherent principle of spontaneous ignition, arising from its pyrophorical propensities, and these depending on the presence of potassium, though how that happens to get there is another matter. If, therefore, on any particular day, the kitchen should prove on fire, she had better accuse the potassium, as it will save her own bacon ; and if her master and mistress do not affect the company of firemen, they may possibly "look to it," and take a hint, which we assure them is very serious, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

And while we are on the abstruser matters of our subject, we might

have said the same of coals, particularly when they contain sulphur ; but there is nothing abstruse in a method which we have seen practised in Cornwall, which is to keep the furze hole and the fire in neighbourly approximation, as saving trouble, and to drag the said furze out of the hole into the fire-place, taking care to leave a line of communication between them, by means of a proper disposition of scattered fragments, which, in that land of tin and New Light, are denominated Bruss. It is a more roundabout way of carrying the same point, to keep a fat, lazy, black dog with a shaggy coat, who sleeps in the ashes when he is too cold, and in the furze hole when he is too warm, maintaining an amicable intercourse between hot and cold timber, which, like that of the Hand in Hand of the incendiary office, is in danger of being dissolved in a general conflagration.

We do not know that "private families" are ever very likely to have new floor cloths, or to roll them up and put them away, when just out of the manufacturer's hands, and they are departing for Ramsgate or the Land of famine. But that supposition being supposed, it is certain and of verity, that the said floor cloths will sometimes take fire and enter into spontaneous combustion. Let the floor cloth makers perpend it, at least ; lest that splendid architecture at Hammersmith, and its rival of Chelsea, each rivals of Soane and Nash, should vanish into thick air, and regale the neighbouring noses with the smell of burning oil. Let the officers of his Majesty's Ordnance perpend it, as well as the waggon train and all dealers in tilts and painted canvas, lest they burn down the Arsenal once more, as they once burnt it before, and lest we have to pay for it again.

And since we have plunged into the deep depths of chemistry and philosophy, let us tell the ropemakers, whether ropemakers here or ropemakers there, Navy Board or merchant, Portsmouth, or Mr. Charles Hampden Turner, that if haystacks are ticklish subjects in this matter, so is hemp, and, we fear, cables. Hemp and water, hemp and oil, hemp and tar, 'tis all one. They will burn when it beseems them, and then it will be wondered why. Painters may profit by the same philosophy, unless they are insured below their amount. Lamp black by itself, and much more certainly with oil, will often take fire, and so will red lead, and more certainly manganese, if it should ever enter their heads to make black paint from this material. These are abstruse methods of lighting up a neighbourhood ; and, for that reason, we have suggested them. The more common and approved modes are beneath the attention of our dignity.

But we must return to more domestic matters, and therefore to the stable, having disposed of the *interiora consilia*. The quintessence of the pyrotechnic art, in this case, is for the coachman and grooms, and stable boys, one, each, or all, to get drunk, and the drunker the better. That being done, it is proper to lie down on the hay with the candle burning, or to go up into the hay loft similarly, or to amuse themselves

with setting fire to spiders, or smoking, or with drinking still more, if they have not drunk enough already. Drunk or sober, it is not amiss to have a nocturnal assignation with some gentle fair one at midnight, to clap the candle under a stable bucket as a substitute for a dark lantern, and forget it, or else to tumble it into the hay in the confusion of the moment, or, finally, to prevent discovery, whether of this, of purloined oats, stolen hay, or a stolen horse, fairly to set the whole on fire. That it is generally judged good policy to fire a stable occasionally, is indicated by that exquisite invention a stable lantern, partaking of all the obvious qualities of a safety lamp, and unquestionably the hint whence it was derived. If, indeed, it is nothing to the purpose of safety, if a spark may fly out or a straw get in, conducting to other straws, it is very much to the purpose which we have here all along kept in view.

Our advice to bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers, admits of being brief, for we cannot teach them much. They are adepts already. Bond timber is, however, the fundamental secret; because brick and lime being naturally incombustible, inasmuch as they have both been burnt already, no other method of destroying the walls with the interior, the shell with the oyster, could have been devised. Luckless was the day, and dark the hour, that substituted stamped and taxed paper, amianthine paper paste and lime, for fat, red, fiery Norway fir; but he was no small philosopher in fire who taught us to build houses on drumsticks, that, like mousetraps, they might tumble at the pulling of a trigger.

But even bond timber will not burn unless it receives the contact of the element destined to communicate life and motion to the dormant and sluggish mass; and how should the whole mine of beams and timbers and rafters and floors be taught to aspire to heaven, unless the train were laid which may in due time rescue them from their bondage, and make them exult in liberty, hailing their emancipation in crackling and sparkling bonfires. The train is laid into the chimney, and where better could it be laid? This, at least, is the most efficacious; but it occasionally succeeds if laid below the hearth stone; where, gradually drying, more gradually charring, perhaps favoured by some delicate crevice to admit air, or a spark, it is at length found that the house smells strangely of burning wood, then smells of smoke, then smells of fire, and, at length, becomes sensible to the rest of the seven senses, and to the insurance office. As to the plumbers, they understand so well the art of burning down a church or a cathedral, that we need not lose our labour in attempting to instruct them.

It is often convenient to burn divers manufactories of various kinds, but the modes are endless, and would exhaust our patience. Yet we particularly recommend to varnish makers and the rest of this fraternity, always to work at an open fire, because if they used any furnace of any kind, this desirable event could never happen. Carpenters, chemists, distillers, bakers, and the rest, must be allowed to follow the established rules in this art, for we doubt if we could teach them any thing new.

Powder millers, we believe, may yet learn from us ; though they have hitherto appeared to understand their trade tolerably well, as Hounslow can testify. It is highly necessary to grind their combustible dust with stones, because these are noted for striking fire, even though they be limestones, and never to use iron or copper, because then a mill could not possibly blow up. For the same reason, it is expedient that the powder should be granulated in the midst of its own dust ; that, amid the said dust, cranks should be revolving and gudgeons grinding in their sockets, and that care should be taken not to oil them too much, lest they should not become hot enough to fire, first the dust, then the powder, lastly the house ; terminating all, with a dispersion of heads, legs, and arms, into the air.

Of thunder and lightning what can we predicate. Conductors ? Blunt or sharp ? aye, there's the rub. Whether the conductor, sharp or blunt, is to conduct to the building or from it, whether the thunder and the lightning choose to be conducted at all, and whether they have not an obstinate propensity to rebel and choose their own roads, are questions which we shall leave to that "*fille tres ainée*" of Charles II. which appears for some time to have been falling into her dotage ; "*aussi reve t'elle quelque fois.*" We "*doubt*" with the Chancellor ; rather, *we* doubt not, for we are very sure.

Thus have we, in the extremity of our good nature, and of our desire to add our mite to the improvements of this age of improvements, attempted to teach our countrymen some of the abstruser and some of the less abstruse modes of producing the element of fire ; that art by which man is most especially and completely distinguished from the beasts that walk, the birds that fly, and, above all, from the fishes that swim. There are two sorts of advice ; advice of things to be followed, advice of things to be shunned. There are two parties in this cause also ; he who burns and he who is burnt ; he to whom burning is gain, he to whom burning is loss ; he who is to profit by conflagration ; he who is to lose by it ; the bankrupt, the insurer, the lady's maid, the lady, the bricklayer, the dean and chapter, the landlord, the insurance office, and the gentleman who has a collection of rare books, or shells, or old bones, or pictures, or, like Dr. Burney, of play bills.

And hence, as we have advised one party how to burn, it is our duty to advise the other how not to be burnt.

Frederick the Great was the King of Prussia. The hats of the soldiers of Frederick the Great were given to falling off at Reviews. Frederick the Great ordered the hats not to fall off ; and if the hats rebelled and disobeyed, why then Frederick the Great ordered that their owners should be flogged. All Europe cried out that Frederick the Great was a tyrant, but his Majesty remarked that the hats had reformed their manners, and kept to their stations admirably, under the new regulations.

Now, Messrs. Brougham, Bennet, and ye Humanitarians ! How many

fires are the consequences of necessity, and how many of design, and how many of carelessness? Design, you punish if you can catch it; necessity, neither ye nor we desire to punish; but what is carelessness, and must it escape for ever? Accident? There is no such thing. If all accident is not carelessness, the accident produced by him who is a voluntary agent, or is bound to be both a voluntary and a reasoning one, is carelessness, neglect; neglect which is culpable when its effects are injurious. And that which is culpable, that injury which might have been avoided by the care which every reasonable person is bound to exert, is a crime, and ought to be punished as a crime. Practically, it is criminal in the ratio of its consequences; but, legally, we cannot judge it by those consequences. Yet that is no reason why it should escape.

We do not ask for punishment as revenge, but for prevention. The lady or the lady's maid who reads a romance in bed, the plumber who melts his lead on a wooden roof, the stable boy who falls asleep with his candle in the hay, know that they may set fire to their respective places, and they must all know the amount of the consequences. It is so with many more cases; and, we will venture to say, that nine tenths of our fires are the produce of neglect or wantonness that might have been avoided, and that would be avoided if there were a threatened punishment held out.

It is an extraordinary philanthropy that screens the injurer and forgets the injured. We must legislate, in crime, only against the *malus animus*. It is not so; for we do legislate, or at least the common law has legislated, against culpable neglect. For what reason should not parliamentary law extend that principle, if the principle be justifiable? We maintain that were there a penalty against accidental incendiaries, as there is against wilful ones, fires would diminish. We do not exactly desire to adopt the King of Prussia's sweeping rule. But there are cases where investigation is possible, and there are many where the incendiary has been discovered. A few examples would soon teach caution; and, in the hands of a just jury, there is not much danger of abuse. Though a jury were to pardon overmuch, the very prospect of a trial would be the check which we desire; for the trial itself would be punishment to those who are not professors of mischief. And the law and its penalties would not long be an evil, because we are convinced that the opportunities for its exertion would rapidly diminish.

We are not fond of legislating about trifles. But this does seem an imperious case, and it is one on which the sense of the legislature ought at least to be taken. We do not pretend to state the extent and nature of the penalty; and while we do not mean that it should be measured by the injury, we conceive that a very moderate one would answer all the purposes which we have in view,—prevention; prevention, by excitement to caution and care. At present, the criminal, for such we must consider him, is pitied and pardoned; and other criminals are generated, to be pitied and pardoned again.

WINES.—No. I.

THE WINES OF ENGLAND, GERMANY, RUSSIA, THE CAPE, &c.

THERE are not many things about which people talk more, and more ignorantly, in this country, than wine, but it is one also about which they are now beginning to be extremely learned. This is partly the consequence of foreign travel, and it has been aided by the prospect of importing other kinds than those yet known, under our new fiscal regulations. A small book published by Dr. Macculloch, some time since, explained much of its philosophy that was little known; and its history has been rendered accessible by that of Dr. Henderson; while an abridged translation of Jullien's recent catalogue has given us a convenient repository of references for the names of wines, and chiefly for those of France. To these works, to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Supplement), and to an able antiquarian one in the last Number of the *Westminster Review*, we may refer our readers for nearly all that has yet been printed on this subject in English; but we shall here give a general sketch of the more interesting particulars, dwelling chiefly on some matters which will not be found in any of the publications which we have named.

Some idle disputes, carried on in the *Archæologia*, and elsewhere, have aimed at proving that the vine was never cultivated, nor wine made, in England, and that the terms vineyard and wine implied orchard and cider. The fact is, nevertheless, unquestionable, in whatever way we explain the passage in which Probus permits the Britons to plant vines. They were, undoubtedly, known at the time of the conquest, and there is an entry in domesday book to that effect. After this, the evidences are more numerous and distinct; and in all the warmer counties, vineyards seem to have been attached to the abbeys, while their produce in wine is also distinctly recorded. Fulham had its vineyard, as appears by the records of the bishopric; as had the lands of Ely in Holborn; and they were equally common in Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucestershire, as well as in Hertfordshire, Worcestershire, and elsewhere. Canterbury, St. Augustine's Abbey, Battle Abbey, Halling, and other places, were noted for their vineyards and their wines; and the records of Ely, in particular, cannot be misapprehended, as they describe both the produce for successive years, and the failure. In the twelfth century, they were common; and William of Malmsbury describes the wines of Gloucestershire as bearing a comparison with those of France. None but an antiquary, and such an antiquary as Monsieur Le Doyen Barrington (as the French translate him), could have disputed such evidence, and called these wines cider; when the same author describes the apple trees and the vines, the cider and the wine, in the same breath.

At subsequent periods this practice fell into disuse; partly in consequence of the suppression of the monasteries, partly in consequence of

changes in the agricultural system, and of the increase of foreign commerce. Yet, at later dates, wines have been made, by Captain Toke, by the Duke of Norfolk, by Sir Richard Worsley, and by Mr. Hamilton, at Painshill; as they are still occasionally, by many petty farmers, and gentlemen, in Kent, Essex, and Sussex, and in Gloucestershire.

Such is the experience about wines from English vines, as far as it is necessary for us to state it. With respect to the quality of the produce in ancient times, we have no evidence but that of William of Malmesbury, just quoted; and as to the modern, it is known that the produce of Painshill was sold as foreign wine, and at high prices, having been made in considerable quantities. It resembled Champagne when new, but gradually became dry; and, in one case, when kept for sixteen years, was not distinguishable from Hock.

There can be no question, from other trials, that good wine can be made from grapes of our own growth, but there are obvious reasons why it would not succeed as a branch of agriculture. The leading one is the uncertainty of the climate; while, if it were made for sale, it is evident that the restrictive system of our commerce would soon render this manufacture subject to the Excise laws. Yet those who may choose to make it for their own use, and for amusement, need find no difficulty, at least in good seasons, and in the hotter and drier parts of England, by selecting proper varieties of the grape, and by due attention to the manufacture.

But by a process pointed out in Dr. Macculloch's work, there appears no difficulty in making wine at any place, and in any season; and, however doubtful or questionable the results may at first appear, abundant experience has confirmed the success of this project. It is proved from these trials, that the immature grape, and even the leaves and the tendrils and the green shoots, contain all that, in the ripe grape, is essential to the production of wine, excepting sugar. By adding this ingredient, the juice of these substances, to be procured by infusion in water, becomes a counterpart to the juice of the mature grape itself, and the result is wine not to be distinguished from that of foreign growth.

By the treatment used in Champagne, the wine thus produced resembles those of that country, and is fully equal in flavour and goodness to the ordinary kinds, or even to those of second-rate quality, such as *Avisé*, *Cramant*, and *Menil*, and always superior, if carefully made, to those of *Monthelon*, *Chouilly*, or *Molins*. It will be found much better flavoured than the great mass of Champagne wines commonly drunk in London, which are almost always sugared by the merchant, and very often made up thus from dead wines, for immediate drinking.

If the fermentation is conducted in a different manner, the produce becomes more or less dry, or, at any rate, loses the power of effervescing; being less or more sweet, according to the relative proportions of sugar and vegetable matter employed. In this case, it seems more apt to resemble *St. Peray* than any other wine; and many specimens cannot

possibly be distinguished from it. Under other treatment or proportions, we have seen it resemble Moselle, Sauterne, and White Hermitage, as well as Montrachet and Chablis; and though we cannot foresee what the produce will be, he who produces either of these wines at the low price of ninepence or tenpence a bottle, will have no reason to regret his labour. These wines are necessarily white; but so far from being deficient in flavour, as would be anticipated, they possess that quality in as great a degree as those with which we have here compared them. When we say that they have been drunk as foreign wines, by wine merchants and professed tasters, and that they have been sold at the highest prices of such wines, it is a testimony of their goodness that will not be disputed.

To be enabled to make them, nothing is necessary but to possess space enough for growing the vines; and as no fruit is required, they demand neither pruning nor care, and will answer the purpose, even in Scotland. The leaves may be stripped twice in the summer; and as the growth of the vine is rapid, a vineyard of this nature is serviceable in the second year. We are surprised that, after so long a period in which this knowledge has been before the public, the practice has not been more generally adopted. Rather, we are not surprised; knowing that every one abhors improvement, and would rather make difficulties than overcome them. One only caution we shall give to those who may attempt it, and it is to keep these wines to a sufficient age. They are drunk in the first year, and perhaps condemned, by those who ought to know that age is necessary even to the wines of foreign growth, with very few exceptions.

Enough of English wines, and we may proceed to those of Germany. Originally, we know that our northern ancestors, whether Goths, Celts, or Franks, or whatever else they may be called, drank beer, by which the classical authors account for the fatness of the German tribes. But in the time of Diodorus Siculus, he tells us that the Scythians bought wine from strangers. In Strabo's time, it was made by the Lusitanians, but in small quantity; so small, he says, that these people drank the whole produce at one feast, which they celebrated after their vintage. This is the earliest account that we have of Portuguese wines.

With respect to the Germans, Tacitus assures us that, in his time, they bought their wine from foreigners. Nor does it appear that they had any vines before the ninth century; because, in the partition which was made of the dominions of Louis the Débonnaire by his children, there were reserved to Louis (the Germanic), some of the cities beyond the Rhine, such as Mayence, Worms, Spire, because wine was made in them. Further, in the time of Severus, the Pannonians, who inhabited that country which produces the present Hungarian wines, had little of that commodity, as we are informed by Dion Cassius. Herodian also remarks that the town of Aquileia carried on a great commerce in wine with the countries further north, in which the vine would not grow on account of the cold.

From other ancient authors, we learn that it was not known in their time to many of the northern nations. According to Pomponius Mela, it was not known to the Thracians; nor to the Getæ, as Ovid informs us. It was little known, according to Jornandes, among the Gothic nations in general in his day, nor, according to Anacharsis, among the Scythians. It is even said by Herodotus, that it was unknown to the Persians in the time of Cræsus. It is remarkable enough that, like Mahomet in after times, some of these savage nations should have prohibited its use. Thus, according to Cæsar, the Nervians and the Belgæ in general prohibited its importation. Boerebistes, a King of the Getæ, caused all the vines of his country to be rooted out, as we are informed by Strabo; and this was done at the suggestion of Diceneus their high priest. The jest of Anacharsis is well known. This plant (said he), showing a piece of a vine to the King of the Scythians, would have sent out its shoots all over Scythia, if the Greeks had not taken care to cut it down every year.

We have already noticed the permission given by Probus, which took place on the disbanding his army at Cologne, but it is not certain that the Germans were included in this indulgence. A century after, the vine abounded on the Moselle, and is supposed to have reached the Rhine shortly after the time of Charlemagne. This is the most conspicuous wine district of Germany, and the general character of its wines are well known in England.

The vineyards of Kaub, Oberwesel, and Bacharach, are celebrated for their wines, as are those of the two hills of Voghtsberg and Kühlberg, near the latter place. These wines are of the muscadel quality, remarkable for their odour and flavour both, and are in high estimation. This district, indeed, forms one of the most distinguished divisions among those of the Rhine. It has been celebrated even from ancient times, the very name of Bacharach being derived from Bacchus, to whom it is said that there was once here a temple or altar. So highly esteemed was this wine, that it is said the Emperor Wenceslaus made choice of four fuder (about 14 pipes) of this wine, in preference to 10,000 florins, as the price at which Nuremberg was allowed to redeem some of its sequestrated privileges. Pius II. is also reported to have imported, for his own table, four pipes of this wine annually.

The wines of Rüdesheim are said to be among the best of those made in the wine district of the Rhine. Johannesberg is equally noted for its produce. That red wine, called the red Blecker, is made from the vineyard of the priory alone, and it is celebrated all over the world. Many thousand hogsheads are stored in the cellars of this monastery. But the most esteemed produce of the Rhingau is from the vineyards of Asmanshausen, Shrenfels, Rüdesheim, and some other smaller vineyards near to them, particularly Rodtland, Hauptberg, and Hinterhausen. These form the first class of the Rhine wines, which includes also numerous vineyards on the steep hills of Bingen and on the opposite shore.

The second class of the Rhine wines includes the vineyards of Rothenberg, Geisenheim, and Kapellgarten. The Fulldische Schlossberg and the Joannesberg form the third class; and the vineyards of Hattenheim and Marker Brunner, the fourth. Eberbach forms a fifth class; Kitterich and Grafenberg a sixth; and Rauenthal, with the adjacent hills, produces the seventh class of those properly included under the wines of the Rhingau.

Hock is the produce of the vineyards of Hockheim, near Mayence. Various grapes are cultivated for this wine. The most esteemed is the Reislunge; after which come the Orleans, the red Burgundy, the Lambert, the Muscadelle, and the Kleimberg. In England, this term is very commonly applied to the better Rhenish wines; and we may here remark generally, that those who form their judgments of foreign wines in general from English names, are as likely to be correct as those who are content to believe that all pictures are the works of Titian, Corregio, Raphael, Rubens, Teniers, and Ostade. It is a general remark that the wines of the left bank of the Rhine are less strong, and have less body than those of the right, but they have a more lively taste and a finer flavour. There are also few red wines, as those that are made are found far inferior to the white.

The Moselle wines are not essentially different from those of the Rhine, and the best are marked by their lightness and delicacy of flavour; while amongst them, Zettingen, Graach, and Brauenberg are celebrated. In the great Duchy of Baden, Fenerbach and Laufen equal the better wines of the Rhine, as does Klingenberg. On the Necker, the great tun of Heidelberg is well known, the depositary of the wine of this district, which is generally said to be a hundred and twenty years old. It is replenished every year as fast as it is consumed. Near the lake of Constance, Mersebourg and Uberlingen produce wines that are held in estimation; but very few of these German wines reach our English market, and still fewer a French one. "*Le premier des vinaigres*," the name given by the French to the Rhenish or hock wines, is a proof of the estimation in which they are there held.

It is almost superfluous to enumerate the other German wines to English readers; yet, as Dr. Henderson has passed them without notice, like much more that we should have expected in such a laboured compilation, we shall name a few more of the most celebrated or conspicuous. Those of Bessigheim, near Lauffen, belonging to Wirtemberg; those of Schweinfurt, Wangen, and Lindau, in Bavaria; those of Escherndorf, Stein, and Laharpe, in Wurtzburg; of Bischofsheim, Katzenellenbogen and Aschaffembourg, in the Duchy of Francfort; and of Meissen, Naumbourg, and Guben, in Saxony, are chiefly worthy of notice; and, of these, the Katzenellenbogen, and one or two others, are sometimes imported into London.

Prussia cultivates some wines of inferior quality, near Crossen,

Zullichan, and elsewhere; and those of Grunberg in Silesia, and of Bumst, are said to be still worse.

We already remarked on the acid nature of most of the German wines, a result depending much on the imperfect maturity of the grapes, and yet differing from that effect as it occurs in other cases where immature grapes are used. Yet even when most highly acid, these wines do not become vinegar, or put on the acetous fermentation; the most harsh and sour being often among the most durable. The cause of this must, perhaps, be sought in the absence, both of the vegetable extract and of sugar; yet there are some chemical circumstances relating to these wines which still demand examination. It cannot be the acid of tartar which they contain, or, at least, not that solely; or not in the usual form of supertartrate of potash, because this salt is not sufficiently soluble to communicate so acid a taste, and, when in excess, is precipitated, as we daily see in Madeira and Teneriffe wines. Whether it is the malic acid, remains to be proved; but it is not improbable that it is some unknown vegetable acid, since we know that many fruits, such as the sorbus, do contain acids that are neither the malic, the tartaric, the citric, nor the oxalic. It is a subject demanding the attention of chemists, and one which it was incumbent on Dr. Henderson to have examined; and it is rendered peculiarly interesting by the acknowledged and pernicious effects of these wines in producing calculous disorders.

The wines of Austria and its dependencies are numerous, but little known, with the exception of Tokay, beyond the country which produces them. We must here also supply a blank in Dr. Henderson's work; one of hundreds which meet us every where, and which is unpardonable in a book, so long in hand, and produced under such an imposing form. In Bohemia, the red wines called Podskalski, and those of Melnik, are esteemed in the country, as is the Moravian produce of Poleschowitz and Brunn. In Lower Austria, in particular, the cultivation of the vine is a principal branch of agricultural industry; and the omission, of which we complain, is therefore the more unpardonable. The best vineyards are on the hills extending from Calenberg into Styria, and in the Steinfeld; and, among them, we may name the districts and farms of Kaltenberg, Salmersdorf, Klosterwenberg, Heiligenstadt, Berchtolsdorf, Brunn, Weinhaus, Mauerkalksburg, Lichtenstein, and Neudorf. There are many more; but this list may suffice for wines that are quite unknown in England. These wines are generally stronger than those of the Rhine, and the white ones have a greenish tinge; while most of them are not very durable, though there are some that keep thirty years and more. They are drank in Vienna, and generally throughout the country.

Carniola is noted for the production of good wines, particularly about Weinitz, Wipach, Moeltling, and Freyenthurn, and they bear a considerable resemblance to the red and white wines of Italy. Good wines

are also produced in Styria, near Trieste, Antignana, and Prosecco; and that of Berfchetz on the Adriatic is much esteemed. Tyrol also produces some good wines, which are consumed in the country, as is the case in other parts of the mountainous dependencies of Austria.

Of the wines of Hungary, Tokay is the most noted, and the only one known in this country, though it has not fallen to the lot of many to drink it. The vineyards are situated on a hill called Mezesmale, near Tarzal; and it is understood that they were first planted by Probus, with Greek vines, about the year 280. It is said, however, that they did not acquire their modern reputation till 1650. We must here however remark, that the produce of Mezesmale (or the honeycomb) does not find its way to the market, being reserved solely for the Emperor's use, and for that of some nobles who possess vineyards there. The Tokay in commerce is the produce of Kerestur, Tallya, Toltsva, Mada, and a few other places in the same neighbourhood. When very ancient, the best wines are called Vitrawmo, and have been sold as high as eight ducats the bottle. What is commonly sold by this name, is a wine called Ausbruch, which is also produced in other places, as at Ratchdorf and Odenburg. It must be observed that these wines owe their richness and flavour to the use of a portion of dried grapes, in the manufacture, called *troken beeren*; and, according to the proportion of these to the mere juice of the grape, the produce varies in quality. The wine called Masklass differs from the Ausbruch in containing less of the dried grapes.

Besides this, Hungary produces many good wines, of various qualities. Gyængyæsch, Elau, Grunau, Modern, Katschdorf, are among these, and the wines are both white and red, possessing also a variety of qualities, more resembling those which distinguish the wines of France than those of any other country. The Schiracker resembles Champagne; that of Saint Georges, Burgundy; and, in the Bannat, there are wines which resemble those of Bourdeaux. We need not be at the trouble of enumerating names quite unknown to our readers, since they are little likely ever to see the wines themselves. But before we close the account of the Austrian wines, we may mention that there are vineyards also in Transsylvania, though the produce is not esteemed, and that Croatia grows wines nearly equal in goodness to Tokay; while the red kinds of Karlowitz are thought to equal the best Tuscan wines, as those of the coast of Dalmatia are also sufficiently valued to be exported. Whoever may travel in the Austrian states, will have little reason to congratulate himself on his knowledge of wines, whether he has derived it from drinking port and sherry in England, or from Dr. Henderson's book, when he daily hears names that never met his ear before, and no others, and when he drinks of a hundred wines, the existence of which he had never suspected.

Our acquaintance with the wines of the Turkish empire, or of the

once attached provinces, is very slender ; yet, such as it is, they should not have been omitted in the work which we have thus noticed for its oversights. Vineyards are extensively cultivated in Moldavia ; and the wine grown at and about Cotnar, is celebrated for its great strength, while, by many, it is esteemed equal to Tokay. This province exports much wine into Russia and the Ukraine. There are also some trifling vineyards near Cherson ; but, in Wallachia, the wine is cultivated to a great extent, for the same trade, as well as for domestic use. The wines of Piatra are said, like those of Cotnar, to rival the ordinary Tokays. Wine is also grown near Belgrade, and in the Turkish part of Dalmatia, as well as in Bulgaria ; and, in Romania, between Phillipopolis and Adrianople, as on the banks of the Bosphorus, there are immense tracts of vineyard, producing a variety of excellent wines. The names of these, however, if they have names, are unknown in Europe, as is the produce.

That we may dismiss all these less known parts of the world, so as to reserve an uninterrupted place for the wines of France, Italy, and Spain, we shall now name the produce of Russia, properly so called, of which a part, politically, has just fallen under examination. Though the vine is cultivated in some of the southern provinces, as in the governments of Saratof and Little Russia, it has received so little attention, that the wines have acquired neither name nor reputation. At Astracan, the vineyards thrive well and produce excellent grapes. Some good wine is also made by individuals ; but, in general, it is so bad or so perishable, that it will not bear carriage, and is consumed in the country. The vineyard of General Bekelof is said by Pallas to have produced wine equal to those of the Moselle, and he names others equal to *Lacrymæ Christi* and Champagne, and resembling them. Wine of an indifferent quality is also grown at Kisliar in the Caspian ; and in different places on the borders of the Kuma. In the higher parts of Caucasus, much better ones are made by the Tartars ; and, in the Crimea, the cultivation is as extensive as it is ancient. These vineyards are even mentioned by Strabo, and the vines have long become wild in the mountains. Yet so little care is taken of the manufacture, that the wines are indifferent, except in a few places where attention has been bestowed on them. In the neighbourhood of Kaffa, wine is produced resembling Champagne ; and, at Sudagh, it is said to be equal to the sweet wines of Hungary. That of Bostandschi Oglu is particularly celebrated.

The Cossacks also make wine, said to be nearly equal to Champagne, on the Bog, the Ingoul, and the Dnieper. At Tscherkask, and near Taganrog, it is often so good as to be sold in Moscow at prices equal to those of the best wines of Italy ; and those of Rasdorof and Zymslansk are held in particular esteem. Many of them are exceedingly strong, and the produce is very considerable, as is the domestic consumption.

Wine, and of a good quality, is also grown in the government of Saratof; and Pallas assures us, that the wine of Sarepta is very like to that of Champagne.

In terminating this account of the Russian wines, respecting which our chief information is derived from Pallas, we must point out how it is that they are so often said to resemble Champagne. In fact, this is the wine most easily imitated, though that is not a popular opinion, nor one which it would be for the interest of the Champanois to encourage. It is a wine which depends far more on the manufacture, than on the grape; and as it may be, and indeed, for the greater part, must be, produced from grapes imperfectly ripened, it is precisely the kind best adapted to an insufficient climate. Any grape almost will make a sparkling wine of this character, if the process be rightly managed; and we have already showed that it can be made without grapes. Hence it is that the manufacture or manufactory of wine would deserve more attention from the governments anxious on this subject, than it has yet experienced. It is always sought to gain these ends by means of varieties of the vine, by exporting from France the grape of Burgundy, of Champagne, or of Bourdeaux, and by attending solely to the cultivation of the plant, and hence it is that so many of these projects have been defeated.

Of the other Asiatic wines we know very little, with the exception of those of Persia and the surrounding territories. The Armenians manufacture good ones at Shamaki and in Erivan, there being a tradition in the latter place that Noah planted the original vines. Yesed is said to produce good wines, which are exported; and the white wines of Ispahan, under Armenian care, are said to be excellent, as they are abundant: those of Schiraz, however, have the most widely extended reputation; and these are of the few well known to us, being often imported from India. Two kinds are produced; the one a sweet wine from grapes partially dried, and resembling Malmsey, the other that dry and harsh tasted wine, as it has always appeared to us, which has nevertheless not wanted the praises of drinkers and poets. We have always thought it one of the worst wines that is brought into England, in spite of the Odes of Hafiz; though there are many differently flavoured ones which pass under a common name. Red wines, resembling Hermitage and claret, are said also to be produced here, but these do not seem to have reached England.

Wine is produced in Cashmere, and in parts of Afghanistan, which are said to resemble Madeira, and such is the case also in the province of Lahor. Though the vine flourishes in Caubul, and in other parts of this great country, we are not informed that it is used for this purpose. In China, the manufacture of wine seems to have been known from the most remote ages, particularly in the provinces of Chansi, Petcheli, Chantong, Honan, and Hongquang, and though we have not seen any

one who has tasted of these wines, it is said that the produce of Petcheli is good, being sold abundantly at Pekin.

Though wine was formerly produced largely in Egypt, and though the vine grows there readily, it is scarcely now made at all; and the same is nearly true respecting Syria, once not less famous for its wines as for all the rest of its agriculture. Such is the consequence of the Mahometan laws, which have nearly succeeded in destroying this branch of agriculture in most of the countries under their sway. Hence also the northern and western parts of Africa present but a blank; though the climate and situation offer every facility, and the fruit itself is produced in great abundance and excellence.

We shall terminate this division of our subject with an account of the wines of the Cape of Good Hope, a colony and country which have always seemed peculiarly suited to this cultivation, and of which the success has nevertheless been extremely partial.

It seems to be unquestioned that the climate and the soil are, both, extremely favourable to the vine itself; and many varieties have been carefully imported from different places, not degenerating, as it is said, from the parents. It is not very easy to discover what wines they are now making; as, owing to the frauds and mixtures of the merchants, we are never sure that what we import is a genuine produce. But, essentially, this country seems to produce three distinct wines. The Constantia, both red and white, has been long known, and has not lost its celebrity; yet, from some causes not ascertained, it is limited to the very narrow tract of the same name. The next division consists of the sweet wines, which are chiefly grown in the district between False Bay and Table Bay; and it is these which are generally sold under the name of the more rare Constantia, scarcely to be found in the English market. The most esteemed were, or perhaps are, those belonging to the names of Becker and Hendrick, which are often sold at the Cape itself as Constantia. It is not, therefore, so true as it is thought, that this wine, or a wine of the same quality, is necessarily limited to one farm; but the public loves mystery, and it is also convenient for the merchants to perpetuate this fiction. We have not the least doubt, that, under proper care, the cultivation of Constantia wine, if it may go by that name, might be extended; but this is not likely, we believe, to happen under the present negligent system of cultivation and manufacture.

The third and last great division of the Cape wines are the dry, now so much imported into England under the title of Cape Madeira, and generally as bad as wine can well be. We are confident that they might be better, because the districts of the Pearl, of Dragehstein, and of Stollenboch have formerly produced wines not unlike the white of the Bordelais, and of good quality, as they have also made a species of Rhenish, and other red wines, resembling the Rota of Alicant.

It may be, that the climate or soil are in some respects unfavourable;

as even the highly praised wine of Constantia is far inferior in flavour to the rival produce of France, or even of Spain and Italy ; being bought at high prices, rather from its rarity and the power of its name, than for any great merits of its own. Yet the negligent culture, and the more negligent manufacture hitherto pursued, may account for all ; and unless these should be remedied in the hands of the English settlers, it will be in vain that government encourages the importation into England by low duties. To force a large produce by choosing a rank soil and by manure, has been the leading object of the Dutch farmers ; and this, it is notorious, is always attended by bad wine. The manufacture has also been always conducted in a negligent and dirty manner, as is so common in Italy ; and it is certain that without cleanliness and very minute attention, it is vain to expect a good result. When also these wines are strengthened for the market by the abominable brandy distilled on the spot, or, still worse, by rum, it is not very surprizing that the Cape wines should be such as they are.

If government has it really at heart to introduce and improve this manufacture in its colony, we see no plan but for it to take a farm into its own hands and to set a proper example ; if indeed it be possible that any manufactory can ever be conducted by a government. Legislative restrictions are not applicable ; and it is in vain to say that colonists, such as are there, will make improvements themselves ; as habit and indolence are commonly more powerful than the prospect of a contingent good. To any opulent and attentive capitalist, willing to bestow his undivided personal attention on this subject, we have no doubt that a vineyard at the Cape would prove a profitable speculation ; and, in time, such hands might set examples that would gradually reform the whole subject.

We shall examine the wines of France, Spain, and Italy, in the succeeding number.

HACKNEY COACHES.

MR. EDITOR,—*Des Coches*,—as Montaigne says. I do not pretend to rival him in my own Essay on Coaches, but, *en revanche*, I mean to stick to my subject ; a matter which that prosing old gentleman (I wish there were other prosers like him) is somewhat given to forgetting.

I suppose it is absolutely necessary that a hackney coach should be—should be, in short, what it is, that we may be stimulated to draw leases, potion patients, write lucubrations for journals, cheat our customers, and toil in all our other vocations, that we may “ride in a coach of our own.” For who that has descended into a splendid drawing-

room, bright with radiant eyes, and gas, and pink slips, and white shoes, has not felt his heart faint under him, when, after a brilliant success *vis-a-vis* some fair, perhaps, *the* very fair, he has cast a "retrospective review," and seen a long straw sticking out from a hole of one of his *bas a jour*.

Or, when choosing the dusky hour, he rattles up boldly, by the aid of an additional sixpence, and causes the knocker to rebound with all the boldness and science impressed by a well-liveried footman, hoping that it may appear he has "come in his own carriage," or at least in "that of a friend," who has not fretted and heated himself into a stewing vexation, when the clinking and jingling of the iron steps betrays the tale of his advent, and the mode of his voyaging?

A hackney coach—fogh! who can be a gentleman and visit in a hackney coach. Who can, indeed?—to predicate nothing of stinking wet straw, and broken windows, and cushions on which the last dandy has cleaned his shoes, and of the last fever it has carried to Guy's, or the last load of convicts transported to the hulks.

But what is all this to the eternal fare; always wrong, never right, the endless source of contention, and abuse, and bickering, and vexation, and taking numbers, and not summoning to Somerset House. But then, as all evils are counterbalanced by good in this sublunar world, or are supposed to be so, which does as well, if there were no disputations and cheatings, there would be no excuse for a Board of Commissioners at Somerset House, and the gentlemen who own the Cornish boroughs would not be able to provide for their voters, and the voters would vote the wrong way, and the Opposition would triumph, and Mr. Holmes's and Mr. Herries's troubles would be augmented, and the dogs would not whip-in when they were wanted—and all that, as Bayes says.

Now we, of our great love of peace, and of our little love of commissioners, moved, have discovered a remedy which, in our great generosity, we offer to you and the public, without hope of fee or reward. Did we not offer it to that great reformer of chimney-sweeping and chancery, Michael Angelo Taylor? and did not Michael grumble and swear that since the chancery had stood his fire, and his fires still smoked in spite of all his patriotism, "he'd be—hanged if he would ever trouble himself again about such an ungrateful people."

There are two categories implied in a hackney coach, motion and time; and as mathematicians know that motion cannot be performed without time, these two are resolvable into one, or the element of time alone becomes the measure of the quantum of shillings and sixpences. Let the time be called x , and the motion y , then $x - y + x^2/x y = a$, the shillings and sixpences which go to a fare. Unluckily, the horses do not choose to move y distance in x time; so that, as happens in a few other cases, the calculus is vitiated by a fault in its elements, and the result is nothing.

But as clock and time are but two names for one thing, we shall propose another equation, by which motion is reduced to time, though the coachman should be drunk or rebellious, and the two horses should have but one leg between them. There is a thing called a Pedometer, by which a man is informed how many steps he walks. He may take strides as long as Sir William Grant, it is true, or he may mince like the miss who has been taught by mamma that no young lady's shoe should ever be seen beyond the verge and limit of her flounce; but wheels cannot straddle nor mince, as long as circles shall have their evolutes, and mathematicians shall be troubled with measuring them. There is nothing so easy as to transfer the eighteen feet of pavement, which the drunken coachman and the two lame horses measure, from the outside of the coach to the inside, and thus for all the rest of the eighteen feet which lie between the ward of Portsoken and Almacks—*proh pudor!* as if the gulph which separated these was not illimitable, immeasurable, infinite, unapproximable, incomprehensible.

Is there any valid reason why a hackney coach should not have a Pedometer, visible to the unfortunate freight? to be noted on entering, to be noted on exiting, as effectual against fraudulent space, as a watch is against fraudulent time, with shillings on the dial plate where there are hours; and where there are minutes, sixpences. It would not cost two pounds, it would save endless altercations, it would save typographing a table of hackney coach fares, it would save a man's money and his temper, and go far towards saving the souls of hackney coachmen born, or to be born—and the trouble of the commissioners. There's the rub, I doubt not. Pension them off; pay them better for doing nothing than doing something; let those who are daily cheated of their shillings and their tempers, give their shillings to the commissioners and keep their tempers, but let us have Pedometers and peace.

Our invention is the best of all possible inventions, and therefore it will not be adopted. Nor will the coachmaker "shoe" the poles of their carriages "with felt;" else how should they have a regiment of broken pannels to mend, after every levee, and every Almack's, and every Caledonian ball, and every other nocturnal warfare waged by their pensioned coachmen. It is now a weapon of war, like the spear of a Knight Errant, an axe to cleave the pannels, as axes are borne by gondolas on the sleepy canals of Venice. Shoe it with a velvet cushion, fringe it with gold, embroider it with diamonds, and thus it may indemnify the coachmakers for broken pannels, and your name and mine, Mr. Editor, shall obtain fame as imperishable as that which from the dickie, waves the ever dying laurel over the manes of Sir Richard Gamon.

JEHU.

VOYAGE EN ANGLETERRE ET EN ÉCOSSE.

PAR M. AMÉDÉE PICHOT, D. M. *

WE may say of Doctor Pichot, what is so truly predicated of the Apothecary in Ecclesiasticus, "of his works there is no end;" he has given to the world three unconscionably thick and proportionately heavy volumes of travels in England and Scotland; but he has not yet done, and the third volume concludes without that *finis* so grateful to the weary reader's eye. We cannot pretend to divine how much more M. Pichot intends to write about us; but certainly on the plan on which he proceeds, there is no earthly reason why he should ever stop, for the matter which fills the greater part of these plump octavoes, is of a sort that is not to be exhausted within the limits of a man's natural life; and if our author, who is tolerably conversant with our literature and language, continues to give long translations from English writers as he has hitherto freely done, we can foresee no termination, save one alone, to his labours.

From the commencement of this book without end, we conceived the most dire apprehensions that we had fallen into the hands of a sentimentalist, and with three such volumes before us, our case in that predicament would have been desperate indeed. M. Pichot begins by intimating to the world, that he left Paris for Calais in the diligence, accompanied by Miss Esther, a young English lady, from whom he takes his first lessons in our spoken language, and who discusses with the finest tact the merits of the modern poets of Great Britain; when listening to her as they walked up hill, leaving the diligence behind them, the Doctor confesses that he was almost tempted more than once to abandon himself to a poetic illusion, and to fancy that the Muse of Albion herself deigned to conduct him to the land of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Pope! In this mind he approached Boulogne: he concludes the epistle to his friend containing this sublime fancy, with these words: Adieu, mon cher ami: vous qui me connaissez, vous ne serez pas effrayé de cette première épître, un peu sentimentale peut-être; et vous ne désespérerez pas d'en recevoir quelques unes plus gaies du voyageur auquel vous vous intéressez." As we had not the pleasure of knowing the writer, we must confess that we were considerably alarmed by this épître un peu sentimentale! and if M. Pichot's friend did not indeed despair of receiving one more gay, he must needs have been extremely disappointed, for we protest that we have not discovered any thing more gay in the whole three volumes through which we have waded; in justice to the Doctor, however, we must add that our fears on the score of sentiment were unfounded, for he is not violently given that way,

* Voyage Historique et Littéraire en Angleterre et en Ecosse. Par M. Amédée Pichot, D. M. in 3 vols. Paris, 1825.

and his first is his worst offence of that sort. At Dover he begins to blunder, and crowns the Shakspeare cliff with the castle, which happens, as every one knows, to be more than a mile off on the other side of the town. Canterbury gives him occasion to give a history of Thomas-à-Becket, which, though very edifying, is somewhat familiar and out of place in a book of travels. If people stand in need of this kind of information they know where to find it. London, M. Pichot declares inferior in general aspect to Paris, and perhaps he is right; there is nothing in his views of our public buildings and places particularly worthy of note, and we pass to his sketch of manners and society as more interesting to our readers. Our traveller is engaged to dine with Sir Francis L——, a baronet, and a man of fashion.

A six heures du soir, j'avais la main sur le marteau de sir Francis, dont j'admirai le cuivre poli avant de le laisser retomber sur la porte. Je lus aussi le nom du maître de la maison et son titre de baronnet, gravés sur une plaque de métal, inscription qui décore presque toutes les portes de Londres. Vous direz peut-être que l'appétit me donnait bonne mémoire : je n'oubliai pas de frapper les coups redoublés qui annoncent aux domestiques qu'il arrive un *gentleman*. Le laquais qui m'ouvrit répondit fort respectueusement à ma question, prit mon chapeau, qu'il déposa dans un appartement à ma droite, et me remit moi-même en quelque sorte entre les mains d'un de ses camarades. Celui-ci me précéda jusqu'à la porte du *drawing-room*, ou salon du premier étage, où il annonça le docteur P....., en écorchant un peu la prononciation de mon nom. Je saluai sans trop m'incliner, pour singer autant que possible la dignité anglaise. Sir Francis s'avança gravement vers moi, en me tendant la main, et accomplit la brusque cérémonie de secouer la mienne avec cordialité. Après quelques questions insignifiantes et de brèves réponses, il me proposa de me présenter d'abord à sa femme, et ensuite à deux de ses amis. J'acceptai avec d'autant plus de plaisir, que j'espérais bien être *introduit* aussi à ses deux filles, que j'avais aperçues à côté de leur mère. Le rapide coup d'œil qu'on jette en entrant dans un salon pour reconnaître son monde m'avait permis déjà de prendre une idée très favorable de leur personne. La formalité de l'introduction est indispensable pour pouvoir adresser la parole à qui que ce soit. Je fis ma respectueuse révérence à lady L....., qui fut très laconique dans son langage, mais très gracieuse dans son sourire. Lady L..... est certes encore fort bien, et il me semblait que le sourire qui épanouissait ses traits irait à merveille à ceux de ses deux filles. Hélas ! soit oubli, soit discrétion paternelle, soit défiance anglaise, sir Francis se contenta de m'avoir présenté à sa dame et à ses deux amis, et je désespérai d'être autorisé, pour cette soirée, à dire le moindre mot à ses deux filles et à trois autres *Miss* et jeunes dames qui faisaient partie de la réunion. Nous descendîmes bientôt dans la salle à manger. J'offris la main à une jeune personne, que j'appris plus tard se nommer miss Clara, et vous rirez peut-être, madame, si je vous dis que je me serais bien gardé d'engager l'entretien avec elle. Miss Clara comprit sans doute mon embarras, et charitablement elle me dit : "Y a-t-il long-temps que monsieur est arrivé de Paris ?" Ces mots furent prononcés en bon français, avec l'accent timide de l'hésitation, mais assez purement. Ils me communiquèrent une véritable hardiesse ; mais nous étions à la dernière marche de l'escalier ; je n'eus que le temps de répondre sans questionner à mon tour, et nous étions déjà séparés. Je fus placé entre Lady L..... et M. John F....., l'un des deux convives avec qui il m'était permis d'échanger quelques paroles. Il y eut si peu de différence entre le dîner de sir Francis et ceux de Paris que je ne vous en ferai pas la description. Je me réserve seulement, madame, d'apporter à votre cuisinier la recette d'un *pouding* et de quelques autres mets anglais par excellence. Au service, les vins de France succédèrent heureusement aux vins de Porto, de Sherry et de Madère, qui versent dans les veines une sorte de flamme liquide,

et qu'il n'est guère d'usage de mêler avec l'eau. Entre deux verres, vous pouvez vous désaltérer avec de l'ale ou de la bière de table d'un goût fort agréable. C'est une boisson dont on se fait servir isolément ; mais, quant au vin, il faut attendre, au moins pour le premier verre, que le maître de la maison ou votre voisin vous invite à boire avec lui, invitation qu'il ne serait pas poli de refuser. Que vous ayez soif ou non, on vous envoie le flacon ; vous remplissez votre verre, et vous faites une légère inclinaison de tête avant de le goûter. A votre tour, vous proposez plus tard des santés, auxquelles on vous répond avec la même gravité. Ces libations occupent jusqu'au premier dessert, où souvent le fromage figure seul. On lève ensuite la nappe, et l'on sert les fruits, dont, grâce aux serres chaudes, on ne peut qu'admirer la fraîcheur, sinon le goût savoureux. Les santés, ou, si l'on veut, les signes de tête cessent. Les flacons circulent, arrêtés au passage par chaque convive. Les dames n'oublient pas que Noé planta la vigne pour leur sexe, tout comme pour le nôtre ; mais certes c'est ici le lieu, au nom de la galanterie française, d'en appeler de l'accusation du fameux général Pillet, qui, furieux d'avoir été tenu, pendant plusieurs années, au régime de l'eau sur les pontons, a osé imprimer que les dames anglaises vacillaient souvent sur leurs jambes, comme les prêtresses du consolateur d'Ariane : et notez que ce militaire discourtois ne va pas chercher ses expressions dans le langage allégorique de la mythologie.

* * * * *

Sur les dix heures, sir Francis se leva, et nous le suivîmes dans le salon. Mais d'abord, madame, comment vous traduire l'invitation qui fut faite à chacun de nous, à voix basse et en termes choisis ? De quel nom poétique embellirai-je l'urne de porcelaine que je trouvai dans un petit cabinet où, à mon tour, je fus introduit ? La modestie anglaise, vierge très capricieuse, a proscrit de la langue certains mots que nous prononçons nous autres sans rougir dans la meilleure société. Par exemple la culotte, de ce côté-ci du détroit, s'appelle *l'inexprimable* ou le *vêtement nécessaire* : on pourrait donner le titre de vase nécessaire à celui dont je veux parler. Remarquez bien que les dames ne sont plus là, et que les mœurs britanniques s'adoucissent tous les jours comme la langue. J'ai même peine à croire qu'on ait jamais fait à Londres, devant le beau sexe, ce qui coûte tante de périphrases pour être exprimé décentement.

The tone of fashionable English society has not made a very favourable impression on M. Pichot. "To hear," says he, "the youth, not only the women, but also statesmen, you would fancy yourself among the most frivolous of people. The General of Waterloo himself is in the world the most insignificant of petit-mâtres,"* and he concludes, by remarking that if our aristocracy did not go to regenerate itself after *the season*, in the atmosphere of their country houses, all the national energy would evaporate in les fadeurs des salons. Happily, the national energy does not much depend upon these pettis-mâtres ; if it did so, our case would be hard indeed, and it would not be much amended by these yearly retreats to the country, which only serve to make fops fox-hunters, and to give our boobies a vigour of constitution, which is, perhaps, more pleasant to themselves than useful to the world. Dandies in London also, only

* Petit-mâtre is not exactly the word for the personage in question ; but, leaving the point undetermined to what class of trifler he belongs, it is most true that he has acquired a sort of renown for uttering, not nonsense, which may be agreeable, but sheer niaiseries ; and, what makes the matter worse, he speaks his sillinesses with the silliest air conceivable. M. Pichot elsewhere falls into a ridiculous blunder, and says, that the empire of fashion, so long held by Brummell, has devolved on the Duke : his Grace can beat the French, but he has not talent enough to govern the World of Fashion.

hurt themselves by their dissipations, but when they become sportsmen in the country, they are pests to their neighbours, and *regenerate*, as our author has it, commonly by a regular course of mischief, destroying the property of poor people in the prosecution of field sports, breeding ill blood, and stirring up a thousand petty strifes about that endless source of all evil in this land of squires, game. We agree, however, entirely with M. Pichot, that the splendour and elegance of the English gentry must not be looked for in London, but in the country.

Les grands seigneurs eux-mêmes paraissent n'être réellement chez eux que dans leurs châteaux. C'est là qu'ils ont réuni tous les agrémens de la vie, et que, pour en jouir, ils abdiquent l'étiquette si rigoureuse de leurs hôtels de Londres; c'est là qu'ils sont entourés de leurs vrais attributs, les élégans coursiers et les meutes bruyantes; c'est là encore qu'ils font admirer à l'étranger le luxe des arts, les chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture, et ces bibliothèques si riches dont il est difficile de jouir au milieu du bruit d'une capitale. On a déjà observé avec raison que notre aristocratie s'exile à la campagne pour y réparer la brèche que le séjour de Paris a faite à ses revenus. L'aristocratie anglaise déploie toute sa magnificence dans ses terres; ruinée, elle se cachera plutôt dans Londres, ou ira économiser en voyage. Visitez Hampton Court, Sion House, Cheswick, Strawberry Hill, etc., dans le Middlesex, vous y admirerez l'heureuse alliance des beaux-arts et des ornemens naturels du paysage. Le comté de Surrey n'est pas moins riche par ses *villa* dignes de l'élégante Italie, et par ces trésors de peinture qu'on croirait ne pouvoir trouver que dans les musées de la patrie de Raphaël. Au milieu de semblables ressources, on ne conçoit pas que l'ennui soit une maladie essentiellement anglaise; et l'on se rend difficilement compte de cet esprit inquiet qui nous envoie sur le continent tant de descendans des illustres preux de Grande-Bretagne, courant les aventures comme leurs aïeux.... je me trompe, au lieu de consoler la veuve et l'orphelin, faisant des dettes et entretenant les demoiselles de notre Opéra.

M. Pichot has contrived to fill a large part of his first volume with the English stage, and he is as dull and tedious as the stage itself on the subject. He amuses us only in one place, and that is where he says that the expression of Young's countenance in Iago is an imitation of that of Méphistophèles in the illustrations of Goethe's Faust, and gravely adds, that on examining these engravings in each devil he recognised Young; we give the author's words:—Un artiste allemand a publié des gravures au trait, destinées à accompagner le Faust de Goethe. La figure de Méphistophélès y est nécessairement reproduit plusieurs fois. On dirait que Young a calqué la physionomie et les attitudes de son Iago sur celles de cet astucieux messenger de Satan. Je regardais ce matin encore ces gravures chez MM. Conalghi, et dans chacune j'ai reconnu Young."

From the stage we pass to the bar, a subject on which M. Pichot has been more circumstantial than correct. He gives indeed a very particular but by no means a true account of the process by which the student arrives at the dignity of barrister at law. He says, that the student is obliged to inhabit chambers in his inn for one fortnight, in every term, whereas he is not obliged either to inhabit chambers for a fortnight in every term, or to have chambers at all; he also states that the student is compelled to eat sixty dinners a year, whereas twelve a year are held

sufficient to make a man a lawyer; and he does not hesitate to estimate these dinners at the expense of cent trente livres sterling par chacun! While M. Pichot was about it he might have as well made each dinner cost the cent trente livres sterling. He visits the inns of courts, and dismisses the Middle Temple in these words:—"Middle Temple n'a de remarquable que quelques portraits de rois et de reines, dont un celui de Charles I^{er}. est de Vandyck!"

One would have thought the old hall, one of the finest buildings in the country, something "de remarquable." But we do not believe that M. Pichot visited the Middle Temple, for he could not see the pictures of those same kings and queens without seeing the hall in which they are placed, and he could not see the hall without discovering that it was something "de remarquable."

Our author, having given so correct an account of the inns of law and their discipline, proceeds to consider the characters of the principal advocates. In this task, it is plain that he must have been assisted, for many of his remarks must necessarily be the result of long and attentive observation, and could not therefore have been made by a foreigner in a short visit to our country. It is indeed easy to trace in these portraits the hand of a witness on the spot, who knows well the parties whom he paints, and who is no stranger to the favour or prejudice which commonly accompanies such knowledge. We give for example a sketch of Mr. Brougham; there is *some* truth in it, but on the whole it is unjust; we see that the man who drew the character had a keen eye for its defects, and a truly neighbourly disposition to make the most of them—

J'en saurais, par exemple, reconnaître une philanthropie toujours sincère dans l'aigre libéralisme de M. Brougham, si je m'occupais ici de son éloquence politique. Cet orateur de mauvais ton a peut-être autant et plus de science que sir Samuel Romilly et sir James Mackintosh, mais il lui manque leur goût et la pureté de leur style. Sa manière rappelle quelquefois la taverne dans les plus solennelles occasions; il a de la véhémence et de l'énergie; son ironie est amère, et ses invectives terribles; mais même quand il défend une mauvaise cause (et il passe pour aimer à s'en charger), son audace devant les juges ressemble à la menace. C'est l'orgueil de la supériorité, il est vrai, mais dans le sanctuaire des lois cet orgueil a un air d'insolence. Quand il interroge un témoin dont la déposition l'embarrasse, il dédaigne souvent les adroites précautions du métier; son regard le fixe avec mépris, il y a du fiel dans le son de sa voix: s'il parvient à l'embarrasser, la perfide joie de son sourire fait mal; son opposition dans la chambre produit le même effet: le mauvais goût de ses diatribes, la grossièreté de ses moqueries gâtent ses plus éloquents récriminations.

The bar is followed by the press, concerning which M. Pichot communicates some particulars that will amaze the world, and render our editors and sub-editors its wonder and admiration indeed. Every journal (says this traveller so exemplarily circumstantial in his details), has its editor and sub-editor, who gain from 3,000 to 8,000 guineas a year! From the press we pass to literature, which fills a large portion of the book, and on which subject the writer has committed about the average number of blunders. He makes MM. Frere and Smith the authors of

the Rejected Addresses (having probably heard that they were by M. Smith, et *frere*, and mistaken *frere* for a proper name,) and these gentlemen are spoken of as collaborateurs of Mr. Canning. Mr. Frere, we believe, did take a part in the Antijacobin, but Mr. Smith appeared as a writer long after Mr. Canning had discontinued his literary labours. Mr. Bobus Smith* indeed assisted in the Antijacobin, and M. Pichot has probably confounded him with the Smith of the Rejected Addresses.

The Edinburgh Review is in no favour with our author, and he speaks of its injurious personalities with absolute horror. As an example of the abominations committed by this wicked Review, he cites the following paragraph, than which we must confess we can conceive nothing more harmless—

— Il est une société de messieurs bien mis et à leur aise, qui s'assemblent chaque jour dans la boutique du libraire Hatchard ;—ce sont des personnages propres, polis, bien avec les gens en place, contens de tout ce qui existe ; et, de temps à autre, un de ces messieurs écrit un petit livre ;—les autres louent le petit livre, espérant être loués à leur tour quand leurs petits livres paraîtront : or, tout porte à croire que la brochure que nous avons devant nous est un de ces petits livres écrits par ces personnages si propres, si polis, si sûrs de la louange qui les attend, etc., etc. ; et après un jugement fort sec et fort dédaigneux, en trois lignes, le rédacteur refait le livre à sa manière.

Some of our popular authors are disposed of very summarily by M. Pichot, but we cannot always dispute the justice of his sentences. Mr. Moore is epigrammatically described as “ un liberal de salon, un demagogue de boudoir,” and Lady Morgan is justly represented as “ espèce de pédante et de jacobin en jupon, qui se vante avec complaisance dans une page de connaître familièrement madame la marquise ou madame la duchesse, et qui, dans la page suivante, emprunte les plus mauvais quolibets aux clubs de la révolution ou aux corps-de-garde de l'empire.” Vol. iii. page 26. There is no disputing the truth of this: whether the facts render the party ridiculous or not is another question, which we are not called on to determine.

A great proportion of that part of the book which treats on English literature is composed of translations from popular writers ; some of the prose translations of poetry seem to us more faithful to the letter than happy. We extract the author's French of ‘ Scots who hae with Wallace bled’—

“—Ecossais, qui avez versé votre sang avec Wallace ; Ecossais, que Bruce a souvent conduits à une couche sanglante ou à une glorieuse victoire, salut !

* We feel an inexpressible awkwardness in describing an individual whom we respect, as we do this gentleman, by a name that sounds so extremely like a nick-name, and which in fact is not his real name, or by any means akin to his real name, but this is an instance of how ill a man may be used by the world in respect of his name. Mr. Smith's name is Robert ; his friends at first took it into their heads to call him Robertus, and by some process that we do not at all understand, Robertus was converted into Bobus, and Bobus, Mr. Smith will be, were he to live to the age of Methuselah ; he is known by no other name, and were we to mention him as Mr. Robert Smith, the world would not know whom we meant.

“Voici le jour et voici l'heure ! voyez les premiers rangs de l'armée ennemie se presser ; voyez approcher les soldats de l'orgueilleux Edouard.—Edouard, des fers et l'esclavage !

“Qui voudra être un traître sans honneur ? Qui pourra remplir un tombeau de lâche ? Qui est assez vil pour être esclave ? Traîtres, lâches, tournez la tête et fuyez !

“Vous qui tirerez avec vigueur du fourreau le glaive de la liberté pour l'Ecosse et pour son roi, combattez libres, ou tombez libres.—Calédoniens, en avant avec moi !

“Par les maux et les douleurs des opprimés, par les chaînes de vos fils, nous épuiserons le sang de nos veines.—Mais vos fils seront. . . —Seront libres.

“Abaissez l'orgueilleux usurpateur ; chaque ennemi de moins sera un tyran de moins. Que la liberté soit le prix de chaque coup.—En avant ! triomphons ou périssons !”

On comprend que la rapidité du rythme doit aider à l'effet de ce chant de liberté.

That “Traîtres, lâches, tournez la tête et fuyez !” (for traitor turn and flee) is entirely French. Burns, we think, would rather have seen it rendered *tournez le dos*. We must now follow M. Pichot to Edinburgh, which he visited just about the period that His Majesty honoured that city with his presence. The traveller, of course, visited Sir Walter Scott, and was most graciously received, as he carried with him not only the customary recommendations, but also the extraordinary one of having translated one of Sir Walter's Poems into French. In a conversation which the author has recorded, the Baronet is represented as having sneered at the abject prostrations of the Irish on the occasion of the King's visit to Ireland.

Sir Walter Scott.—“Nous avons en Ecosse une opposition nombreuse : nous en avons eu même deux ; mais celle des jacobites est morte depuis Culloden, ou ne voit plus dans George IV. que l'héritier des Stuarts ; celle des Whigs ne faisait que de la théorie : elle peut honorer la personne du prince sans se compromettre ; car l'opposition whig ne censure que les actes du gouvernement. Mais ne croyez pas trouver dans le torysme d'Ecosse l'exaltation méridionale.”

“—Faites-vous allusion au midi de la France ?”

Sir Walter Scott.—“Non, mais aux imaginations *orientales* de l'Irlande. Nous ne nous jetterons pas à la mer pour aller chercher le roi à son *yacht* ; nous ne nous attellerons pas à sa voiture. . . .”

In another conversation there is some amusing dialogue. The speakers are Sir Walter, his lady, Mr. Crabbe the poet, then on a visit to Sir Walter, and the author ; the scene is the Baronet's breakfast table. The conversation turns on French travellers, and M. Charles Nodier is named ; Lady Scott takes fire at the mention of this gentleman, and charges him with calumny ; his friend, the author, cannot remember the offence ; the lady imputes want of gallantry towards the Scotch ladies ; the Doctor objects that M. Charles Nodier loves the women of all countries, but that, perhaps, he prefers those of Scotland. By an abrupt question, Lady Scott then broaches the accusation, and indicates the crime of M. Charles Nodier. “Mais où a-t-il vu qu'elles allaient nu-pieds ?” * “Mais a-t-il dit cela ?” exclaims Mr. Crabbe ; and the author

* M. Pichot quotes in a note the passage in M. Charles Nodier's book which so scandalised Lady Scott. There is some pleasantry in the horrid calumny, which runs to the following effect. M. Nodier affirms that almost all the Scotch women of the middle and lower orders, and a pretty considerable number of those of the higher classes, go bare-foot. Ladies of fashion indeed, he says, who borrow the dress of the fair Parisiennes,

echoes the interrogatory, expressive of astonishment ; Lady Scott supports her charge, and pages the guilty traveller ; M. Pichot interposes a remark, and unluckily names *gallantry* ; the lady thus takes him up on the word, “ On n'est pas galant quand on voit les dames d' Ecosse courir pieds nus.—Nous ne sommes plus des sauvages. *C'est un trait affreux de la part de M. Nodier.*” We give this peppery bit of dialogue, the first part of which reminds us of those little scenes in which Richardson sat to be incensed by his friends, and reminded of all the handsome things said of him, for which he returned due acknowledgments, after having carefully recited the commendation.

Lady Scott.—“ Vous avez nommé tout à l'heure M. Charles Nodier comme votre ami.

“ —Je mets un peu d'amour-propre à le dire.”

Sir Walter Scott.—“ Vous le remercirez, je vous prie, de tout ce qu'il y a d'aimable pour moi dans la *Promenade de Dieppe aux montagnes d'Ecosse.*”

Lady Scott.—“ Il a dit que son *voyage était perdu* puisqu'il n'avait pas vu Sir Walter.

“ —Je l'ai entendu exprimer vivement ce regret.”

Lady Scott.—“ Je crains que M. Nodier n'ait voyagé un peu trop vite.

“ —Ne trouvant pas Sir Walter Scott à Edimbourg, il lui tardait de voir les sites que Sir Walter Scott a peints.”

Sir Walter.—“ Et M. Nodier les a peints lui-même en poète.

“ —Il avait pour s'inspirer et les sites eux-mêmes et votre poésie. On a dû être content de ses tableaux de l'Ecosse.”

Lady Scott.—“ M. Nodier a bien aussi ses médisances à se reprocher.

“ —Je cherche à me souvenir. . . .”

Lady Scott.—“ Pour un Français, votre ami n'a pas été très galant envers les dames d'Ecosse.

“ —Si cela est, il en sera au désespoir ; car il aime les dames de tous les pays, mais peut-être davantage celles d'Ecosse.”

Lady Scott.—“ Mais où a-t-il vu qu'elles allaient nu-pieds ?

M. Crabbe.—“ Mais a-t-il dit cela ? ”

J'exprimais le même doute par la même question.”

Lady Scott.—“ Oui, oui, dans sa lettre sur Glasgow. Les Parisiennes ont dû bien rire aux dépens des sauvages beautés calédoniennes. Mais la perfidie, c'est d'avoir feint de chercher querelle aux petits pieds des Françaises. M. Nodier ou ses compagnons de voyage ont-ils réellement vu des dames en Ecosse courir pieds nus ? L'observation est-elle de M. Nodier lui-même, ou, pendant qu'il admirait les montagnes, ses amis lui faisaient-ils le roman des villes ?

have also borrowed their shoes, or rather the men's shoes, for they are shod in the style of men: The first thought which strikes a Scotch belle, he goes on to state, on retiring to her chamber, is not, as with the French women, the last man who has ogled, or the last woman who has eclipsed her in dress, but it is to throw off her shoes and stockings, and to run about with naked feet. These naked feet have, he says, nothing repulsive in their appearance ; the shod ones look to much more disadvantage, the flat and ample shoe which envelopes them in no measure disguising their size, which is, doubtless, conformable to the natural proportions, but shocking to a Frenchman accustomed to the small feet of his countrywomen. The feet of mountaineers, he considerably adds, being destined to support the body on narrow slippery passes, &c. ought necessarily to be large and strong. Feet small out of proportion, on the other hand, are a beauty of the bou-doir, the advantage of which can only be appreciated by persons who see the earth only out of window, and pass over it only in a carriage.—Our hair has stood an end during the whole time that we have been making a summary of these frightful calumnies.

“—De ses compagnons je ne connais particulièrement que M. Taylor, notre ami commun, artiste et homme d'esprit, dont je ne saurais mettre en doute la galanterie. . . .

Lady Scott.—“On n'est pas galant quand on voit les dames d'Ecosse courir pieds nus. —Nous ne sommes plus des sauvages. C'est un trait affreux de la part de M. Nodier. . . .”

It must be confessed that M. Pichot must be an excellent reporter ; he records long dialogues with wonderful minuteness, and, in this particular, indeed, he is only to be equalled by Miss Byron, in Sir Charles Grandison,—Clarissa Harlowe, or Pamela, whom we have always regarded as unrivalled in the business of reporting, seeing that without the aid of notes, these gifted ladies, these Woodfalls in petticoats, could carry off conversations fifty pages in length, without omitting a single compliment paid to themselves, or the slightest circumstance that occurred in the course of the discourse, such as bows, smiles, nods, simpers, &c.

The third volume leaves M. Pichot eating hard crusts sopped in water, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, and right glad are we to part with him for a season, for, all things considered, a weary travail we have had in his company. It must be remembered, however, that the book is not written for English readers ; and that which is very dull and heavy to us may possibly be interesting to the French, who will find novelty in what is stale to us, and who will also enjoy the unspeakable advantage of swallowing the blunders as facts, with the comfortable persuasion that they are enriching themselves with some curious information.

CHESS.*

THE title of this volume does not indicate with sufficient precision, either the nature of its contents, or the peculiar claims of the writer to the praise of originality. The book is by no means a mere treatise on the game of chess, and the writer is evidently a person of much more ambitious pretensions than we should have expected to encounter in the editor or compiler of a Chess-book. He challenges our admiration in the triple capacity of an editor of M. Philidor's Analysis, an analyser of games and positions at chess ; and, above all, an inventor of a quaint and elaborate species of humour, by which he has endeavoured to enliven a subject, partaking very much in its nature of the severity of the exact sciences, and, apparently, as little susceptible of ludicrous illustration. If it were not for the evidence of the volume before us, we should have doubted the possibility of eliciting a series of witticisms out of such unpromising materials as the combinations of chess. We should as soon have expected an assault on our gravity, by a droll demonstration of the properties of a conic section, as by a facetious exposition of the shortest mode of giving check-mate. The writer of

* Studies of Chess ; containing a Systematic Introduction to the Game, and the Analysis of Chess, by Mr. A. D. Philidor, with original Comments and Diagrams. 8vo. Bagster, Paternoster-row, 1825.

this volume, however, has not only contrived to display his powers of pleasantry in discussing the relative value of pawns, knights, and bishops, but the weapon which he chiefly employs for this purpose, the *vis comica*, on which he mainly relies is derived, as we shall see presently, from the mathematical sciences. At one time, the extraction of a cube root supplies him with the materials of merriment, at another time he disarms our gravity with a quadratic equation, and he is never more happy than when, giving full rein to his fancy, he delights and surprises us by the point and brilliancy of his vulgar fractions. All this will be rendered intelligible by a few examples.

The humorous part of this work, which occupies upwards of one hundred pages, is called a Scale of Powers, and the author dryly insinuates that his object is to ascertain by accurate calculation, the precise relative value of the different pieces at the game of chess. That this is a mere mystification, and that the whole essay is, in fact, nothing but a piece of refined satire, the precise object of which we do not pretend to penetrate, is, we think, evident, not only from the manner in which the author has treated the subject, but from the skill which he has exhibited in other parts of the work, as a chess player, and which renders it impossible to suppose that he is not fully aware of the absurdity of attempting to ascertain minute differences of value in the several pieces, without reference to the skill of the players who conduct them. A queen may be, and very frequently is, so injudiciously played by an unskilful player, that, at an early period of the game, its value may not in effect be greater than that of a pawn. Where then is the practical advantage of ascertaining, even supposing the principles of calculation to be sound, that what this writer terms the pawn's line of transit is equal to 1, 4, while the queen's line of transit is equal to the following pleasing quantity

$$\sqrt{3,171,875 \times 3,171,875 + 4,156,25 \times 4,156,25} = 5,228,308?$$

The process, however, by which the writer affects to ascertain what he calls the queen's line of transit to 6 places of decimals, negatives all suspicion of the seriousness of his intentions; and when the reader is a little more accustomed to his style of pleasantry, he will find that this is a sort of geometrical joke. The following is the process.

"The queen's *line of transit* is a value compounded of the locomotive powers of the bishop and rook. This value is neither their aggregate found by addition, for that would be too great; nor their mean estimated by equation, for that would be too little. It is the value of the *option* of using either mode of transit that we have to measure. The bishop's step is diagonal, and the rook's rectangular. The power of recourse to both bears an analogy to the superior quantity of an *hypothénuse*, compared with either limb of a right-angled triangle; that is, if the bishop's line of transit be squared, and the rook's squared, and the amounts added together, the square root of the product (*sum*)

will be the value of the queen's line of transit, equal therefore to the aforesaid quantity."

This is certainly a "right pleasaunt, and wittie" corollary from the 47th proposition of Euclid; the facetiousness of the assumed analogy of the queen's option to the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is only to be equalled by the caustic raillery with which the writer proceeds to square each limb of his visionary triangle, and to extract the root of the sum of the squares.

Having satisfactorily settled this point, the author proceeds to investigate what he calls an equation for an open, as well as a crowded board; and to produce this, he tells us that "the results for the *long-rayed* pieces must be augmented by *partial compensations for mutual hindrance*, which attend a numerous train of supporters and confederates. For as the reduction for impediment to the *long-rayed* pieces will be in excess when the board becomes clear; so pieces of this class have some properties, which operate as attenuations of impediment, while the board is crowded."

All this is perfectly satisfactory, and the only regret one feels is, that powers of reasoning, such as are here displayed, should not have been applied to the investigation of the problem which so long baffled the sagacity of the schoolmen, *utrum Chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas rationes*.

From the clear and indisputable principles which the author has laid down in this part of the essay, he deduces several equations in which fractions sweep across the whole breadth of his pages, like the expressions in an analytical treatise of trigonometry, and have, moreover, the merit of being filled with facetiæ, the numerator vying with the denominator in the richness and variety of the corresponding jokes. Thus the equation for the bishop is declared to be

$$\frac{\cdot 506 \text{ accessible points} \times 9 \text{ pieces with cognate action}}{6 \text{ interposing antagonists} \times 3 \text{ moves to effect the discovery}} = \cdot 253,$$

while that for the queen is shown to be,

$$\frac{\cdot 187 \text{ accessible points} \times 10 \text{ pioneers}}{10 \text{ shield-bearers} \times 3 \text{ marches performed}} = \cdot 062.$$

It should be observed, however, with reference to this last equation for the queen, that, in order to guard against any practical inconvenience that might result from too implicit an adoption of this calculation, the author adds with great candour, "*that a careful provision of avenues will dissipate half the proportion of impediment, and convert it into a mask for attack.*"

Several elaborate chapters are devoted to the investigation of "adverse equivalent force, power of particular attack; covering value, dislodging faculty, and extra points of support." A great number of facetious fractions are interspersed through these pages, but though the writer's jokes are for the most part effective, he cannot be said to have an off-hand style of pleasantry; he tells us in a note, for instance, that to find

one of his elementary properties he extracted more than four thousand square, cube, and higher roots.

The author has discovered a singular property in what he terms the *long-rayed* pieces; he has ascertained that "they can give a *penetract* check, sending a ray through the king to a piece behind; a slender branch of power," he adds, "in which the pawn, and knight who compete with them in the broader field of divergent checking do not participate!!"

We have no room for further extracts from the facetious part of this work, and a very few observations must suffice for that portion of it which is really devoted to chess. The edition of Philidor's analysis has been several times reprinted, and is, upon the whole, executed with care and ability. We cannot, indeed, agree with the editor, that the alterations which he has made in the language of the text contribute greatly to its perspicuity. Philidor's treatise abounded with gallicisms, but the foreigner's English was more intelligible than the pompous and inflated diction in which his editor chiefly delights. The editor is, sometimes, even more barbarous than the Frenchman; thus he objects to Philidor's word "*retakes*," and substitutes for it a new-fangled barbarism of his own "*reprises*." A laxity in point of grammar is a common failing in writers who affect the lofty and ornate style of composition; thus it would be difficult to reconcile the following sentence to any ordinary rules of grammatical construction. "To mate the king, *as* his position *be* in the angle, or at the margin, or in the area of the board, while his seat is battered, three, or five, or eight contiguous points must be blocked or commanded." But the editor has made some corrections, which are of more importance than mere verbal amendments, for he has proved that several games which Philidor supposed to be lost may be won. In the Cunningham Gambit, which is made a lost game for the attacking player in the analysis, he has shown that the first player may win by an ingenious move, which Philidor evidently overlooked. There is some original matter in the present edition, which the editor, in his quaint phraseology, styles an attempt to vindicate Philidor on some contested points in three original pursuits of assigned openings. The openings consist of two gambits, and the game, called by the editor the counter-bishop game, several branches of which he distinguishes with his accustomed facetiousness by the terms "*fortissimo* game, competing cavallo defence, and the Minotaur or Cretan maze." He has shown a great deal of patient and persevering industry in the analysis of these games and their variations, many of which are conducted with considerable ingenuity and skill. That his games are all sound, or that he has in every case exhausted all the variations, the analysis of which would be necessary to demonstrate the effect of a particular move, is more than will be expected by those who are aware of the difficulty of the task which he has undertaken. If he has committed more errors than any of his predecessors who have put forth treatises on chess in this country, it will, at least, be

some consolation to him to reflect that his predecessors have hazarded nothing of their own. Even the treatise of the late Mr. Sarratt, a player of unrivalled practical skill, contains not a single original article, and the improvements on the Analysis enumerated in the preface of that writer are borrowed, without exception, from the voluminous treatise of Lolli. Notwithstanding the attempts which have been made of late years to depreciate the skill of Philidor, and to underrate the merits of his treatise, the Analysis continues to maintain its ascendancy, and, in fact, may be considered as almost the only text-book on the game of chess. The anonymous Modenese was, perhaps, a more brilliant player than Philidor, but the mode of castling adopted in Italy renders his games, in a great degree, useless to players who are confined to what is termed by the Italian writers the Calabrian method of castling. There is, besides, this distinguishing excellence in the analysis, that, whereas the treatises of other writers contain little more than mere openings of games, in that of Philidor the games are conducted fairly to a conclusion through all the difficulties and intricacies which frequently arise in the middle of the contest.

There are some other crotchets on which the editor insists, and some innovations which he is desirous of introducing. He wishes to restore the obsolete practice of giving the victory to the party who receives a stale ; he objects to a plurality of queens ; and he proposes a new institute to meet the difficulty which would occur, when a pawn arrived at the eighth square of the chess-board, before any of the pieces were exchanged. On a former occasion, it seems, he proposed that the pawn should become a *hydra*, and enjoy the combined powers of the queen and knight. He now admits that his *hydra* was a piece of *badinage*, but he assures us that he is perfectly serious in recommending that the pawn should become a *cadet*. There is no dealing with so incorrigible a wag ; and, for any security we have to the contrary, the *cadet* may be as subtle a stroke of pleasantry as the *hydra*.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. VIII.

Paris, July 11, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Buonapartism is declining in this country. The delusion which led us to regard Buonaparte as the perfect model of a hero,—as eminently useful to France, is now vanished, or holds its empire only over the minds of shopmen and country lieutenants on half-pay. What was in 1818 the nearly unanimous sentiment of all the strong and generous spirits of France is now fallen into a mere common-

place, condemned in good company. I desire no stronger proof of this total change in public opinion (a matter so essential in the consideration of the state of any great nation) than the complete contempt with which the public has received *Belisarius*, a new tragedy, by the inexhaustible, the *inevitable* M. de Jouy. The blind *Belisarius* is exiled to the deserts of Thrace—he finds there his wife and daughter, with whom, as might be expected, a certain barbarian king, named Thelesis, is in love. The Emperor Justinian also comes into Thrace for the purpose, as it appears, of being beaten by the natives.

Belisarius has a fine opportunity of revenging himself on the Emperor, and of taking him prisoner; he not only pardons him, however, but puts himself at the head of Justinian's army, and, in spite of his blindness, gains a victory. He is wounded in the engagement, and comes deliberately upon the stage to die, declaiming some very fine lines, extremely moral, and yet more tedious—which, indeed, is his practice through the whole course of the piece. There were not four hundred people in the theatre the night on which Talma recited this tragic pamphlet.

Belisarius was, in fact, composed seven years ago, and, like *Sylla*, is one continued allusion to Napoleon. You may imagine what sort of success was to be expected for a pamphlet which saw the light seven years too late; a pamphlet too, in which every thing is false and distorted, the characters, the style, the incidents, and the sentiments. Messrs. Baour Lormian, de la Martine, and Hugo, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay sell their flattery to the government, and get well paid. M. de Jouy sells his to the people, who paid him by giving his *Sylla* a run of a hundred nights. But the people having more sense than the government, are disgusted with the grossness of the flattery addressed to them, and will not encourage this *Belisarius*, which is nothing but a flat, cold, and perpetual allusion to the captive of Saint Helena. There is considerable danger that the tragedy of *Belisarius* will, in its fall, drag with it three-fourths of M. de Jouy's reputation. He must, however, always be considered a man of great talents, and a very good and clear prose writer.

Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Retraite de Moscou, de M. le Comte Philippe de Ségur, par le General Gourgaud, Officier d'Ordonnance de l'Empereur Napoleon. 1 vol. 8vo. de 38 feuilles.

This is another work addressed to the Buonapartist party. Unhappily the remnant of this party can scarcely read. Twenty-two thousand copies of M. de Ségur's book are scattered over France in every direction. The puffs of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français*, powerful as is their influence over public opinion, and themselves Buonapartists six months ago, will find it a difficult matter to get fifteen hundred copies of M. Gourgaud's panegyric sold. From 1814 to 1815, General Gourgaud was attached to the Etât Major of the Duke de Berry, and was even a

sort of favourite. In 1815, he fought bravely at Waterloo, and obtained permission to follow his master to St. Helena. Three-fourths of the officers engaged in the expedition to Moscow are mentioned in the work of M. de Ségur. This young officer has revealed things which, say the partisans of the *national honour*, ought never to have escaped the lips of a Frenchman. As an historian, he has ventured to tell the truth. He says there existed a secret agreement between Napoleon and his army. This army was mowed down by the cannon as rapidly as the English regiments which you send to Ava or Cape Coast, are destroyed by the diseases of India and of Africa. The French army submitted to this horrible lottery, and, in return, Napoleon promised his brave fellows, not only the advantages of pillage—that would have been a peccadillo, but licence to murder the citizens upon whom they were billeted (the baker, at Cassel, in 1809, for instance) to murder the *Maires de Communes* in France; to pillage their own waggon train (Spain, 1809), which pillage caused the defeat of the French army. M. de Ségur has committed a crime which the army will never forgive—he has fixed the attention of the French people on the military leprosy introduced into France by Napoleon. Has M. de Ségur's object been merely to tell the truth, or was this combined with the desire of flattering the Aristocracy and the Bourbons, in order to obtain some good place from Charles X.? This is a question, which, after all, it is of very little importance to determine, and one which the lapse of three or four years will be sure to solve. Never would the crimes tolerated in the armies of Napoleon have been committed with impunity in the armies of the Republic (from 1793 to 1800). Those were, indeed, the heroic times of French bravery. The sublime Dessaix may be regarded as the representative of this epoch; the whole tactique employed by M. Gourgaud against M. de Ségur consists in this; whenever, on the testimony of witnesses now living at Paris, men of sense like M. Daru and M. Mathieu Dumas, M. de Ségur relates an incident which betrays an infirmity on the part of Napoleon, M. Gourgaud exclaims, Napoleon had too much greatness of mind, too much firmness of character to descend to such a pitch of weakness. Occasionally, indeed, M. Gourgaud adduces circumstances in which Napoleon evinced that sublime energy for which he was pre-eminently distinguished; but, it is evident enough, that this proves nothing against the testimony of M. de Ségur, who says, in twenty places, that the campaign of Russia formed an *exception*. It would have been easy to point out the names of a thousand Frenchmen, now living at Paris, or its environs, who were in the retreat of Moscow; it would have been easy to deposit eight or ten questions in the hands of notaries, and to have invited any of these thousand Frenchmen to answer them by a yes or a no. The style of M. de Ségur is open to great objections, it is the style of a bilious and gloomy man trying to imitate the style of Madame de Stael. This book contains three or four hundred sentences, rendered extremely ridiculous by the exaggerated emphasis with which they are written.

But to what is to be ascribed the success of Messrs. de Chateaubriand, de la Martine, de la Vigne, Hugo, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay? Is it not to emphasis pushed to the last extremity of absurdity. M. de Segur generally speaks the truth, but he has chosen to ascribe some brilliant feat to each of his friends, and he has tried to avoid giving pain to two or three persons still living, who filled important posts in 1812, and by their multiplied acts of folly and stupidity, contributed to the disasters of the retreat of Moscow. If the author is alive ten years hence, he may give an edition of his work, stripped of the voluntary lies he has admitted into it. I say *lies*, for it appears to me that M. de Ségur has too clear an understanding to give faith to many of the stories he relates. His book, such as it is, is a master-piece. For forty years we have had nothing so interesting and so true. M. Mignet has shown as much talent, and much more sincerity and philosophy, in his history of the French Revolution; but as he thought proper to compress this immense body of matter into two volumes, he could not come up to that intense interest which the tragic recital of M. Ségur excites in all readers, whether Frenchmen or foreigners. Two men surpassed Napoleon in the retreat of Russia, Davoust in prudence, Ney in promptitude of execution, and strength of character. I must add, without wishing to flatter you, that if Napoleon had had a division of six thousand English soldiers, he would have been enabled to prevent the worst calamities of his retreat. Complete absense of discipline was the cause of by far the greater part of the disasters which attended it.

The French are never conquered but through want of discipline and a ridiculous display of personal bravery. This has been exemplified from the battles of Agincourt and Monlhéry down to the battle of Waterloo, as may be seen in the curious work called *Mes Rêveries*, by Marshall de Saxe.

Le Roman Comedie, in Cinq Acts et en Vers, par M. de la Ville, représentée pour la première fois le 22 Juin.

I went to the Théâtre Français, dreading the mortal ennui I was about to endure, and much inclined to murmur at the task I had imposed on myself by my engagement with you. What, said I, must I not only abuse eight or ten poor devils of authors every month, all perhaps good sort of people, and guilty of nothing but of making Ladvocat print tiresome books, but am I also condemned to spend three or four evenings every month in undergoing flat imitations of Racine and Molière, which, in the end, will disgust me with the chefs d'œuvres even of those great masters. Such were the melancholy anticipations which crossed my mind, as I found myself in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, seated by the side of fifteen or twenty celebrated men of lettres, most of them members of the Academy, and of the Legion of Honour, and whose singular physiognomies were lit up with intelligence, self-complacency, and pedantry.

At length the *Roman* began, and for an hour and a half I was amused as much as if I had been reading one of Lafontaine's fables. The *Roman* is certainly not a comedy like Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, nor Molière's *Tartuffe*. It has more of the character of the *School for Scandal* of your charming Sheridan. It is a gallery of portraits, sketched with all the spirit of Rembrandt. There is a double intrigue, a plot and an under-plot as is usual in the old English Comedies. We have in the first place, a little plot in the Vaudeville style, and in the next, we are introduced into the interior of the family of a financier, a certain M. Dupré, a very witty, and still more accurate *incarnation*, not of the God Brama, but of the race of a rich banker, who inhabit the *Chaussée d'Antin*, or of the splendid tribe of *Receveurs généraux*. M. Dupré is prouder of his fortune than a Montmorency of his birth; he snarls at titled men secretly, and envies them; he declaims incessantly against the nobility, and apes all the fopperies which pass for knowledge of good society in the Faubourg St. Germain. M. Dupré is unjust, hard-hearted, and violent towards his inferiors, but he is a Frenchman, that is to say, he is soon sensible of his faults, and endeavours to repair them with kindness and feeling.

Out of these materials, which are by no means of an uncommon character, nor, thanks to the Censorship, at all resembling the present state of French society, M. de la Ville has constructed scenes of remarkable brilliancy, though rather unconnected. He loves to give the reins to his daring fancy and high spirits, and to play with his audience; he gets out of an awkward situation by some lively freak; his sallies are sometimes not only humorous but burlesque. In short, he often reminds one of the resistless spirit and gaiety of Regnard, who, though but the second of French comic writers on the whole, for gaiety is unquestionably the first. The comedy of M. De la Ville is always amusing; but you must not expect either continued interest, or well-constructed plot. I see from the few scraps of French (sometimes quoted by you English writers) from the *Edinburgh Review* and Sir Walter Scott, down to the humblest article-makers, that you are too little acquainted with the niceties of our language, the hints, the inuendos, as you would say, to make it expedient for me to advise you to read *Le Roman*. You would be struck with the faults alone of this agreeable *badinage*. The English, in general, are far too ready to imagine that they *know* the French language.

What can I tell you about an absurd and tiresome piece of school-boy declamation, called *Tristan le Voyageur* by M. de Marchangy. This man tried last year to get into the Chamber of Deputies, by means of a forged title to an estate, but was expelled with ignominy. It is a new work, written in the Chateaubriant style, and has enlarged the limits of the ridiculous, to which M. Marchangy had heretofore given so ample an extent. All the papers, even those most distinguished for liberalism, applaud M. de Marchangy's new rhapsody—his office makes them fear him.

I advise you to read the memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson. You will find in this work, which is free from the inflated, emphatic style now in use, the history of the first club established in France. It was called *Le Club de l'Entresol*. The review which M. d'Argenson takes of the character of the Cardinal de Henry, of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. is spirited and judicious.

You will find it a difficult matter to enter into the nature and extent of the ridicule which Mademoiselle Delphine Gay has drawn upon herself by her newly published poem, *La Vision*. The Minister of the King's household sent her a diamond, worth a hundred and twenty pounds, for this effort of her Muse in honour of the *Sacre*. Joan of Arc, la Pucelle, appears in a vision to Mademoiselle Gay, after which Mademoiselle Gay exclaims,—

Fièrè d'un si beau sort, dussé-je voir un jour
Contre mes vers pieux s'armer la calomnie
Dut comme tes hauts faits, *ma gloire* etre punie,
Te chanterais encore sur mon *bruleur tombeau*.

* * * * *

Le héros, me cherchant au jour de sa victoire
Si je ne l'ai chanté doutera de sa gloire.

* * * * *

Et fiers après ma mort, de mes chants inspirés
Les Français me pleurant comme une sœur chérie
M'a pèleront un jour *muse de la patrie*.

This is mere declamation, declamation like M. de Marchangy's, or like M. de Chateaubriant's at his worst. Mademoiselle Gay has the misfortune to suffer herself to be guided by advice fatal to her genius and her reputation. I am assured that this young lady has, in fact, preserved a great deal more of the simplicity characteristic of her very early age, than the strange style of her poetry would have had one to believe.

She sings in her vision

————— Le Roi
En jurant la justice a rêvé la clemence.

Upon which the *Mercure*, an obscure paper, edited by M. Etienne, exclaims—"After this beautiful line, which adorns the future with the colours of hope, there was nothing more for Joan of Arc to say." You see to what a pitch of affectation and bad taste our poor literature has sunk.

Mademoiselle Tastu, whose Muse has hitherto been *libérale*, has also given us a poem on the *Sacre*. Whether she has been inspired by the desire of having a beautiful present of diamonds in her turn, or whether merely by the reluctance to let any event pass without recalling her name to the public in connection with it, I shall not attempt to determine. I have great doubts, however, whether Mademoiselle de Tastu's ring, if she gets one, will be very valuable, seeing that she has been impolitic enough to speak of the ennui which prevailed in the Cathedral at Rheims.

Aug. 1825.

2 Q

Et fidèle à la Majesté
Il (l'ennui) effleure en passant le monarque lui-même.

Now we are upon the subject of ennui, I must add, that I found the *Elégie* of Mademoiselle Tastu, less *ennuyeuse* than the vision of Mademoiselle Gay, or than the extremely well-paid poems of M. Baour Lormian.

Lettres sur l'Angleterre, par M. Auguste de Staël. 1 vol.
Voyage en Angleterre et en Ecosse, par M. le Docteur Amédée Pichot,
4 vols. dont 3 paraissent.

These two works have afforded me a good deal of amusement, but I must confess, that I am indebted for a considerable part of it to the prejudices and the affected tone to be found in both. The authors are said to be clever and agreeable men—if so, they are probably more natural in society, than they think proper to be in their books. M. de Staël appears to me to belong to that class of Frenchmen who desire liberty and the sway of public opinion only as means of obtaining an Upper House; of which house they of course are to be members. These gentlemen look upon religion as an instrument for breaking in the vanity of Frenchmen to endure the creation of an aristocracy among us; they are therefore ready to renounce every thing for religion. But for what religion? They have not the slightest idea themselves. Is it the religion of the Jesuits? No. Is it protestantism adapted to the rules and modes of the court, upon the plan of a certain M. Marron, a celebrated protestant pastor at Paris, who composes Latin epistles in honour of that very Louis XIV. who showed such tenderness to his protestant subjects? No again. What religion then would the future peers of France have? That is a question nobody can answer. The French have no love for liberty:—they do not understand it; and, if they had it, it would only be a trouble to them; but they are, above every thing, desirous of political equality.

It is perfectly impossible that such a production as an English peer should exist in France. If it were possible for a Duke of Northumberland to start up in France, he would be overwhelmed with ridicule in less than a fortnight; every body would laugh at his pretensions, he would be the subject of innumerable songs and epigrams; in short, he would not be let to breathe till he brought himself down simply to the condition of a very rich man, spending his fortune as it pleased him, but not affecting any *aristocratic* influence or superiority over his neighbours. The least aristocratical nation in the world is France. Aristocracy is much more likely to gain ground at New York and at Boston, than at Paris.

It would be ridiculous in me to attempt to talk to you English of the accuracy of the descriptions given by M. de Staël and M. Pichot. I can judge only of their political tendency and of their style. Doctor Pichot's three volumes are divided into chapters, which he seems to

imagine he has converted into letters, by putting the name of some friend at the head of each. It appears, for instance, that one of the Doctor's friends is Sidi Mohamed, the Governor of Cyprus (for the Grand Signior, I suppose). To this personage, M. Pichot has thought fit to address a discussion on the greater or less degree of truth contained in the remarks, which Scarron wrote upon the manners of his time. M. Pichot's opinion frequently appears to me just. All the merit of the book is spoiled, however, by a sickening affectation of sentiment and a constant aiming at pathos. The author turns every thing to account, even the death of his mother, for manufacturing fine sentences. This unhappy style, which, besides its other inconveniences, has that of greatly swelling the volumes, seems to me imitated from the *Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie*, by the late Demoustier, and from the *Lettres sur l'Italie*, by the *Président du Paty*. We have no good book of travels in England. The *least bad* is M. Simond's, and that is superficial and melancholy. When we want to know something of English manners, we read Tom Jones, Miss Edgeworth's *Ennui*, the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*, and those of *Général Pillet*.

Doctor Pichot relates some conversations of Sir Walter Scott, which we think very insipid, especially that about *Savates*. Lord Byron, as sketched by Captain Medwin, seems to us very superior in conversation to the author of *Waverly*. But, to our French tastes, no living Englishman makes the slightest approach in wit to Horace Walpole, the correspondent of Madame du Deffand and of Mrs. Montague. Walpole's Letters are extremely popular here; but we have nobody capable of translating them; and they are therefore confined to the readers of English.

Captain Hall's Travels are very highly thought of here. We read them with a pleasure which we very rarely experience from English travels. You are too reasonable, too much *d'une pièce*, too obsequiously prostrate before all the notions set afloat by your parsons and your Aristocrats, to please us. A Tour in Germany, attributed to Lord John Russel,* is, however, admired.

Mémoires de P. L. Hanet Cléry, ancien Valet de Chambre de S. A. R. Madame, aujourd'hui Dauphine et Frère de Cléry, Valet de Chambre de Louis XVI. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is a sincere book, and nearly free from affectation. It is quite refreshing to read it now that the most paltry newspaper deals in picturesque language, and in an original, noble, and an elegant style. This worthy and respectable Hanet Cléry, who is now seventy years of age, and blind, relates in simple language all that has befallen him, from the

* We need not observe that this is a Parisian mistake for Mr. Russell of Edinburgh, much of the same nature as that made in respect to certain elegiac verses on the death of Lord Byron, which were generally advertised in Paris as the production of SIR THOMAS MORE.—*Ed.*

year 1776 to 1823. A priest, who is a friend of his, has prevailed upon him to suppress several very striking facts, which occurred in the part of his memoirs relating to the period between 1776 and 1789. But this is the common fate of all the memoirs which have been published in France for the last ten years, beginning with those of Madame Campan. In 1809, I read Madame Campan's Memoirs, corrected by her own hand. I there saw the *exact contrary* of what appears in those printed by Messrs. Baudouin. The rich people who buy books, including even the *new-rich* bankers, cannot now be brought to relish notions hostile to the establishment of an Aristocracy, the favourite dream of all the block-heads of two thousand a year (sterling) in Paris. About the year 1840, there must be new editions of all these memoirs. The only exception I can make is in favour of those of M. Thibaudean, former Prefect of Marseilles. To return to the honest Hanet Cléry, one feels at one's ease in reading him; he is obviously an honest man, and, what is more, a writer not sophisticated by too much intercourse with the great world. This is a most essential point. Paris is full of very honest men, who, nevertheless, tell the truth in their books in such a manner that nobody who did not know it before could find it out. Such, among others, was the late M. Suard, of the Academie Française, celebrated for the reception he gave to Condorcet, on the evening before his death. One of the chapters in the memoirs of the honest Hanet Cléry with which I was most struck was that in which he speaks of the famous Rapinat, employed by the Directory in Switzerland, in 1799. This man enjoyed a higher reputation as a robber than any man in Europe. One Turot, the *âme damnée* of the famous Fouché, Duke of Otranto, at that time composed a quatrain which was in every body's mouth, ending thus:

La Suisse qu'on ruine
Demanda si Rapinat vient de rapine
Ou rapine de Rapinat.

According to M. Hanet Cléry, Rapinat was a severe and upright Republican. I do not tumble into this discussion by mere accident. In England, after the restoration of Charles II. it was the fashion to heap outrages on the memory of the simple and rigid Republicans, such as General Harrison, Colonel Hutchinson, and many others. The progress of knowledge and civilization here compelled the restored Bourbons to refrain from cutting the throats of the Republicans; but all Liberals as well as Ultras seem to conspire to insult their memory. M. Mignet alone, resisting this current of fashion, has the courage to tell the truth without exaggeration or detraction. Now that I am on the subject of the fashion, I must point out a very ridiculous tendency at present observable in our literature. I have already told you that Bonapartism had lost ground very much during the last six months. It is curious that this change in opinion is fatal to the Bourbon government. In proportion as we learn to detest the despotism of Bonaparte, we feel increased contempt for that of M. de Corbière. Out of twenty converted

Bonapartists, five become indifferent, and fifteen Liberals. The creed of this party is nearly contained in the Commentary on Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, by the Comte de Tracy, Peer of France. Notwithstanding this fortunate change in public opinion, our writers choose to make themselves gratuitously ridiculous by writing to please a few duchesses. Have you, in England, any specimen of the exquisite absurdity of a *bourgeois* who pretends to be a philosophical writer, and who, without having the honour of being admitted into the society of duchesses, writes with the view to please them, and aspires to the *stile noble*. In the enthusiasm of *noblification* with which our *bourgeois* writer is seized, three-fourths of the words of the language appear to him unworthy to pass under his pen, or under the eyes of a duchess. The *bourgeois* philosopher and courtier dares on no account use a proper name, or an expression, sanctioned by custom. He consequently falls into the most ludicrous degree, of what, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was called *Euphuism*. Even the *Globe* itself, which is written by clever men, and of which I had conceived considerable hopes as the organ of the opinions of our young men of property, begins to be afraid to criticise men who have any influence in the literary world. Moreover, M. Auger, the Academician, has written an article in the *Globe*, in praise of M. Auger. We might forgive one act of weakness, but this unfortunate journal falls daily more and more into the style adapted to the use of duchesses. I must say that many of our ladies of rank have talents, and appear to me to write with less affectation than the people who write in the hope of being read by them. *Ourika* is written in a much more simple style than many articles to which it has given occasion.

On 7th of July, I was present at the sitting of the Academie Française, at which MM. Droz and Casimir de la Vigne were admitted members. The former of these writers is as obscure as the latter is celebrated. M. Droz, however, carried off all the honours of the sitting. People expected something so extraordinarily tiresome from the unhappy author of the *Essai sur le Bonheur*, that his inaugural discourse being passable, struck every body as miraculous. Moreover, the miracle lasted only thirteen minutes. As you are a foreigner, I must give you the order of the day of the sitting. First, a speech of M. Droz. Second, reply by M. Auger. Third, epistle in verse, by M. Andrieux. This epistle is delightful, and was extremely applauded. Fourth, speech of M. Casimir de la Vigne. Fifth, reply by M. Auger. "Unquestionably," said I to myself, while listening to all these speeches, "this is a most ridiculous exhibition. Every sentence which these people utter is made up of trite and insipid common places, expressed in very elegant language. They are what you call *truisms*." M. de la Vigne, for instance, inflicted upon us an eulogium on conscience. Now who in the world ever says any harm of conscience? Wherever I am unhappy, and I was really unhappy from *ennui* at the academy, I have one invariable rule of conduct. I try to represent to myself what I should feel if

chance had thrown me into a situation the direct contrary to that into which I happen to have fallen. When, for instance, at the French Academy, I was suffering under the hypocritical and vapid elegance of an Ultra-civilized people, I said to myself, "What should I do if there was an academy at Philadelphia, established for the reward of literary merit, and I had the misfortune to be present at one of its sittings. In the first place, the meeting, instead of being gay, brilliant, *coquette*, like that brought together by M. de la Vigne's imagination, would be dull, melancholy, and puritanical; then a Rev. Mr. Jarvis would open the sitting with a discourse on the religion of the savages; next, some professor, educated at Oxford, would dissertate for two full hours on the true measure of some particular foot of a certain kind of Greek verse. After that we should fall into the *useful*, the everlasting rock upon which literature splits in well-governed countries. We should have a very grave and lengthy dissertation on the best manner of sowing and cultivating grey peas. Then would come a piece of poetry, descriptive of the fog of an autumnal night, hovering over the churchyard in which the author *has just deposited the remains of his mother*. The sitting would be terminated by a pretty light discussion of the comparative advantages of iron rail-roads and canals." Just as I had completed this picture of the Literary Academy of Philadelphia, or of Edinburgh, and had conceived a lively impression of the state of mind in which I should leave its meetings, M. Auger also concluded his reply to M. Droz. M. Andrieux, the wittiest of our versifiers, decided the preference which I had just internally given to the puerilities of France over the gloomy reason of Scotland or America. The whole audience, among whom were to be found all the prettiest women of Paris (for the hall of the Institute, being small and circular, sets off dress to great advantage), with one accord burst into a fit of unaffected and joyous laughter at these words of M. Andrieux, speaking of those *hommes de circonstance*, who

Au char de la raison s'accrochant par derrière
Veulent à reculons, l'enfoncer dans l'arrière.

The audience was intoxicated with delight. The most timid young man gained courage to speak to his fair neighbour. The general laugh redoubled when he proceeded to remark the long faces which these lines had produced in twenty-one members of the French Academy, who compose the ultra majority of that body. If M. Andrieux were a professor still, he would have taken care not to write those two lines; but, fortunately for us, his ultra colleagues got him dismissed four years ago, from the place which he filled so well in the Polytechnic School.

Whilst I felt my understanding insulted, irritated, by the elegant speech of M. de la Vigne, which followed that of M. Andrieux; how, thought I, shall I describe to a stranger this kind of eloquence? M. de la Vigne does not now utter a word, which, if taken in its direct sense, is not a lie; and yet he will be applauded, and with reason, for his courage: and yet, except perhaps two or three unfortunate provincials,

there is not a single mind in all this assembly, composed of the *élite* of society, which does not perfectly understand him. What a singular kind of eloquence! Every one of his sentences is an enigma, every one must be translated by the hearer into intelligible language as it falls from the lips of the orator. If such a French translation of the academical discourse of M. de la Vigne were really made, the writer would probably not make use of a single word he uttered. Close to me were General Foy and M. Cousin, the most eloquent men of our time; their eyes sparkled with delight. A smile played upon the lips of the beautiful Delphine Gay. Every countenance beamed with pleasure. Strange people! exclaimed I, and strange style of eloquence! Admirable result of 150 years of absolute monarchy. Despotism of old, in Asia, created the Apologue. Despotism exercised in France by the mistresses of her kings, by Mesdames de Maintenon, de Pompadour, and du Barri, has given birth to the eloquence of *demi-mots*, and to the conventional language of the Academy. While I was absorbed in these reflections, M. de la Vigne pronounced an eulogium on the king, containing the most daring and pungent satire against those ministers who have in their pay twenty-one members of the French Academy. Such is the advantage of the kind of eloquence peculiar to this body, that even those members of the Academy who exercise the despicable trade of Censorship could not resent the marks of contempt with which the new member loaded, not only the ministry by which they are paid, but the office itself, the holders of which he designated by name. It was, in fact, one of the censors, M. Auger, who replied to M. de la Vigne, in the most complimentary language. In order, however, to earn the money which he receives from the Police, M. Auger made an attack upon actors, whom the allpowerful Jesuits, their rivals in trade, view with an evil eye. M. Auger's attack was the more inconsistent with all established notions of propriety, from the circumstance that two members of the Academy, M. Picard and M. Duval, were formerly actors, and that M. de la Vigne, the very person he was addressing, is more particularly celebrated for his dramatic compositions. It would be a very difficult matter to find a man equal to Talma in the Academy. The very elegant and canting *amplifications* of M. de Chateaubriant himself are much feebler proofs of talent than the parts of Manlius and Hamlet, as played by Talma. You would have been astonished at the grossness and indelicacy of the compliments which M. Auger heaped upon M. de la Vigne. They were such as to make every body present who had the least delicacy of mind blush. In proportion as the necessity of *acting a part*, at all times and in all places, becomes more obvious and imperative in Parisian society, delicacy of mind disappears with a fearful rapidity. Even the most respectable of our married women are incessantly obliged to *act a part*. This triumph of cant and hypocrisy in our social habits, even in cases apparently the most trifling, becomes extensively injurious, particularly to the style of our writers. If Fenelon were to publish his works now,

they would be criticised in the Globe for being written in a low manner, and for being deficient in the tone of good society. That you may feel how entirely ridiculous this is, I beg you to recollect that Fenelon was a nobleman of high rank, living at the court of Louis XIV. and quoted by the inexorable Saint Simon, as a model of good breeding.

But I must have done moralising.

At this sitting of the Academy, my account of which is a little more faithful than that which you will find in the papers, there were a great number of very pretty women. Their lively and intelligent countenances, their brilliant dress, were a great consolation to old men like me, too old to be long occupied with academical *fadaises*, without fatigue. I had great pleasure in observing, for the honour of letters, that Madame de Belloc, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, who are distinguished for their literary talents, were those most admired for their beauty.

P. N. D. G.

ODE TO L. E. L.

AUTHORESS OF THE IMPROVISATRICE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

1.

O LYRIC encomiast of Love!

My Sappho—my sweet L. E. L.!

Thou fair friend of the myrtle and dove—

Thou hast wreathed—thou hast sung but too well.

I am all o'er bewitch'd with thy strain,

I am fairly bedazzled, or worse—

I have nothing but dreams in my brain,

And my head—like *thy* head—is inverse!—

2.

So bright do thy visions all seem,

The poor working-day world has no chance;

Is thy Arno the New River's stream—

Or a gas-lamp the "light of romance!"—

Ah where is thy Florence the dear?

Can thy Florence be that in a flask?

Is Tom Huggins a fit gondolier

To sing Tasso to dames in a mask?—

3.

When I look up to heaven, alas!

For thy Florentine skies all agog,

I am choked by the vapour of gas,

Or that palpable jaundice a fog!—

Yet I read, and the sky is still one
Of the brightest that ever hath shone ;
Hast thou found, as the play says, a sun
And an atmosphere all of thy own !

4.

Oh ! where shall I look for thy halls,
With their statues and “ vases of light.”
Is it Almack’s thou mean’st with thy balls—
Is thy carnival that of Charles Wright ?
Is our Croly a minstrel ? I’m told
The last Troubadour long ago died,
Thou must speak of the “ gardens ” of old,
And the “ fountains ” that *were*—in Cheapside.

5.

O ! tell me—I long to believe
That a man born in London, like me,
With a slash in his small clothes and sleeve,
May a don or a cavalier be ;
Have I only to get a guitar
And strike up when the watchmen are still
To some lady on high like a star,
That is sitting up late on Cornhill ?

6.

Or say—there’s such wild pretty work
In the East—have I merely to shove
My young head in a shawl, like a Turk,
And then deal in war—rhubarb—and love ?
Oh ! I long for those *houris*—I long
For their dark flashing eyes never dull !—
And the *bulbul* that weaveth her song,
To the rose in the gardens of *Gul*.

7.

But away with the Moors ! Like a Cid
All the Saracen tribes I’ll defy !
Or I’ll join the Crusaders—aye bid
Me to Jericho, love,—and I’ll fly !
Oh my wastebook lies waste while I woo
Thy romances of pleasures and strife—
And I long for a martial tattoo,
Just to vary the hum-drum of life !

8.

I was born for adventure I feel,
With a palfrey, a plume,—and what not—
To set forth like a Turpin in steel
And go *spearing* my way like a Scot !

But in vain like a chess-cavalier,
 I keep roaming from square into square,
 Still no Red Lion warrior is near
 To contend for a Bloomsbury fair!

9.

Oh the day of true Chivalry's dark!
 And a tournay's an obsolete thing!
 Shall I go, L. E. L. to Hyde Park
 In a *tilt*-cart and ride at the *ring*?
 Lady Barrymore's wrists shall I wrench
 From the bracelets that cause her distress,
 Or break into his Majesty's Bench
 To deliver the Olive Princess!

10.

Shall I hash Gog and Magog to chips,
 To evince my great valour and strength,
 Or cut up the Green Dragons to strips—
 Or enlist in the chivalrous Tenth?
 (Since the monsterless world is forlorn
 'Tis the troop for such soldiers as I.—)
 What a pity a knight should be born,
 By some ages too late for a *Guy*!

11.

But the days of old iron are out,
 And our manners must change with the time;
 I must stoop to my ledger I doubt,
 And thou—stoop to a soberer rhyme!—
 But there still are mild pleasures for me,
 And meet themes, L. E. L. for thy pow'rs,
 Let the hoards of old armouries be,
 Love and Nature, my Bard! are still ours!—

12.

Thou shalt sing of our valleys and hills,
 And our streamlets how softly they run!—
 Whilst thy servant is making out bills,
 And I'll turn to thy strains when I've done:—
 And though Florence no longer consists
 With thy verse, nor a word of the Turks,—
 Like a knight I will enter thy *lists*—
 A subscriber to all of thy works!—

ON FASHIONS.

THE fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me," thou hast made me: we pay a silversmith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea-spoons or our epergne, and five or fifty more for the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio* to make: the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is the tailor who fashions the man: he makes him a man: him, who before that, without the tailor's aid, would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a *rasa tabula*, a simple *ens*, an *ens* nonentical, unformed, unlicked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and aspect, and form, and character; and the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned; and if the tailor be Stultz, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile step-mother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the shoe-maker make woman; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids? a nothing; a variable, inapprehensible, inexplicable, unintelligible, bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough; but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze; and she becomes a tangible substance—a woman of fashion, provided that she is fashioned by Madame Hippolyte or Madame Triaud.

What, indeed, is human nature but a bundle of clothes. What are all the distinctions of society but distinct suits of clothing. And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin, and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine, and slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes and he clappeth a crown on its top, and he falleth down and worshipeth, and he crieth, Aha! it is a king. Again, he taketh scarlet, and gold, and fur; and he tacketh them together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into its sleeve, and he presenteth it with custard, and he crieth—I have made a Lord Mayor.

What would the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war, nay, the very army itself be, but for the tailor. It is not the man, but his coat, that fights; the courage lies in the uniform; it is the courage of the 42d suits of clothes; and hence also the burning valour of the 10th

dragoons, the valour of its sabretashes and gilded boots, as all the energy of a lancer is embodied in his trencher cap; just as the learning of the Almas, the triangles of Cambridge and the Greek of Oxford, are the produce of a square bit of board and a silk tassel. Hence it is, that all great conquerors, such as Frederic William and his Majesty, (God bless him and the Duke of York,) are also the great clothiers, the great tailors, the fabricators of collars, and facings, and courage, and victory. What is a battalion? see it at a review; it is a long line of coats and pantaloons, red above and white below. What makes the unfledged, unformed, nothingless youth, an ensign, a cornet, a soldier, a hero?—It is the red coat. What makes all the young ladies “fall in love” with him?—It is the red coat. The silk and the muslin fall in love with the scarlet and the lace; they elope together to Gretna Green: the rest is nothing. Strip the army, and what is an army?—Nothing. It is the tailor who makes armies and conquers victory.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth to prove Paddy a Pagan. A man cannot even be hanged without the order of a square cap; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, that it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself, and goes into opposition, because the produce of a sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing: a post, a horse, to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please; but woe be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut it into pieces, and cram it into bottles; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes, goes to Botany Bay. In short, from the coal-heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Almack's, human nature is a Monmouth-street, a collection of suits—black, white, and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella, goats hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And, according to the fashion of the clothes, are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be every thing. To be in the fashion is to exist, it is existence itself: to be out of it, is non-existence; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. It is beauty, morality, every thing—not dress alone; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For, if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing; not only in his coat, but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together.

Or, as the full-fashioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashionable. It is his opinion, conduct, morality; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

Thus have we traced man, society, every thing, to the tailor and the mantua-maker; and to them also we trace beauty, grace, taste. And hence have moral writers justly laid down that great principle, that there can be no standard of taste. Now, indeed, should there be a standard of taste, an unerring principle of grace, an undeviating line of beauty, as poor Hogarth imagined, unless Mr. Stultz and Madame Triaud were as eternal as the wandering Jew, unless all the essence of all the tailors and mantua-makers, and milliners, and hat-makers, and boot-makers, and shoe-makers, and coach-makers, and upholsterers that ever will exist, were concentrated in one man or woman of each species, and that species invariable, unchangeable, immovable to all winds of doctrine.

The thing cannot be. And, therefore, there is no standard of taste; and beauty is a creation varying with every new patent, every new crotchet; a thing to be made, and unmade, and remade, as Stultz shall succeed to Stultz, or Brummel to Brummel, as Tailor shall yield to Vandervelde, and Vandervelde to Schaller, or as Hertford or Conyngham shall reign Venus ascendant in the first, second, or third, or in all the houses of Mars.

Thus it is that we endeavour in vain to fix this fleeting spirit, this "essential form of grace," which is unessential, changing with every wind that blows. And thus it is that we admire and adore the fair, that lovely part of creation, fashion's favourite child, whether rustling in silk, angled with satin, or flowing in muslin like white-robed innocence. Whether mounted on heels of wood, peaked like a lance, squared to the obtuseness of Paris, or rounded to an ellipse, the foot of beauty is always beauty: it carries its arrows to the heart, whether of morocco or kid, or prunella, or satin, lilac, scarlet, white, blue, green, or black, sandalled or Wellingtoned, Brunswicked, or Yorked.

Thus too, whether gipsey prevails, or Oldenburgh, coal-scuttle, or Quaker; whether she fan the idle air with topgallantsails of Leghorn, or wave in plumed or hearsed, chivalry, or undertakery, she cannot err; fashion is beauty, and beauty is fashion. Waists contract and expand, anon she is a wasp, and anon a barrel; now she diminishes the equatorial diameter, and now she enlarges it; zones ascend and descend from the seat of honour to the seat of the heart; the seat of honour itself undergoes a sudden development, and again it vanishes; cushions are transferred from region to region, from the Hottentot region to the head; the bosom now "hides, oh! hides those hills of snow," that the spectator may riot in scapular charms and spinal vales; and, again tuckers

descend till descent becomes once more precarious, while the balance of compensation restores to concealment that of which the repose should never have been disturbed. Yet, like the moon through all her changing phases, she is always beauty, for she is always fashion.

Is it possible to be serious on all this folly? We ought, at least, to attempt it. Whatever moralists, metaphysicians, and artists may dispute about taste or beauty, it is certain that, if we take extremes at least, there is a wrong and a right, something that pleases and something that displeases, independently of all custom and all fashions. It is scarcely possible that the opposed extremes of form shall be beautiful, and that the same shall be true of all the intermediate stages; it is still less possible that the form which is beautiful in 1824 shall be hideous in 1825; or that the beauty of dress, of shape, substance, colour, disposition, which delights us in April shall be that which makes us faint with horror in June.

Yet so it is with all those who are guided by fashion—by that magical term, the sound of which conveys, in itself, beauty, grace, taste, every thing. And as it is chiefly the lovely sex which is under this influence, to them must we direct our remonstrances. It is a lovely sex; and yet, with all its charms, it owes more to dress than it is always willing to admit. The experiment is easily tried. Take the whole bright parterre at Almack's, every lily and rosebud that blooms in that garden of sweets, and dress it up in coats and pantaloons and cropped heads. It would prove a kind of Westminster school, where the lover would be at a loss to know the object of his adoration; and we suspect that beauty would soon discover the debts which it owes to gauze, and feathers, and silk, and to all and every thing which segregates it from the pantalooned and shock-headed part of creation.

And, by the way, this is an experiment by which the fair might learn to profit, would they but perpend it. Woman gains nothing by being reduced to the nudity of man; and the nearer she approximates to him, the greater hazard she runs of forfeiting those charms which she will find to be rather more adventitious than she sometimes thinks. She loses something by every inch that she approaches him in her aspect and adornments, in the one as in the other. It is her interest to remain as far separated as possible, to surround herself with every *prestige* that can make her a distinct sex, whether to that she add the ornaments over which she has the command, or not. The petticoat is the essence of woman; it is woman; and woe to her who, in more senses than one, would "wear the breeches." We know not how to approach a delicate female in woollen, the very idea of the touch of wool is unfeminine—masculine. Even the riding-habit is scarcely justified by its apparent necessity (for it is not necessary); and when combined with a beaver hat and Hessian boots, we would as lieve think of making love to an officer of dragoons. We doubt the whole invention, riding and all; and let the

equitant race be assured that they lose much more than they gain by this "vaulting ambition."

There is not an atom of the male attire in which the charming sex does not suffer, in male estimation; and if dress is to be the labour and object of their lives, if it is the *primum natus* and the *ultimum moriens*, the end and purpose of their lives here below, that end is to charm man, to gain his approbation, and excite his love. The sex is too apt to dress to itself, and to forget him to whom alone it ought to dress; and let it be assured that man is the true judge and critic, that critic which it ought to study and please. It suffers by every male assumption, by even that of the masculine shoe; a national distinction exciting the scorn and reprobation of Paris, better skilled in the charms and *chaussure* of a female foot, and better knowing that

From the hoop's enchanting round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

It has wounded, from King Solomon to Cinderella's monarch, from Holofernes to the wife of Bath; but what other wound than a good kick is likely to be inflicted by a great hulking, double-soled, English machine, well blacked by Warren, Hunt, Day, and Martin.

The object of dress should be to add to nature's charms: that seems tolerably obvious, and it is not denied. It is, to add to them, for the purpose of pleasing and captivating the other sex; that, we have demonstrated. Man may not judge of the value of laces or the price of trimmings; but he does judge of their power, and by their powers they ought to be judged. Woman dresses, nevertheless, that she may show to fellow woman, the superiority of Mechlin to Buckingham; that she may measure the length of her bill or the profundity of her purse with those of her rivals. Man knows nothing of these rival superiorities—till he pays the bills at least. The young aspirant to a *settlement*, whose whole fortune perhaps consists of half a dozen *chemises*, "Love's very last shifts," and a pianoforte, receives a present of five hundred pounds from some foolish old uncle to buy frying-pans. The Greek betrothed, at least, who had nothing else, brought a frying-pan to her husband's arms. But the five hundred pounds are spent on a trousseau, that they may be displayed at the milliner's for a week, and be canvassed by all the female envious, and the country cousins, and the customers. The very mantua-maker and milliner are puzzled how to carve up so much money into shreds and tatters; and the husband receives a bundle of rags with an expectant wife, sending the former to Monmouth-street, and perhaps wishing the latter there too. The five hundred pounds would have stocked his cellar with wines, or bought his darling a carriage. He would have said if he had dared, "So come in your coatie sweet Tibby Dunbar."

But this is the fashion also. The darling sex measures all beauty by fashion, but it has forgotten to ask what is the fashion, and who makes

the fashion. If they made it themselves, it might be something. To be sure, if each fair made her own fashion, there would be no such thing, and the square and the round, the slim and the squat, the septuagenarian and "sweet seventeen," "crabbed age and youth," would not all be thrust into the same sacques, and shoes, and slips, and caps, and bonnets. Hence they must elect a dictator, we suppose; and the dictator is the milliner, the mantua-maker. A whole nation, bright with youth, and radiant with beauty, bent on conquest and death, submits to the government and legislation of a hairdresser's wife living in the Rue Vivienne, in a foreign country, or to Mrs. Bell, at home, whose monthly displays of taste and grace become the unalterable laws of beauty, not to be altered, till the next month.

The human form is certainly nothing, as we began by proving; and therefore, as all nothings are equal to nothing, and to themselves, it is indifferent that old, fat, lumbering, frowsy, nothings, and youthful, blooming, slender, delicious ones, should be equalised in their adonisations. But there are or may be varieties in suits of clothes; and as variety is itself a charm, it might add to our amusement if all these nothings were converted into many somethings instead of into one. And certainly were we to choose the dictator, it should not be the mantua-maker and the milliner, any more than we would allow the Quarterly Review to dictate to us what we were to read.

Seriously, will ladies never reflect that all ages, all forms, all rank, all beauty, are not the same, and that it is at least part of the essence of dress that it should be appropriate? The same fashion cannot suit all. And will they never reflect who it is that sets this fashion, which they all pursue as if their salvation depended on it. Some dropsical or bandy-legged old dame finds it convenient to conceal her ancles, and immediately it becomes a matter of grace and beauty to hide, even the point of the foot, and petticoats trail to sweep the streets. When grey hairs wished to conceal themselves, a whole nation of sun-bright and auburn and jetty ringlets, ringlets where each hair was a chain to draw all hearts, chose to fill their heads with grease and flour; and high heels, pads, cushions here, there, behind, before, hoops, trains, tuckers, all have been, in rotation, adopted by those who had an interest in producing one deformity to conceal another; while, more successful than the fox in the fable, they have spread the epidemic through the sex, causing whole generations immediately to cut off their tails also. Or the mantua-maker finds it convenient to sell off her old rags, her cuttings and *cabbage*, at high prices, and immediately the whole sex is seen fluttering in trimmings and deformity, a "thing of shreds and patches."

It is a gullible sex, that is certain. And yet it is provoking that all this should be considered beauty, and beauty, too, when it is so often deformity. If there is such a thing as a handsome scapula, it would at least be prudent to inquire, at the looking-glass, whether all the cervical

region, in all, is fair, lest the snow should be less pure than snow ought to be. She who conceals a graceful ancle and a slender foot, to display a bony clavicle, or a pair of hatchet-formed *omoplates*, is not so wise as the nation of foxes.

It is an ungallant conclusion, but, we fear, a true one, that the principles of taste are not diffused among the lovely sex, or not known to them. We have no objection to variations, since variation is novelty and a charm; but we shall never learn to approve of variation from beauty to deformity. If they have no taste, why will they not put themselves under the guidance of art, of the art of painting, not mantua-making? Sir Thomas Lawrence is the dictator to be chosen, not Madame Triaud. Accident, or taste, sometimes, and chiefly originating in France, that region of taste in petty luxury, has often conferred on the fair all the beauty which dress can give. We have lived to see them elegant, graceful, and attractive in their adornments, so that painters have transmitted them to posterity with the assurance of commanding admiration for ever. There are principles of beauty and grace, whatever the sex or the milliners may think; but they do not know them; and thus, not content with having once discovered the right, they proceed to wrong, quitting beauty to follow deformity.

And it is the want of taste, rather than a corrupted one, which makes the latest fashion always appear the most beautiful. Where there are principles of taste, no fashion can ever make that beautiful which wars against them: it will be hideous in spite of its prevalence, though it may cease, from habit, to appear so hideous. The haystack head, the pinched and armoured waist, hoops, and powder, and high-heeled shoes, have appeared beautiful in their days, but never to those who had studied the principles of beauty or of art. If, in their days of luxury and corruption, the Roman ladies rendered their head-dresses absurd by wanton variety, those of the Greeks and their dresses, generally, have descended to us as models of right, to which posterity has continued to award admiration. There is much also to admire and to follow, even in the more complicated inventions of British history, and there is no want of choice throughout the Continent, of present, as well as of past Europe.

We do not say that the female dress needs be confined to a Greek stole, or to any other given form, since variations and variety are necessary. But there are forms from which the sex can depart, without quitting them, through a range as wide as the most wanton caprices can require. And amid the endless varieties of colour, substance, ornament, there is the power of producing and reproducing change without end, and yet without surrendering grace and beauty, and what is not less momentous, the appropriate.

If the sex knew its own interests, it would choose other leaders of fashions than those who have an interest different from theirs. And if it would agree to exterminate the very term fashion, to seek no longer

to rank itself under an imaginary leader, to trust to itself, and to study for itself, it would not be long in discovering that it had, not only enhanced its charms, but saved its finances. But to give the necessary taste, it must cultivate that quality. It must inquire into what is graceful and fit, into the principles of beauty, and the laws of taste. Instead of "taking lessons," from Mr. Burgess, or spending seven years in making a pair of card racks, it must learn, in reality, what it pretends to do—to draw. From the philosophy and the art of colouring, it will be taught to distribute its colours; and, from the study of the antique and of the human form, as from the study of pictures in general, it will discover where the lines of grace and beauty lie, how they may be created, or improved, or injured. It will not then destroy the beauty of its shining ringlets to frizzle them into dirty sausages, or bare the most ill-formed parts of its body to conceal the more graceful and captivating. It will discharge its whole regiments of pads, and cushions, and flounces, and Gigot sleeves, and all the other trumpery by which it contrives to mar the most beautiful work of nature's hand. We shall then see woman—dear woman! what she ought to be; the grace alike of nature and of art.

One word yet on the hair, before we part; that jewel in woman, of which she seems so little to know the value, if we may judge by the pains which she takes to mar it. It is chiefly by its contrast of colour that it is the ornament of the face, but partly also by that contrast which its roughness offers to the polished smoothness of the brow and the cheek. To maintain these leading principles is essential. But there is more in the disposition than either women or their advisers are aware of; and its principles lie somewhat deeper than they imagine.

By a singularity proving the great attention of ancient Greece to the human form, its artists adopted those outlines for the head, the principles of which, modern phrenology, much as it has been ridiculed, has explained and justified. But it has not been noticed that the same principles were applied to the arrangement of the hair; and yet, if this be studied in Greek art, it will be seen that every outline produced by that arrangement has a reference to the essential form of the head; of the skull itself. And the most simple experiments in drawing will prove that whenever the hair is so arranged that its outline, or protuberance, coincides with that outline which would be estimable in the unadorned head, the effect is beautiful; and that when the reverse takes place, the result is deformity. To apply phrenology to hair-dressing, may appear fantastical and ludicrous; and yet we will trust our demonstration to the trials of any one who chooses to make them. There is nothing so easy as to make the experiments; but as we have not here the means of illustrating our theory by such drawings, we must leave them to the taste and knowledge of those who have the command of their pencils and an acquaintance with the human form.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.*

WE have often amused ourselves with holding a morsel to a spaniel's nose, coquetting and retreating, while his mouth watered at the sight; and when we knew that it was but a tough bit of gristle, we have pursued our system more perseveringly, knowing that he would at length snap at it, and swallow it before he discovered the cheat. The Great Unknown understands as well as any man how to deal with his tough and gristly bits. How long the mouths of Brighton, and Cheltenham, and Margate, and the circulating libraries, have been gaping to catch at the Crusaders, we have almost forgotten; but the morsel has at length been thrown to the dogs, and they have gobbled it up. For a long time the population was pressing on the limits of the subsistence; but first the Monastery appeared, and then another Monastery, and then Nigel and Peveril, and the Pirates, and St. Ronan's Well, and Redgauntlet, and by degrees the subsistence seemed to press on the population, and at length the Unknown and Mr. Constable began to think that it would be prudent to let the dogs hunger a little, and—here are the Crusaders at last.

It is certain that as casks have not the bottomless bottom of Fortunatus's purse, they must run downwards towards the lees in time. But a dexterous vintner learns how to add Lisbon and brandy to his sherry, and he whisks up the lees with the mixture, and he pours in a little yeast, and his customers must drink, though they make wry faces the while, and thus—we have the Crusaders.

And yet out of this mixture of fermenting yeast and lee we now and then contrive to extract a cup or two of the original liquor, or something which passes for it: it is transparent in the glass, it sparkles for a while, and it seems as if all the spirit were revived once more; but, in a moment again, it runs foul and vapid, and the vintner tilts the cask in vain: the further it is tilted the fouler it grows.

How does it happen that a man who speaks “in any other person's person, should speak such abominable balderdash in his own.” It is like Mathews, who can act any character but the one that is written for him. We did hope that we had for ever taken leave of Clutterbuck and Dryasdust, and it is not for want of good counsel that these two bores have not been hanged long ago. Here is an introduction, however, that deteriorates on all former deterioration; more stupid, more tiresome, more strained, and empty, and useless, and objectless, than all that have gone before. We really are utterly at a loss to know what is meant and proposed by it. If it is meant for a joke on the Joint Stock Companies, it is assuredly the worst that ever quitted pen; if it is meant for any thing else, we hope the Unknown will explain in his

* Four Volumes Octavo. Constable, Edinburgh, 1825.

next. If he wants to increase the size of his volume to the necessary number of pages, it would be much more useful, and equally amusing, if he would give us the register of births, marriages, and deaths, with the prices of stocks and Mark-lane. But to the story.

Or rather, the stories. There are two; only it happens that one of the Crusades, instead of being performed in Palestine, is executed in Wales. And the Welsh Crusade is the best; at least, inasmuch as it is the most perfect *Epopœa* of the two. The Unknown has not often shown much talent in the plan and conduct of his drama, it must be owned; but if he has somewhat redeemed his reputation in this matter in the first tale, he has taken care to maintain it in the second, of which the epic contrivance and interest are as meagre as they can well be.

There is one thing in which we must congratulate our readers, in both stories. There is no writer to the signet, no law, not even Scotch law, though we rather dreaded the descent of a wadset when we fell upon Sir Kenneth, and there is but one man hanged in both the narratives. We escape for one dungeon, one gaoler, and one executioner; and the office of the latter is, in one case, luckily, otiose. Nor is there a Stewart; since, fortunately, that race was not born. But then, in compensation, there are two dwarfs, and bad dwarfs they are as Pacolet himself. And two jesters, whose jests nevertheless seem to have been forgotten, and who, for any use they are of, might as well have been reserved to grace the next novel. The beggar and the fidler have disappeared, otherwise than as the mysterious minstrel may supply the place of one, though he is much more of the colour of a Child of the Mist; but the witch has clearly taken to the breeches in the shape of the Hermit of Engaddi. He is, at least, the brother of Old Norna; and, in the same way, when it is somewhat late, he discovers that he has probably been a "little touched in the upper story." The office of Bore seems to have been divided chiefly between Old Raoul and his wife Gillian; but we will not draw the parallel further, as our readers will easily trace many of their former acquaintances under various new transmigrations.

We said that the drama of the first tale was a drama. That is to say, it is not the confused, unintelligible, inexplicable, unexplained thing which most of his former stories have been; but, at the same time, it is easy enough to foresee the event, at a very early period of the day.

Gwenwyn, Prince of Wales, desires to marry Eveline, the daughter of Raymond Berenger, a Norman Knight, and Lord Warden of the Castle of Garde Douloureuse, on the Marches. Raymond refuses the honour, and the fiery Welchman resolves to storm his castle and carry off the prize. Raymond had made a foolish promise to fight him in the plain if they should ever meet; and, encountering with odds, is slain; in a very "shabby" manner, by the way. The castle is consequently beleaguered, and it is defended for Eveline, chiefly by William Flam-mock, a sturdy Flemish weaver, whose daughter, Rose, forms a second heroine in the piece.

Nevertheless, the castle would have been stormed, had it not been relieved by the Constable, Hugo de Lacy, who kills Gwenwyn and routs his army. The nephew of Hugo, Damian de Lacy, sees Eveline, and becomes a silent lover; and his silence becomes a fever, on finding that it was his uncle's intention to propose himself as a husband to the lady. In the meanwhile, Hugo had vowed to attend the Crusade for three years; but, expecting a dispensation, they are betrothed. The church refuses the dispensation; it is proposed that the plighted faith shall be recalled by Eveline, but she heroically abides by her determination. Hugo sails to Palestine, and leaves Damian the guardian of his BETROTHED.

The three years pass, and Eveline is spirited away by a stratagem of Randal de Lacy, a profligate relation of the crusading Constable. She is, however, rescued from the toils by Flammock; and, in gratitude to her guardian, Damian, who had been wounded in her service, takes him into her castle. Scandal ensues, Randal machinates, Henry accuses Eveline of treason, and, in the mean time, the Constable returns from Palestine in disguise, attended by the mysterious minstrel, who proves to have been the harper of the Prince of Wales, and his mortal enemy. Damian has been thrown into prison by Henry, a feast is celebrated at the Garde Douloureuse, in honour of the Constable, and the mysterious minstrel, who had for three years intended to kill him, but was restrained by the Crusade, and heaven knows what more, turns juggler, jumps on his horse, and slays—Randal de Lacy, instead of Hugo. This is one of our author's unlucky contrivances, not unusual; but the Constable finds his betrothed true, and discovering that he is not so young and handsome as his nephew, surrenders her to Damian, and they "live happy many years." Such is a meagre outline of the story; and there is indeed but little more of it, the rest being episodic, descriptive, protractive, and *adventurous*.

There is one method of protraction which we shall here notice once for all, though it has often enough occurred before. It is that of describing matters which break in on the current of the tale, and which are almost always *impertinent*, or, as a Scotchman himself might call it, irrelevant. We do not object to moderate notices of this nature, just as they may suffice to give tangibility and locality; and, in our author's hands, they have often been turned to admirable purposes. We could point out hundreds of places in his former works, where they do their duty well, and do no more. But we do not want two pages to tell us the ribbands, and silks, and scarfs, and jewels, that Queen Berengaria wore, nor, for the hundredth time, the casque, and the hauberk, and the spear, and the spear-head, and the shield, and the cuisses, and all the particulars of a coat of full armour, as we may see it on any day for a shilling at the Tower. We are checked in the career of the story, and skip the passages; and we skip them the more angrily, because it is palpable that they are cold antiquarian descriptions, copied from Strutt, or Grose,

or others, as it may happen, merely to prolong the writing, and not part of the current of the writer's mind. If they are meant to show the author's reading, it is not much to boast of.

But the public has thought fit to imagine that he is profoundly versed in antiquities, and chivalry, and heraldry, and gothic architecture, and so forth, and it little knows, good easy public, how great a way a few terms will go, and how easily those terms are learnt. Did it know better, it would not be long in detecting the superficiality of all this knowledge, be it ancient romance, or what not; and there is not a Miss who writes for Lane's press that could not extract enough in a week at second hand, from St. Palaye, and Ellis, and Ritson, with a glance at Gwyllim and Smith, to appear as *chivalrous* a personage as the Great Unknown.

In *Ivanhoe*, the descriptions of Saxon habitations and usages are mere extracts from the first chapter of Henry, a cheap repository of *profound* antiquarian lore; and, in the same book, the descriptions of the military engines and defences are, similarly, extracts from Grose. In the same tale again, the herald who gives us black upon blue, or the reverse, has certainly forgotten to look even into Gwyllim. Knowledge is knowledge, only when it is part of a man's own mind, when it has been digested and redistilled, so as to take its colour from this chemistry: where it has not this quality, the fraud is immediately detected, and the aspirant must take his rank with him, or her, who dresses up in the *Quarterly Review* in the morning, that she may produce her knowledge with her ribbons in the evening.

The second tale introduces to us a certain Kenneth, in Palestine, travelling for no very explicable purpose, to consult a mad anchorite, the hermit of Engaddi. He finally proves to be the son of William the Lion, of Scotland, and the author, perverting history as usual, chooses that he shall be the Earl of Huntingdon. He fights with an Emir in the desert, and visits a cavern, or subterraneous chapel, where he sees his lady love, Edith, the niece of Richard of England. Returning from his mysterious commission to the camp, he finds Richard ill of a fever. Hakim, an Arab physician, cures the king, whose behaviour throughout is that of a mad schoolboy, and who, after quarrelling with all his confederates, quarrels most particularly with the representative of Austria, plants the English standard on a mount amidst the army, in defiance of his allies, and sets Kenneth and his greyhound to guard it. Kenneth is enticed away by a silly trick of the queen and her nymphs, aided by an absurd dwarf; and, in the mean time, the standard is stolen by the Marquis of Montserrat, in confederacy with the Grand Master of the Templars. Kenneth is, of course, to be executed; but his life is spared at the entreaty of Hakim the physician, who carries him away. He shortly returns in the guise of a black mute, the king and his confederates are induced to pay a visit to Saladin, and a wager of battle is ordered between the Marquis of Montserrat, who had been detected by the greyhound as the plunderer

of the standard, and Kenneth, to try the right. The Marquis is vanquished. The grand master, who had been his confederate, murders him under pretence of receiving his confession, the crime is detected by the absurd dwarf, who calls out "accipe hoc;" this "hoc" is retorted on the Templar by Saladin, who cuts off his head at the banquet. Saladin proves to be the fighting Emir and the physician, Kenneth, proves to be the said Huntingdon, as we noticed before, and Edith's love is crowned.

Such is the drama, and the readers of it will perceive that it is not a very great effort of epic dexterity.

If, in both tales, the characters are often drawn with the author's usual energy and tangibility, they are not often marked by much novelty. That of Rose is more striking than that of Eveline, or of Edith, which, however energetic, remind us somewhat too much of Rebecca. Flammock is rather new, and is well maintained; being, indeed, almost the hero of the first tale. Of Randal, we would gladly have seen more, and, we confess, that we expected more. He appears to have been sketched for a better purpose, and then abandoned or forgotten. We have heard the character of Saladin praised; but, in our own estimation, it is a failure. He is a Norman knight, rather than an Arab; and, in spite of quotations from the Koran, and all the oriental locality with which he is attended, we miss that reality of character which it was the author's duty to discover and apply. These are matters in which readers are too apt to mislead themselves, on many other occasions, and in many other circumstances, belonging to this author's romance, as indeed to other romances. Unable to refer to a real standard, for want of reading and reflection, they take that one which the author himself furnishes, and then, trying him by his own scale, pronounce on his truth.

We have not room to analyse these matters at more length; but we do wish that this Unknown gentleman would condescend to be less childish and absurd than he has on various occasions chosen to show himself, not only here, but through the whole nearly of his romances. The miserable machinery of the two dwarfs is beneath a person of his powers; and we could have well spared the whole subterranean scenes, which savour too much of common novel writing. But if we have not space to criticise minutely for good, still less are we inclined to enter on minute censure. There is through the whole, with a few exceptions, that vivacity in which this author so seldom fails, that bringing of scenes and personages before the eyes, with that happy intermixture of narrative and dialogue, which give so dramatic an effect to his writings. That our judgment is favourable, it is easy to perceive; and yet it must be recollected that all the recent writings of this author owe much to his early and better ones; and that even those which are absolutely bad become endured, or even admired, from the favourable prejudice with which we enter on their perusal. We do not think, for example, that,

from any other pen, St. Ronan's Well, or Redgauntlet, would have been tolerated; but we read them as we do the Troilus and Cressida, and thus also contrive to discover beauties which, though really existing, would, from any other pen, have passed unnoticed. Thus these tales, and even worse ones, may really add to the author's fame, instead of detracting from it. If viewed at least in this light, they will; though we are very sure that they would not have formed the fame of another or of an inferior author.

We must now end. How much longer the Unknown means to proceed in novel writing, is unknown to us, but may be conjectured. That he has long cared nothing for reputation, and every thing for money, is sufficiently plain. It is useless, therefore, to put it to his honour that the reputation of an author is worth his care; and we may fairly conclude that he will continue to write as long as he can hold the pen. That he should do so while he considers "*virtutem post nummos*," is to be expected; and, if he himself has no compunctious visitings, we are satisfied, since a certain quantity of novel writing is necessary, and the ground may as well be occupied by Constable and Co. as by Lane, Newman, and Co.

We do think, however, that it is time for him to vary his actors, his characters, his chronologies, and even his language, somewhat more. He has surely more than exhausted every style and age that he has attempted; and why, having done well,—brilliantly,—as he has done, will he go on with his homilies, like the Archbishop of Granada, till we nod. Of the whole race of Stewart, we have been long nauseated; and he has exhausted all that he knows about the service of Corporal Trim; he has exhausted his own native jargon; he has exhausted hanging and law, and Highlands, and chivalry, and the first chapter of Henry's history, and Grose's Antiquities, and, if he be prudent, he will shut up his black letter books (if black letter indeed they be), and all else that ever he has looked into, and betake himself to new reading, new people, new writings; but not to Sir Bingo Binks, and his Coterie.

Can we speculate on what he will do next. History is open to him; but, unluckily, as surely as he dips into history, it will be, not only to pervert it, but to give us again and again the same puppets. Else, we would have recommended him to Spain. Why not go to Barcelona and Tunis, and acquire new ideas to repair or replace the exhausted ones. The Italian republics would furnish him food, but he would wreck on the same shoals. Early Germany is an unploughed field; but he would plough it with the old ploughshare, and his crops would be the same as they have been. The French revolution?

But if he wants to make money (and what else does he want, or rather desire), why will he not turn methodist, and take to the religious novel. Being a Scotchman, he might talk metaphysics, at least as well as Tremaine. The *connection* is wide, and he may choose Whitfield if he does not like Westley; and, if he hits well, he will fill his pockets as

rapidly as ever he filled them yet. Canting is "as easy as lying," nothing so easy: and, if he could not cant as well as the best of them, he is not the man we take him for, while there is any thing to be gained by it. Being "Unknown," he need not fear to change his coat as often as he lists; and he who has contrived to remain Unknown so long, is not likely to be troubled with troublesome shame.

We have but one other suggestion to make, and it is offered in kindness, because we are convinced that if he is to renovate, it can only be by an entire change of design. He is a poet of imagination, few more so, and his talents in description are acknowledged. Oriental reading is accessible, and he has it perhaps more in his power than European ever had, to attempt, at least to approach, if not to rival, the oriental romancers. We can conceive him rioting in their field; for, that it is exhausted, we will never admit, while human actions and events are inexhaustible. But he is in Ireland, and we must now expect to see how he will treat with the O'Raffartys and the O'Shaugnessys, whether he will rival the Edgeworths, and exterminate the Maturins and the Owensons.

IMPERFECT DRAMATIC ILLUSION.

A play is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the scenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion can in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told, is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators. In tragedy—in all which is to affect the feelings—this undivided attention to his stage business, seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our cleverest tragedians; and, while these references to an audience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be produced in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the scene. The utmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature, to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* upon a stage would produce any thing but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards. Could any thing be more agreeable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was

this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for?—We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn “that man was frightened.” But we forgot all the while—or kept it almost a secret to ourselves—that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures—meant at *us*, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are misers so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor by a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the insecure tenure by which he holds his money bags and parchments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the character—the self-closeness with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i. e.* is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not *to the life*. When Gatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to recognise, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of reality?

Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the case with a late actor. Nothing could be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of every thing before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personæ Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt himself and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all. Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same

degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspect the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatic illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalized behind the scenes, taken in into the interest of the drama, welcomed as by-standers however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in farce may think he *sees something*, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osric for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the scene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities, worries the studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comic, the actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone, which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel: his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which, to render it comic demands an antagonist comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any worthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of *Free and Easy*.

Many instances would be tedious; these may suffice to show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience, which is exacted of it; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

ELIA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Coronation of Charles X.

It will be remembered by our readers that at the termination of one of his seasons, Mr. Elliston produced at Drury Lane a faithful representation of the Coronation of George the Fourth, and quite charmed the town with his own august presence and the novelty of a platform across the pit. Not a person of any repute failed to see the procession: and the consequence was, that the great lessee took considerable sums of money from the English people, and wore the crown nightly so long as ever half-a-crown remained in the public pockets. The success of this pageant made the managers extremely hungry after another coronation, and they anxiously waited the dropping in of any of our neighbouring kings to give the English an idea of a foreign ceremony. To the delight of Messrs. Elliston, Willett, Kemble, and Forbes, the King of France suddenly took it into his stomach to die, and the anxiously wished-for pageant of a French Coronation was opened to them. Great was the agitation in France and in England. Artists and artizans laboured away in Paris and in Rheims. The Duke of Northumberland had new liveries for himself and servants;—Charles X. bespoke a pleasing pair of ornamental hessians;—Mr. Stanfield went abroad with several pounds of king's yellow for coronation sunrises;—Mr. Grieve and assistants obtained passports, and determined on bringing home the Cathedral of Rheims, middle aisle, and all!—The ostriches looked with dismay to their tails;—and Mr. Planche, with a clean pen, set off on full pay, and in silk attire, to watch the motions of His Majesty, Charley over the water, and bring home the most authentic patterns of his breeches and his boots. For many weeks, while the rehearsal was going on at Rheims, the bills told us that an eye was kept upon it, and that the thing would be faithfully played in England “as speedily as the great and costly preparation would permit.” The Coronation, as all newspaper readers know, went off very languidly at Rheims: but our managers, by a most judicious procrastination of its representation in England, allowed the recollection of its non-attraction to escape; and not until all memory of Charles X. had subsided, did Messrs. Elliston, Kemble, and Co. trouble the British public on the subject. At length, however, Mr. Colman having vented his old age upon the little dramas which were made as preludes to the processions, the platforms were laid in the pit of each Theatre (never get up a Coronation without a platform in the pit!), and the nightly crowning proceeded as dully as at Rheims. At both Theatres the Gentlemen of the Procession were well feathered and incomparably sober; but the Covent Garden Charles beat his Majesty of Drury hollow in dignity and in splendour. Mr. O. Smith, like Tom Cannon, did his best, but it was his fate to be beaten. Certainly the march of king, trumpeters, and nobles, all round the fiddlers and foot-lights to the

gate of the cathedral, the entry, and the sudden change to the interior, with the voices of the choristers, the sound of the organ, the profusion of lights and bright dresses, were at Covent Garden very striking; but the eye and ear only were interested; and gentlemen might as well have left the rest of themselves at home, for any use that the rest might be to them.

At Drury Lane a series of Panoramic Views, representing the Steyne at Brighton, the sea, the harbour of Dieppe, the town of Rouen, and the country up to Paris, was beautifully painted. The harbour of Dieppe is suffocated with sunshine, as Turner's picture in the last exhibition represents it. The audience applauded the ostrich feathers and the pretty pictures, and went home totally exhausted with the shows.

Little need be said of the Dramatic introductions, written to order, for the purpose of introducing the pageant. At Covent Garden, the Ramsbottom's letters in the John Bull are acted, and "that's the plot." Poor Mr. Bartley and Mrs. Davenport are intrusted with some double-refined vulgarity which tells well with the galleries; and a few aged and revered puns met with that respect from the well regulated families in the boxes and pit which their years entitled them to. The dialogue must, we fear, have been done at trade price. At Drury Lane, however, the introductory piece is much worse than that at Covent Garden; it is entitled "Five Minutes too late, or an Elopement to Rheims," and is made up of a runaway pawnbroking apprentice with his master's daughter, and the pursuit of the parent five minutes too late. We do not know which of the carpenters of the establishment was guilty of this piece of villanous machinery, but he ought to be singled out and shunned by all his fellow workmen, as a disgrace to the tribe. If any one of the Irish fruit women in Covent Garden market could not write a less vulgar drama without tutoring, we would consent to eat Mrs. Harlowe grilled, or pass a month in Charnwood Forest with Mr. Claremont. The tramp about the pit, however, was the plumb in the cake, and that was all sufficient.

We should not forget to extol Mr. Farley, who strutted before his Majesty in a stupendous style. He was indeed "a dainty dish to set before the king."

The English Opera House has commenced its season with a strong company, and if the weather will permit, we should expect that the harvest would be pretty well got in here. A light and pleasant opera from the pen of Mr. Arnold has been produced, and with success; it is called "Broken Promises; or the Colonel, the Captain, and the Corporal." The songs are unaffectedly, though not strikingly written, and the music is very judiciously selected and arranged. The dialogue is a good deal too sententious, but the situations are evidently arranged by an experienced hand. The plot consists of the usual love perplexities and mistakes, which, of course, are all properly unravelled at the conclusion. The piece was throughout admirably acted; Miss

Stephens was in full song; and Miss Noel warbled most pleasingly. Wrench, as a cool impudent Colonel, took his snuff and his liberties with perfect ease; and Power, as an Irish Corporal, shewed a talent for easy Hibernian humour of a very superior kind. A new singer, a Mr. Thorne, acquitted himself well; and a young lady of the name of Gray, a pupil of Miss Kelly, gave promise of future excellence, which we are confident she will fulfil: she was remarkably easy and natural, and had evidently caught some of the natural archness of her inimitable preceptress. Miss Kelly herself, as a country girl, was all that even an author could desire. She charmed a very common place part, by the talisman of her genius, into one of enchanting humour and simplicity, and the most touching pathos. Her frank affection for her lover, her confiding delight, her despair at his faithlessness, her quiet grievous interview, and her loss of all self-possession when he intreats her forgiveness, are not acting, but nature; and we would advise every one to go to this opera to see how a country girl really loves and lives. The opera, pruned a little of its moral discourses, would be likely to have a run beyond even the present season.

Since our remarks on the Coronation pieces were written, both Theatres have suddenly put up their shutters, and refused to keep open-shops longer. The sultry, Calcutta-hole weather left the King of France in the bosom of Mr. Farley only, and His Majesty walked in a silver shirt all round the lamps, over an empty pit, and in the presence only of three fruit women, six bottles of ginger beer, and four orders in bonnets in the first circle. The managers seeing no great chance of thus getting their bread (though they could have baked it in their own houses), closed the two huge national ovens, and allowed Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom to return to their attic in the John Bull. The heat in the houses on the few last nights was terrific. The effect on Mr. Terry was surprizing,—he was two degrees above freezing point. And it was remarked that Mrs. Davenport stood at 136 in the shade! One of the managers, it was on one night feared, was seized with hydrophobia. Winston tried him with a glass of water, and he turned his head away with manifest disgust. Mr. Martin, the horse patrol, appeared to suffer much from the cruel heat; and it is hoped that he will be induced to legislate next session against any recurrence of the severity of the dog days. Unfortunately, since the great theatres closed, the weather maliciously cooled at a day's notice, and the two little houses will now gorge the play-goers without molestation from their bouncing rivals.

Two Farces, one at Drury-Lane and the other at the Haymarket, have walked across the stage since last we made any report of the proceedings at the theatres. We forget their names, and cannot therefore make a Marc Antony oration over their dead bodies. In fact, they went off in so rapid a damnation, that before we could put our hands in our pockets and bring out the money, that never knows return, the two little farces were gone to the devil.

In the month of June, poor old Tom Dibdin, driven to desperation by the ingratitude and closeness of Morris of the Haymarket Theatre, brought an action for remuneration as author and stage manager to the theatre. It appeared that Thomas had written a piece to measurement for some rein deer; the latter of which died before the former could be damned. Morris paid a trifle into court, and the jury, conceiving an author to be well paid at even half-a-crown a quarter, gave a very trifle as damages. We should have thought Tom Dibdin, who has been a wheeler in the stage line any time these five and twenty years, would have known better than to confide in the liberality or even fairness of managers. An inexperienced youngster might be pardoned his ten pound visions of dramatic success; but for the old accustomed Dibdin to be betrayed, denotes a decay of the mental faculties quite alarming. Really, his friends should look to him.

Miss Foote has been hissed by the chaste Irish, and Manager Abbott "up and spoke" about the cratur's want of gallantry, shielding himself with an umbrella from a heavy shower of penny pieces which was falling at the time. One rebel, we are happy to say, was taken into custody by peace officer Salogly. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, has been very gallantly received at the Dublin Theatre.

Indeed the particularly particular Irish have been very marked in their manner of welcoming this celebrated character; and the accounts of him and of his reception are not a little amusing.

During the performance of the *Man of the World* on one of the nights in the last month, at Covent Garden, two unruly shilling critics expressed their opinion of Mr. Young's performance of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in a very unequivocal manner. The cries of "off, off," from these severe deities became at length so troublesome, that the first tragedian of the day laid aside his Scotch, and his "boeing," and, advancing to the footlights, made the following singular appeal in favour of "the illusion of the scene;" as if the creeping Scotchman could ever be more remembered after this direct bearding of his unruly critics. Mr. Young trembled as he spoke; and the audience, moved by his pathetic address, gave him a round of applause, which silenced the brace of candid reviewers, and restored "the illusion of the scene." "Oh! the Father!" what an orator he is!

"I am aware that it is only in rare cases an actor may address an audience. Every one has a right to express his disapprobation; and *if it be done at intervals*, it does not interfere with the business on the stage. But I must beg to suggest to you, that if these expressions of disapproval *be kept up*, it is impossible the actor can preserve that abstraction which is necessary *to the illusion of the scene*."

The Haymarket Theatre fills pretty well, and without any great novelties, but the company is excellent; and Madame Vestris, as Apollo in *Midas*, calls together all the young apprentices about town previous to their suppers at the saloon in Piccadilly. She is a very tight little personage in her dress; and indeed looks a mighty dapper Daphne-hunter.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

NO. 1. TO HIS MOTHER.

Philadelphia Sep. 17. 1749.

Hon^d Mother,—We received your kind Letter by this Post, and are glad to hear you still continue to enjoy such a share of Health.—Cousin Josiah and his Spouse arrived here hearty and well last Saturday noon ; I met them the Evening before at Trenton, 30 miles off and accompany'd them to Town. They went into their own House on Monday & I believe will do very well for he seems bent on Industry and she appears a discreet notable young Woman. My Wife has been to see them every Day, calling in as she passes by, and I suspect has fallen in Love with our new Cousin, for she entertains me a deal when she comes home with what Cousin Sally does and what Cousin Sally says & what a good contriver she is and the like.

I believe it might be of service to me in the matter of getting in my debts, if I were to make a voyage to London ; but I have not yet determined on it in my own mind, & think I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it.—

The Indians are gone homewards, loaded with presents ; in a week or two the Treaty with them will be printed & I will send you one.

My Love to Brother and sister Mecom & to all enquiring Friends.

I am your dutiful Son

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 2. TO HIS DAUGHTER (AFTERWARDS MRS. RICH. BACHE).

Reedy Island. Nov 8th. 1764. 7 at night.

My dear Sally,—We got down here at sunset having taken in more live stock at New Castle with some other things we wanted. Our good friends Mr Galloway, Mr Wharton and Mr James came with me in the ship from Chester to New Castle and went ashore there. It was kind to favour me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends, at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice ; I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good Mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me ; but why should I mention *me* when you have so much higher a promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favour of God—You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account, for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one what-

ever) yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches; the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than Sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth; I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company on the hours you set apart for those studies—I think you and every body should if they could, have certain days or hours * * [*a few lines lost*] * * * she cannot be spoke with; but will be glad to see you at such a time.

We expect to be at sea to morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you which is worth more than a thousand of mine, tho' they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister † as I cannot write to them and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends and to our good neighbours.

I am my dear child Your ever affectionate father

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 3. TO HIS SISTER MRS. JANE MECOM.

London, Jan 13. 1772.

My dear sister,—I received your kind letters of September 12 and Nov. 9th.—I have now been some weeks returned from my journey through Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the north of England, which besides being an agreeable tour with a pleasant companion, has contributed to the establishment of my health, and this is the first ship I have heard of by which I could write to you. I thank you for the receipts; they are as full and particular as one could wish—but can easily be practised only in

† Governor Franklin and lady.

America; no Bayberry wax nor any Brassiletto being here to be had, at least to my knowledge. I am glad however that those useful arts that have been so long in our family, are now put down in writing. Some future branch may be the better for it.—It gives me pleasure that those little things sent by Jonathan proved agreeable to you. I write now to Cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond: there has been forbearance enough on my part, seven years or more without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the Debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania of whom it was said that it being against his Principle to pay Interest and against his interest to pay the Principal he paid neither one nor t'other. I doubt you have taken too old a pair of Glasses, being tempted by their magnifying greatly. But people in chusing should only aim at remedying the defect. The glasses that enable them to *see as well* at the same distance they used to hold their book or work while their eyes were good are those they should chuse, not such as make them see better, for such contribute to hasten the time when still older glasses will be necessary.

All who have seen my grandson agree with you, in their accounts of his being an uncommonly fine boy, which brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky tho' now dead 36 years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every thing and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh.—Mr Bache is here. I found him at Preston in Lancashire with his mother and sisters, very agreeable people and I brought him to London with me. I very much like his behaviour. He returns in the next ship to Philadelphia. The gentleman who brought your last letter, Mr. Fox, staid but a few minutes with me, and has not since called as I desired him to do. I shall endeavour to get the arms you desire for cousin Coffin; Having now many letters to write, I can now only add my love to cousin Jenny and that Sally Franklin presents her duty; Mrs Stephenson desires to be affectionately remembered

I am as ever your affectionate brother

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. No arms of The Folgers are to be found in the Herald's office. I am persuaded it was originally a Flemish family which came over with many others from that country in Qu. Elizabeth's time flying from the persecution then raging there.

NOTES.

Dr Franklin had three children, of whom the eldest Francis Folger Franklin died in childhood, his second son William was the Governor of N. Jersey and sided with the crown in the revolutionary contest; his only daughter Sarah, was married to Mr. Richard Bache mentioned above, whose children and grand children now reside in Philadelphia.

Cousin Josiah mentioned in the first letter was Dr Franklin's nephew, a son of his favourite sister Jane to whom the last of the above letters is addressed.

THE BELZONI SEPULCHRE.

IF the late Mr. Belzoni was less critically, or less profoundly, versed in the science and literature of antiquity, than some other of those European travellers who have busied themselves in exploring the wonders of Egypt, he was in native shrewdness of observation, enterprising perseverance, and presence of mind in new and untried situations, inferior to none, and superior to most. It was he who found access to that pyramid (of Cephrenes) whose interior chambers the mercenary cupidity and the antiquarian curiosity of centuries had sought for in vain; and it was Belzoni who, not merely discovered and penetrated the subterranean mysteries of a Theban tomb—or rather a sepulchral palace, or perhaps temple, which had been closed for thousands of years, but actually, though possessed of very limited resources, save those of his own ingenuity, effected its virtual transportation from the capital city of the ancient world, to the metropolis of the modern.

Let now those scholars who are versed in antiquarian lore, but perform their parts as ably as Belzoni has done, and we shall form some acquaintance at least with the sacred and recondite mysteries of the ancient world. Let those who would follow up the hieroglyphical studies of Dr. Young and M. Champollion, but avail themselves of the facilities which the labours of Belzoni and the studies of Mr. Salt* appear to have placed within their reach, and we shall not be long without an history of ancient Egypt.

There have been those antiquaries who have said, “Who will show us any good? Who will disclose to us any *new* old studies.” Here is an entire province, of the most interesting character, and which is but beginning to be surveyed; for it must be acknowledged that but little has yet been ascertained by the students who are named above—that is to say, but little in the way of satisfactorily explaining the hieroglyphics, or of understanding the sculptured contents of the Belzoni tomb, has been so completely established as to be placed beyond future question.

The reader perhaps may not be displeased to have a short account set before him of that little. It is now some years since Dr. Young, from studying the monument captured from the French in Egypt, and now in the British Museum, which is commonly known by the name of the Rosetta stone, discovered the hieroglyphical name of Ptolemy, surrounded by an elliptical boundary: he next proceeded to ascertain that other proper names were thus surrounded, in Egyptian inscriptions, and

* This gentleman, whose public situation as the British Consul General for Egypt, affords him the very best local opportunities of information, has recently put forth a small volume *On the Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics, with some additional Discoveries, &c.*

some few other names of Egyptian sovereigns, appeared to be settled to the satisfaction of other antiquaries; so that when Mr. Belzoni published the account of his travels, and opened his first Egyptian exhibition in Piccadilly, the tomb he had discovered in the vicinity of Thebes, was confidently announced, on the above learned authority, to be that of an Egyptian sovereign, who reigned about six centuries before the commencement of our era. His name, "*Psammis*," and his mystic titles were said to be inscribed on his belt, and in fifty other places in the different chambers of the catacomb. Other hieroglyphical passages, dispersed about the interior of the monument, were interpreted to mean "*Psammis the Powerful*;" "*Devoted to Pthah*," (the Egyptian *Vulcan*;) "*Osiris, Dispenser of Comforts to the Countries*;" "*Sacred Father of the Protecting Powers, living, unalterable, reigning, and ministering*."

In corroboration of these expositions, a certain procession, which is sculptured in low relief, and also painted, on the wall of one of the chambers, was pronounced to be of those Æthiopian, Persian (or Babylonian), and Hebrew, captives which adorned the triumphs of Necho, the father of King Psammis; and, in proof of these historical facts, were cited Herodotus, the Hebrew Chronicles, and the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. Necho, the father of Psammis, has also (with greater probability) been argued to have been the real tenant of the tomb in question. But since these announcements of Dr. Young and Mr. Belzoni, the opinions of M. Champollion concerning this mysterious sepulchre have been made public, who affirms that it is not the tomb of *Psammis*, or of *Necho*, but that of *Petosiris*; and since Mrs. Belzoni has re-erected it in Leicester-square, with an enlarged development of some of its principal apartments, it has been visited by Professor Lee of Cambridge, who in the following memoir denies that it is either of these, and argues that it is the sepulchre of *Sesostris the Great*!

"Historic Record preferred to Theory, respecting a great Catacomb of several Chambers, sculptured with Hieroglyphics, at Val-beban-el Malook near Thebes, in Upper Egypt, by Francis Lee, Baron of Sicily, Member of the Society Philomuson at Athens, Arcadian Society at Rome, Asiatic Society in India, A. M. of Cambridge, &c.

"They are professed to have been decyphered, and asserted to contain, in many parts, the names of Nechao and Psammis, to whom these catacombs have been assigned. This appears contrary to historic record, for Herodotus, who wrote about four hundred years before our era, or a hundred years after the time of the Pharaohs, Nechao, and Psammis, states that when he visited Egypt, priests read to him of kings from Menes to Meris. Then of *Sesostris*, who subdued many parts of Asia, and the Scythians and Thracians in Europe, constructing in each part columns as trophies. That he was the only Egyptian who subjugated Ethiopia; a circumstance recorded by statues erected to him; that he was succeeded by his son Pheron; then by a king whose name signified

Proteus in Greek ; then Rampsinus ; Cheops, who constructed the great pyramid ; his brother Cephrenes, who raised the second ; Mycerinus, son of Cheops ; Asychis, Anysis, and Sethon. Then twelve contemporary kings, one of whom, Psammeticos-Sates, obtained the sole sway. That he was succeeded by his son, Nechao, who sent from the Red Sea an expedition, the first that circumnavigated Africa. That he was succeeded by his son Psammis, who attempted a *fruitless* incursion into Ethiopia, and dying soon after, left the government to his son Aprias, who invaded Sidon, and had a naval engagement with the Tyrians ; but at length being repulsed, and his country (Egypt) invaded, an Egyptian usurper, Amasis, aiding the confederates, made Aprias prisoner in his own palace, where, after a time, he was strangled, at Sais, in the Delta. Herodotus expressly says, "*he was buried there with his ancestors.*" He particularly describes the position of the cemetery ; the left hand side of those entering the temple of Athena, or Minerva, near his palace. Therefore, his immediate lineal predecessors, *Nechao* and *Psammis*, must have been interred there, and not near Thebes, in Upper Egypt. The people of Sais, he adds, always interred the kings of their provinces at this temple. On the death of Amasis, Cambyses possessed himself of Egypt, and plundered its monuments, &c. ; and Persian kings governed it two hundred and six years. Then Alexander the Great conquered Egypt, and his Macedonian successors, the Ptolemies, ruled two hundred and seventy-six years.

"By desire of Ptolemy Euergetes, a list of kings of Thebes, and also of Lower Egypt, was compiled from the Theban and Alexandrian libraries, by Eratosthenes, who professes to give their succession, as will be seen in the chronology preserved by Syncellus of Byzantium."

"In Herodotus, Psammeticos-Sates corresponds with Psammeticos, the eighty-second king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, his son Nechos answers to Nechao the eighty-third king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, Nechao, son of Psammis, agrees with Psammeticos, the eighty-fourth king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, his son Apries appears to be Vapres, the eighty-fifth king of Eratosthenes ; and in Herodotus, the usurper Amasis is identified with Amasis, the eighty-sixth king of Eratosthenes."

Diodorus of Sicily wrote about fifty years before our æra, and also says, Menes was the first king of Egypt ; and many years after, reigned *Gneph Achthus*, (called by Eratosthenes Atheus,) and fifty-two of his line. Next, Busiris and eighty-eight descendants, the last also a Busiris, who embellished Diospolis or Thebes with stately gates, temples, and porticoes. Diodorus states, that the eighth from Busiris was Enchoreus, who exalted Memphis to splendour ; and that afterwards most of the successive kings preferred it to Thebes, which, in consequence, declined. He adds, the seventh from Enchoreus was Sesostris, succeeded by his son, Sesostris the Second, whom Herodotus calls Pheron. Though Thebes declined from the latter Busiris, the second, its kings appear to have been

interred in that part for many ages, even through the reigns of Satis, *Nechao*, *Psammis*, and Apries of Lower Egypt. Accordingly, Diodorus adds, that to Thebes belonged forty-seven magnificent sepulchres, of which only seventeen remained undemolished in the time of Ptolemy Lagos. During his reign, Thebes was visited by a Greek, named Ecateos, who wrote a description of them; and that the greatest, called the Mausoleum of Osymanduas contained a cemetery for priestesses of Zeus or Jupiter. It was ten furlongs, or a mile and a quarter, in circumference, and wonderful for the number, extent, and height of its saloons, which he describes; and the mural figures, representing the warfare of Osymanduas against the Bactrians, (Asiatics east of the Caspian sea); also representing prisoners led in triumph; also a vast zodiacal circle or planisphere, with diurnal motions of the stars; which was transported by Cambyses, together with vast plunder to Persepolis, Susa, and other parts of Asia. Hence may be inferred, that the kings governing Thebes, as well as lower Egypt, continued, through a long succession of reigns after Busiris, to be buried near Thebes; as a considerable time elapsed before the succession of Osymanduas. Sesostris, one of these kings, the greatest, appears to have been also interred there. The catacombs also appear, from the description, to have been plundered by Cambyses. *Sesostris*, the only great conqueror who subdued Ethiopia, received numerous embassies of his tributary princes, four of whom at a time drew him in his car to a temple. The Persians, Ethiopians, Jews, and Egyptians, represented by four together, in sculpture of these catacombs which might be his, may be the ambassadors waiting on him. Herodotus bears testimony to only the dynasty of Sates having cemeteries in Lower Egypt. This new dynasty of Sates united twelve governments which sprang up, and he and his direct descendants, *Nechao* and *Psammis*, immediate ancestors of Apries, were buried not far from Memphis at Sais, as is recorded; so that by analytic reasoning from Herodotus, and synthetic from Diodorus, the catacombs, whence the alabaster sarcophagus was conveyed to London, by Belzoni, had been dedicated to a king long before the time, and many hundred miles distant from the place, of *Nechao* and *Psammis*. Such are the historic records in opposition to a published theory:—That first, the principal figure of the catacomb has his girdle marked with the name of *Psammis*, as in plate first. [See remarks on Belzoni's plates.] Secondly, that the square tablet suspended from the neck may mean *king Osyris-Psammis, the son of Nechao*. Thirdly, that columns over the altar contain a similar inscription with epithets. Fourthly, that over the vulture's left wing is inscribed "*The good God, Giver of Comforts to both Regions.*" "*Psammis the brilliant and the joyful.*" Fifthly, over the right wing, "*The Son of the Disposer of Delights!*" "*Nechao, the Companion of the Sun,*" &c.

As these symbols are not *proved* to signify *Nechao* or *Psammis*, nor the various persons and matters assigned; there being no good grounds

of support, nor a foot to rest on, the historic records are preferable to such a theory."

It is customary among scholars to resort for information concerning the earlier facts of profane history to Diodorus, where Herodotus is found to fail: but we need scarcely say, that the authority of the learned Sicilian is not in general preferred to that of the father of history. On the contrary, the character of the latter for veracity stands very far the highest. Now there is nothing in the record of Herodotus to countenance the Professor Lee's supposition that Sesostris was interred at Thebes. Memphis appears to have been, in the time of that monarch, the metropolis of Egypt, and the temple of Vulcan, (erected by him) or catacombs in its immediate vicinity, the place of royal sepulture. There is no direct mention in Diodorus that Sesostris was entombed at Thebes, nor any thing like it; but the learned professor argues that it may be inferred he was buried there, because Diodorus says the tomb of Osymanduas was there.—But why does he write, in apparent discordance with his own argument, that "though Thebes declined from the latter Busiris, *its kings appear to have been interred in that part* for many ages, even through the reigns of Sates, Nechao, Psammis, and Apries? Unless Thebes was governed by separate kings from the rest of Egypt during these many ages, this passage is very like direct contravention of his own purpose.

Meanwhile Herodotus, who does not mention Osymanduas at all, writes of Sesostris, that "on his return to Egypt, he employed the captives of the different nations he had vanquished to collect those vast stones which were *employed in the temple of Vulcan.*" [Euterpe cviii.] And a little further on, "This prince placed as a *monument*, some marble statues before the temple of Vulcan, two of these were thirty cubits in height, and represented him and his queen; four others, of twenty cubits each, represented his four children." [Ibid. cx.] and again, "On the death of Sesostris, his son Pheron succeeded to the throne. The successor of Pheron, was a citizen of Memphis, whose name in the Greek language was Proteus: his *shrine* is still to be seen at *Memphis*: it is situated to the south of the *temple of Vulcan*, and is very magnificently decorated." [Ch. cxi. cxii.]

May we not infer from putting together these detached passages, that Sesostris, who edified this temple of Vulcan at Memphis, which was also a place of sepulture, and who erected monumental statues there, was most likely there interred?

We by no means intend to insist on this, as a demonstrated historical fact: but only as rendered probable. Our argument is, that the Cambridge professor has not *settled* the occupancy of the Belzoni sepulchre in favour of Sesostris; and that the question is still open to discussion. A problem so interesting, with the means of solving it so immediately before our eyes, has not for a long series of ages agitated the antiquarian world.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

Elections and Admissions to Fellowships, &c.

June 22.—Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. son of Sir James Mackintosh, Knt. M.P. admitted Scholar of New College.

June 27.—Francis Russell Nixon, and Henry Thorp, admitted Actual Fellows; and Francis Povah, and Charles Edward Birch, elected Scholars of St. John's.

June 28.—Edward Field, B.A. of Queen's College, elected a Michel Fellow of that society.

June 30.—John Griffith Cole, Commoner of Exeter, and John Bramston, B.A. of Oriel, elected Fellows of Exeter College.

Rev. Thomas Finlow, M.A. and the Rev. Charles John Hume, B.A. admitted Actual Fellows; the Rev. Henry Brown Newman, B.A. probationary Fellow, and Herbert Johnson, elected Scholar of Wadham College.

Mr. Bennett, of Chichester, who has been recently elected Organist of New College, has been appointed by the Vice-Chancellor Organist of the University Church.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctors in Divinity.

June 2.—William Bewsher, Queen's.

June 9.—Richard Whately, Principal of St. Alban's Hall.

June 30.—John Bull, Student of Christ Church and Canon Residentiary of Exeter.

July 9.—Thomas Frognall Dibdin, St. John's College, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, and Vicar of Exning, Suffolk, (Grand Compounder.)

Bachelors in Divinity.

June 2.—William Bewsher, Queen's.

June 30.—Richard Moore Boulton, Merton.

July 9.—Thomas Frognall Dibdin, St. John's College, (Grand Compounder.)

Masters of Arts.

June 2.—G. H. Dashwood, Lincoln.

C. H. Parker, Lincoln.

C. Milnes, Lincoln.

R. C. Phelps, Trinity.

H. E. Shew, Worcester.

E. Bazalgette, Balliol.

G. Sandby, Merton.

J. Pyke, Exeter.

9.—E. Williams, Jesus.

N. J. Stubbin, St. John's.

J. T. Flesher, Lincoln.

P. French, Queen's.

C. Erck, Edmund Hall.

T. Williams, Magdalen Hall.

H. A. Veck, Magdalen Hall.

D. F. Markham, Christ Church.

W. Thackeray, Brasenose.

W. R. Churton, Oriel.

J. Parker, Oriel.

C. J. F. Clinton, Oriel.

J. Folliott, Pembroke.

E. Hawkins, Pembroke.

W. W. Gale, Pembroke.

G. Dandridge, Worcester.

16.—E. Buller, Oriel.

Hon. C. Finch, Merton.

H. Allen, Worcester.

G. Baldwin, Brasenose.

F. C. Massingberd, Magdalen.

R. Briscoe, Christ Church.

W. H. Butler, Christ Church.

R. K. Benson, Christ Church.

E. Howells, Christ Church.

A. Jones, St. John's.

J. Olive, Wadham.

G. R. Paulson, Balliol.

June 30.—C. S. Hassels, Trinity.

A. Herbert, Merton.

L. G. G. Dryden, Lincoln.

P. W. Taylor, Edmund Hall.

W. B. Cosens, Magdalen Hall.

R. Noble, Brasenose.

J. B. Webb, Brasenose.

J. M. D. Alexander, Brasenose.

G. B. Farrant, St. John's.

G. Roberts, Jesus.

G. Goddard, Jesus.

W. H. Twemlow, Ch. Ch.

H. Gower, Christ Church.

D. Cameron, Wadham.

July 4.—W. Whately, New College.

9.—R. H. Fowler, Exeter.

H. B. Newman, Wadham.

J. Rawlins, St. John's.

CAMBRIDGE.

June 25.—The Porson prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse was adjudged to John Hodgson, of Trinity College. Subject—King John, Act IV. Scene 2, beginning with—"K. John. How oft the sight of means," and ending with "Hubert. An innocent child."

June 28.—The member's prize for the best dissertation in Latin prose was adjudged to John Buckle, of Trinity College, senior, Bachelor. Subject—"De statu futuro quænam fuere veterum inter Græcos et Romanos Philosophorum dogmata?"

Mr. Samuel Best, of King's College, is admitted Fellow of that society.

July 1.—R. Foley, B.A. of Emmanuel College, is admitted Fellow of that society.

The Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, has announced his intention to offer himself as a candidate for the Professorship of Mineralogy on the vacancy which will be occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, who is appointed Regius Professor of Botany.

July 2.—The following Degrees were conferred :

Bachelors in Civil Law.

Rev. Napier Duncan Sturt, Christ College.

Rev. William Whitmore Greenway, Trinity Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.

Henry Atcheson, Esq. M.B. Jesus College.

Bachelors in Physic.

John Staunton, Esq. Caius College.

Henry J. Hayles Bond, Esq. Corpus Christi.

Richard Hobson, Esq. Queen's College.

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. John Underwood, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.

John Mandell, Catharine Hall.

Edward Nicholas Braddon, St. John's College.

John Griffiths Lloyd, Christ College.

William Overton, Trinity College.

Edward George Lytton Bulwer, Trinity Hall.

William Newport, Christ College.

Rev. James Harris, M.A. and Ferdinando Casson, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, were admitted *ad eundem* of the University.

George Barber Paley, Esq. B.A. of St. Peter's College, was elected a foundation Fellow of that society; Edmund Fisher, and Henry Edward Beville, Esqrs. B.A. were elected Fellows on Gisborne's foundation; and Frederick E. Bushby, Esq. M.A. Fellow on the Parke foundation.

July 4.—Rev. Charles Richard Sumner, of Trinity College, Prebendary of Canterbury, was created Doctor in Divinity by Royal mandate.

Rev. T. J. T. Salusbury, of Trinity Hall, was admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

July 5.—This being the commencement day the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created :

Doctors in Divinity.

Rev. Jonathan Walton, Trinity College, Rector of Birdbrooke, Essex.

Rev. Robert Jefferson, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, one of his Majesty's preachers at Whitehall.

Rev. Josiah Rowles Buckland, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Head Master of Uppingham school.

Rev. James Donne, St. John's College, Head Master of Oswestry school.

Rev. William Burford, Christ College.

Rev. Richard Symonds Joynes, Catharine Hall.

Rev. Charles Trip, Trinity College.

Rev. Arthur Savage Wade, St. John's College, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Warwick

Doctor in Civil Law.

Rev. Jacob George Wrench, Trinity Hall, Rector of Stowling, Kent.

Doctors in Physic.

Thomas Watson, Fellow of St. John's College.

George Leith Roupell, Caius College.

Richard Prichard Smith, Caius College.

John Spurgin, Caius College.

Doctor in Music.

Edward Hodges, Sidney Sussex College.

Masters of Arts.

Colin Alexander Campbell, Trin. Coll.

John Hanbury, Peter's College.

William Thompson, Trinity College.

James Newsam, Christ's Coll.

George B. Russell, Catharine.

Parnell T. Hicks, Trinity.

Thomas Newcome, Queen's.

Edward William Oldacres, Clar.

William Hardwicke, C. C.

John Roy Allen, Pembroke.

Edward C. Kindersley, Trinity.

William E. Chapman, St. John's.

James R. Hartley, Queen's.

Edwin Daniel, St. John's.

William Clavering, Trinity.

Joseph S. Egginton, Trinity.

Edward B. Frere, C. C.

George M'Clear, Trinity.

Edward Robert Earle, Chr.

Francis Synge, Peter's.

Thomas Harvey, Pembroke.

John William Butt, Sidney.

Thomas Mason, Emmanuel.

George Best, St. John's.

Nicholson R. Calvert, St. John's.

Robert Vanbrugh Law, Peter's.

John Ion, Pembroke.

Robert Lascelles, Christ's.

Leonard Jenyns, St. John's.

Edward Augustus Giraud, St. John's.

John H. Stephenson, Trinity.

William J. Hutchinson, Jesus.

George S. Porter, Christ's.

Coppinger H. Gooch, C. C.

John Birkett, St. John's.

Joseph Taylor, St. John's.

Henry Malden, Trinity.

Ebenezer Ware, Trinity.

Charles G. R. Festing, St. John's.

George Pitt, Trinity.

Charles B. Clough, St. John's.

John Evered, Trinity.

Frederic Thomas Pratt, Trinity.

Thomas Nash, Trinity.

William C. Walters, Jesus.

Robert Gorton, Jesus.

Richard Wood, C. C.

Hammett Holditch, Caius.

Bar Dudding, Catharine.

Thomas W. Whitaker, Emmanuel.

Ambrose Stapleton, Queen's.

William Turner, St. John's.

William Williamson, Sidney.

Thomas Gosnell Parr, St. John's.

William Edwards, Christ's.

Henry Locking, St. John's.

Joseph Clay, St. John's.

James C. Gordon, Peter's.

William Davenport, Peter's.

George Barber Payley, Peter's.

William Lockett, St. John's.

Edward Gwyn Blyth, Christ's.

William Charles Smith, St. John's.

James W. Huntley, St. John's.

Thomas Dixon, St. John's.

John Toll Burt, Caius.

Patrick Fenn, St. John's.

William Howie Bull, St. John's.

Edmund Smyth, St. John's.

Robert Hutchinson, St. John's.

John Haggitt, Clare.

Thomas Heath, Clare.

William Williams, St. John's.

Peter Blackburn, Christ's.

James Adcock, Peter's.

James Alderson, Pembroke.

Jonas Driver, C. C.

Edmund Gray, Queen's.

Robert Williams, Pembroke.

Edward Gould, Christ's.

Francis F. Ffolliott, St. John's.

Edward Silvester, St. John's.

W. Matthews Pierce, St. John's.

Charles S. Royds, Christ's.

George Long, Trinity.

James R. Cambell, Pembroke.

George Farley, Trinity.

J. H. M. Luxmore, St. John's.

Thomas Philpott, C. C.

Charles H. Brown, C. C.

G. H. H. Hutchinson, Caius.

William Bellas, Christ's.

George M. Fowke, Caius.

Thomas Raven, C. C.

Henry Salmon, Emmanuel.

Valentine Green, St. John's.

Robert Jarratt, St. John's.

John Jarratt, St. John's.

John Winn, St. John's.

Nathaniel Colville, St. John's.

Isaac Røbley, Trinity.

William Vaughan, St. John's.

Thomas Bates, Queen's.

W. H. Fox Talbot, Trinity.

Samuel Charlton, Sidney.

Stephen P. White, Trinity.

John Henry Steward, Trinity.
 John W. Hamilton, Trinity.
 Joseph H. Hamilton, Trinity.
 Charles Collins, St. John's.
 George Stone, Sidney.
 Richard Perry, Trinity.
 Chris. Hand Bennet, Trinity.
 Russel Richards, Trinity.
 Joseph Harris, Clare.
 Henry Farish, Queen's.
 William Mousley, Queen's.
 William Presgrave, Trinity.
 Joseph P. Wilmott, Trinity.
 Archibald H. Duthie, Trinity.
 George Greaves, C. C.
 Mitford Peacock, C. C.
 John Warburton, Pembroke.
 Edward Thomas Alder, Peter's.
 Alexander W. Scott, Peter's.
 John Greenwood, Jesus.
 R. C. W. Wilkinson, Trinity.
 Edwin Sydney, St. John's.
 Thomas S. Cobbold, Clare.
 Robert Ward, Clare.
 Robert Leicester, Clare.
 William Hyde, Emmanuel.
 James Gisborne, Magdalen.
 James Fendall, Jesus.
 William John Crole, St. John's.
 George Carter Cardale, Peter's.
 Marm. Terrington, Catharine Hall.
 George John Brookes, Pembroke.
 S. S. S. B. Whalley, Clare.
 Thomas C. Thornton, Clare.
 John Husband, Magdalen.
 John Collyer, Clare.
 William Collett, Sidney.
 John B. Magenis, St. John's.
 Richard Earle, St. John's.
 Charles W. Henning, Queen's.
 Frederick de Veil Williams, Queen's.
 W. H. C. Grey, St. John's.
 Charles P. Hyde, Pembroke.
 C. Hilton Wybergh, Pembroke.
 James Pearson Head, Pembroke.

Arthur Trollope, Pembroke.
 George Gage, St. John's.
 Gawan Taylor, Trinity.
 Henry Thompson, St. John's.
 George H. Hughes, C. C.
 Henry Schneider, St. John's.
 Thomas B. Allan, Trinity.
 Edward John Lloyd, Trinity.
 Richard M. White, Clare.
 John M. Norman, Trinity.
 William G. Thomas, Trinity.
 John P. Reynolds, Caius.
 Charles Gatre, Peter's.
 Arthur T. Drake, Emmanuel.
 Charles E. Kennaway, St. John's.
 William Charles Gore, Emmanuel.
 Derick Hoste, Emmanuel.
 Richard Tinkler, Emmanuel.
 Thomas Babington Macaulay, Trinity.
 George Heberdeen, St. John's.
 Peter Heywood, Christ's.
 Thomas Baker, Christ's.
 William Crawley Leach, Trinity.
 Henry Hannington, King's.
 R. S. Battiscombe, King's.
 Richard Okes, King's.
 H. R. Reynolds, jun. Trinity.
 H. L. Dillon, Trinity Hall.
 Thomas H. Villiers, St. John's.
 Charles John Taylor, Christ's.
 Jermyn Pratt, Trinity.
 George Fisher, Catharine.
 Charles Turner, Magdalen.
 J. H. J. Chichester, Magdalen.
 Joshua Nussey, Catharine.
 Charles Birch, Catharine.
 A. C. J. Wallace, C. C.
 Elph. H. Snoad, C. C.
 John R. Roper, C. C.
 Richard Kennet Davison, Caius.
 Laurence Peel, St. John's.
 Edward Miller, Trinity.
 Henry S. Thornton, Trinity.
 Robert Henderson, St. John's.
 James Harris, Catharine.

July 7.—At a congregation held this day the following degrees were conferred :

Bachelors in Divinity.

Rev. George Bailey Tuson, Trinity Hall, Vicar of Huish, Somersetshire.

Masters of Arts.

Robert Beehoe Radcliffe, Fellow of King's College.

Robert Edmonds, St. John's College.

Rev. George Norman, St. Peter's College.

Bachelor of Arts.

Alexander J. Lyon Cavie, St. John's College.

The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem* : Rev. J. Edward John Burrows, D.D. of Trinity College, Oxford ; Charles Rice, M.D. late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford ; Rev. Thomas R. Wrench, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford ; Henry Smedley, Esq. M.A. Oxford.

July 9.—Thomas Storie Spedding, Esq. B.C.L. of Trinity Hall, was elected a Fellow of that society.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. John Brown, M.A. to the Vicarage of Bottisham; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. Thomas Musgrave, M.A. to the perpetual Curacy of St. Mary the Great, Cambridge; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. Thomas Crik, B.A. to the Rectory of Little Thurlow, Suffolk; Patron, Rev. R. C. Barnard.—Rev. Philip Gurdon, B.A. to the Rectory of Reymerston, Norfolk; Patron, T. T. Gurdon, Esq.—Rev. Gregory Edward Whyley, M.A. to the Vicarage of Eaton Bray, in the County of Bedford; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. J. Lonsdale, B.D. to be Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln; Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Rev. George W. Smith, to the Vicarage of Bawdsey Suffolk; Patron, the King.—Rev. Philip Gurdon, B.A. to Chaplain to Lord Bayning.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

June 21.—Henri Quatre.
Henri Quatre, Wallack.—Louison, Miss Stephens.
Giovanni in London.
The Children in the Wood.

June 22.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

June 23.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

June 24.—Henri Quatre.
The Wedding Day.
Therese.

June 25.—Othello.
The Rossignol.
The Adopted Child.

June 27.—Brutus.
Brutus, Kean.—Tullia, Mrs. Bunn.
Der Freischutz.

June 28.—Othello.
The Beggar's Opera.

June 29.—The Jealous Wife.
Oakley, Pope.—Major Oakley, Terry.—Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Bunn.
Henri Quatre.

June 30.—Macbeth.
Der Freischutz.

July 1.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

July 2.—The Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, Wallack.—Shylock, Kean.—Portia, Mrs. W. West.
Der Freischutz.

July 4.—Richard the Third.
Der Freischutz.

July 5.—The Jealous Wife.
Five Minutes too Late, or
The Coronation of Charles X.

July 6.—Henri Quatre.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 7.—Brutus.
Five Minutes too Late.
Of Age to-Morrow.

COVENT GARDEN.

June 21.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
Clari.

June 22.—The Tempest.
Prospero, Young.—Miranda, Miss Hamersley—
Ariel, Miss H. Cawse.
The Magpie or the Maid.

June 23.—John Bull.
Job Thornberry, Fawcett.—Mary Thornberry,
Miss Chester.
Der Frieschutz.

June 24.—The Rivals.
Sir Anthony Absolute, Farren.—Mrs. Malaprop,
Mrs. Davenport.—Lydia Languish, Miss Foote.
The Padlock.

June 25.—The Tempest.
Simpson and Co.
The Irish Tutor.

June 27.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Young.—Ophelia, Miss Foote.
Lofty Projects.
Matrimony.

June 28.—The Way to Keep Him.
Sir Bashful Constant, Farren.—Sir Brilliant
Fashion, Jones.—Lovemore, Cooper.—Mrs.
Lovemore, Mrs. Chatterly.—Widow Belmour,
Miss Chester.

A Tale of Mystery.

June 29.—Belles Stratagem.
Charles the Second.

June 30.—The Tempest.
The Child of Nature.

July 1.—She Stoops to Conquer.
Der Freischutz.

July 2.—The Iron Chest.
All a Mistake—(damned.)

July 4.—Pizarro.
Rolla, Young.—Cora, Miss Jones.
Der Frieschutz.

July 5.—The Tempest.
The Miller and his Men.

July 6.—The Way to Keep Him.
The Barber of Seville.

July 7.—Julius Cæsar.
Charles the Second.

DRURY-LANE.

July 8.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 9.—Othello.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 11.—Pizarro.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 12.—Monsieur Tonson.
Monsieur Morbleu, Mathews.
Five Minutes too Late.
Giovanni in London.

July 13.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 14.—Der Freischutz.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 15.—Henri Quatre.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 16.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 18.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 19.—Der Freischutz.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 20.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 21.—Der Freischutz.
Curiosity Cured.
The Beehive.

COVENT GARDEN.

July 8.—The Inconstant.
The Irish Tutor.
A Tale of Mystery.

July 11.—Orestes in Argos.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims, or the Coronation
of Charles X.

July 12.—The Mountaineers.
Octavian, Kemble — Floranthe, Miss F. H.
Kelly.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 13.—The School for Scandal.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 14.—Der Freischutz.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 15.—The Man of the World.
Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Young—Lady Ro-
dolpha Lumbercourt, Mrs. Chatterley.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 16.—The Jealous Wife.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 18.—The Barber of Seville.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 19.—The Inconstant.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

A Treatise on Volcanoes. By G. Poulett Scrope.

A Collection of Sacred Harmony, Vocal and Instrumental. By Mr. Coggins.

Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata.

A Series of Sixty Engravings of Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Kirby.

A Volume of Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Gordon.

Practical Observations on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Water in the Brain.

The Works of the late Matthew Baillie, MD.

The History of Knighthood and its Times. By E. D. Mills, Esq.

My Own Life. By A. V. Salamé.

Materia Indica. By Whitelaw Ainslie, MD. &c.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Moor. By Lord Porchester. 8vo. 14s.

Narrative of a Visit to Brazil, Chili, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands, during the Years 1821 and 1822. By G. F. Mathison, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

A. D. Philidor's Studies of Chess. 8vo. 12s.

Baron Dupin's Commercial Power of Great Britain. 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 8s.

Tales of my Grandmother. 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.

Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 67. 6s.

The Semi Sceptic. By the Rev. J. James. 8vo. 12s.

Plutus, or the God of Riches, translated from Aristophanes. By T. J. Carrington, Esq. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

BIRTHS.

- June 21. In Upper Montagu-street, Russel-square, the lady of John Jones, Esq., a son and heir.
 — The lady of Samuel Girdlestone, jun. Esq., a daughter.
24. The lady of Henry John Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, a son and heir.
 — At Palmer's Green, the lady of Isaac Walker, Esq., a daughter.
26. At Barham Wood, the lady of the Hon. Colonel Knox, a daughter.
 — At Ancram House, the lady of Rear-Admiral Adam, a son.
27. In Bridge-street, Blackfriars, the lady of George Farren, Esq., a son.
28. At Littleton, Dorsetshire, the lady of William Donaldson, Esq., a daughter.
29. At Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of James Buckingham, Esq., a son.
- July 1. In Harley-street, the lady of Joseph Latour, Esq., a son.
3. The lady of E. J. Cruchley, R. N., a daughter.
4. At Perry-hill, Sydenham, Kent, the lady of Bury Hutchinson, Esq. of Nottingham-place, a daughter.
 — At Woodbatch, near Reigate, the lady of Colonel John Nuthall, a daughter.
9. In Montagu-place, Montagu-square, the lady of Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B., a daughter.
11. The lady of William Borradaile, jun. Esq., a daughter.
12. The lady of John Walter, Esq., a daughter.
17. At Burroughs-hill, Hendon, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Isabella Willis, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- June 21. At Tottenham, Gustavus Evans, Esq., R. N., to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Thomas Bridges, Esq. of Stamford-hill.
21. At Mary-la-bonne, Donald Campbell, Esq. jun. of Dunstaffinagè, Argyleshire, to Caroline Eliza, second daughter of the late Sir W. Plomer,
 — The Rev. Charles Wimberley, Chaplain in the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary, second daughter of the late Major-General Charles Irvine.
22. At Clifton, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Goodenough, Captain Hely, H. P., 25th Light Dragoons, second son of the late Brigadier-General Hely, to Mrs. Thomson, widow of the late John Thompson, Esq. Clifton-hill, Bristol.
23. At St. Ann's Church, Westminster, Edward Downes, Esq. of Furnival's Inn, to Philippa Francis; only daughter of the late Sir John Burton, of Soho-square.
 — At Oundle, S. W. Smith, Esq. of Dulwich, to Caroline Grace, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Lodington, of Oundle, Northamptonshire.
 — At the house of the British Ambassador in Paris, Viscount d'Estampes, of Barneville sur Seine, France, to Mira Hawkins Trelawny, second daughter of the late Charles Trelawny Brereton, Esq. Soho-square.
27. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Henry Wells, Esq. son of the late Vice Admiral Wells, to Albinia, daughter of the late Col. Stephens Freemantle.
28. Rev. Harry Smith, M.A. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Wing, Esq.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Barks Currie, Esq. to Laura Sophia, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Wodehouse, MP.
29. At St. Paul's, Deptford, Dr. Wm. Hume, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Catharine Simons second daughter of J. Lucas, Esq. of the Grove, New Cross.
30. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Fontaine, Esq. to Marian Catharine, daughter of the late Wm. Hodges, Esq.
 — At Saling Grove, in the County of Essex, the seat of the late Bartlet Goodrich, Esq. Thos. Barrett Lennard, Esq. MP. eldest son of Sir Thos. Barrett Lennard, Bart. of Belbus, in the same county, to Mary, only daughter of the late Bartlet Bridger Shedden, Esq. of Gower-street, London, and of Aldham, Suffolk.
 — Augustus Granville Stapleton, Esq. to Catherine, second daughter of John Bulteel, Esq. of Fleet in the County of Devon.
 — Charles Becket, Jun. Esq. of Milton, near Gravesend, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Antony Harman, Esq. of Barden, Kent.
- July 2.—At Croydon Church, Captain John Simcoe Macaulay, of the Royal Engineers, to Ann Gée, eldest daughter of the late John Elmesley, Esq. Chief Justice of Lower Canada.
5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Price Blackwood, R.N. to Hellen Selina, eldest daughter of Thos. Sheridan, Esq.
 — — Waymouth, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of the late Hugo Meynell, Esq. of Quorndon Hall, in the County of Leicester.
6. At St. George's, Lieutenant Chas. W. Ross, R.N. to Sophia, youngest daughter of David Richardson, Esq. Well Close-square.
7. At Seale, in the County of Kent, Sir Wm. Ashburnham, Bart. of Broomsham Place, Guestling, near Hastings, to Miss Juliana Humphrys, of Seale.
9. At Fellbrigg, Henry Baring, Esq. MP. of Somerley, in the County of Haunts, to Cecilia Anne, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Wyndham, of Fellbrigg Hall, Norfolk.
17. At All Soul's, Mary-le-bone, John Jackson, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, to Anne Dodsworth, fifth daughter of Sir Wm. Beechey.

DEATHS.

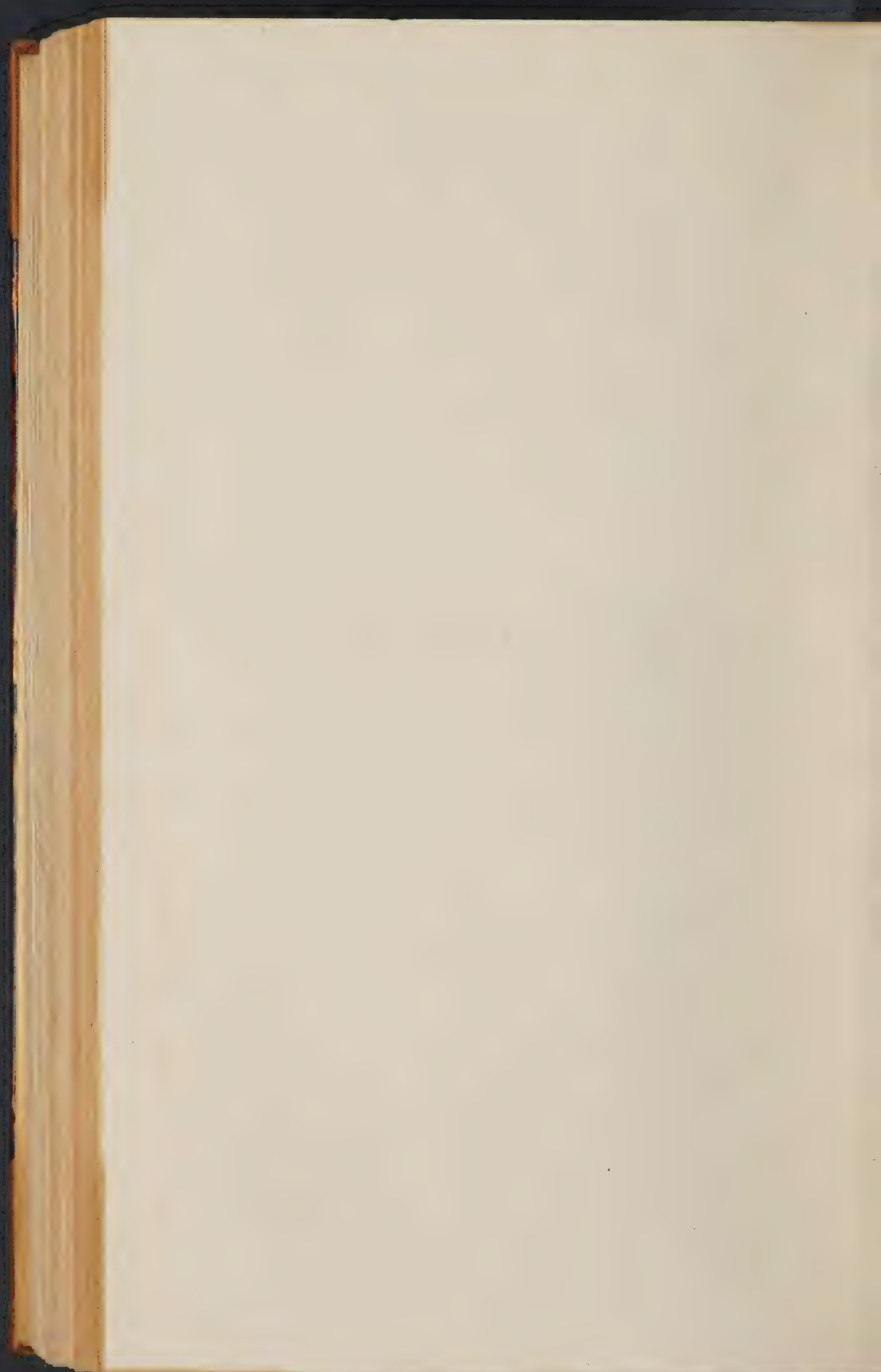
- May 19.—Charles Lusiniani, Esq. aged upwards of 106 years.
 June 20.—T. J. Moore, Esq. of Stafford House, Turnham-green.
 23. At his house, in Nottingham-place, in the 87th year of his age, the Rev. Luke Hislop, DD. Rector of St. Marylebone, Archdeacon of Bucks, &c.
 24. At Clapham Common, in the 15th year of her age, Emily Mary, third daughter of Benjamin Harrison, Esq.
 — In the 23d year of her age, Louisa Sarah Anne, only daughter of John Cherry, Esq.
 — At Cliff Hall, Staffordshire, the lady of Samuel Pole Shawe, Esq.
 25. H. F. Pelerin, Esq. of New North-street, Red Lion-square.
 27. In the 22d year of her age, Katharine, wife of Henry John Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, in the county of Cambridge.
 July 1.—In Portman-street, Vice-Admiral John Clements.
 2. At Bartrams, Hampstead, Charles Cartwright, Esq. late Accountant-General to the Hon. East India Company.
 3. At Ketterington Hall, Norfolk, Harriet, wife of N. W. Peach, Esq.
 4. At St. Leonard's, Nazing, Essex, James Bry, Esq. of Guildford-street, aged 61.
 — At his house, in Grosvenor-place, Lord Lilford.
 6. At Hackney, in his 26th year, James Greive Livett, Esq. of the Inner Temple.
 9. At his house, in George-street, Hanover-square, William Wingfield, Esq.
 10. In Keppel-street, Russell-square, Emma Maria Elizabeth St. John, widow of Lord St. John.
 11. Thomas Jones, Esq. of Nottingham-place.
 12. William Thompson, Esq. of Brunswick-square.
 15. At Milbrook, near Southampton, aged 23, Edward Majendie, Esq. youngest son of the Lord Bishop of Bagnor.
 16. Richard Perkin, Esq. of Kingsland-place, Kingsland-road.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From June 24 to July 23.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	233	229 $\frac{1}{2}$	231 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Consols.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	90	91
3 per Cent. Reduced	92	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	98	99
New 4 per Cents.	104 $\frac{3}{4}$	103 $\frac{5}{8}$	104
Long Annuities expire 1860	22 $\frac{7}{16}$	22 $\frac{1}{16}$	22 $\frac{7}{16}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	274	271 $\frac{1}{2}$	273
India Bonds, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	63s.	51s.	52s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	48s.	30s.	30s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$
Brazil ditto, ditto.	83 $\frac{1}{4}$	81 $\frac{3}{4}$	82
Buenos Ayres ditto 6 per Cent. ..	92	90	91
Chilian ditto, ditto.	83	79	81
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	87	86	86 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	86	85	85 $\frac{3}{4}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	100 $\frac{1}{2}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	103 $\frac{1}{4}$
Greek Bonds, ditto.	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto, ditto	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{4}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	76
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	89	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	89
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	102 $\frac{3}{8}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$
Russian ditto, ditto.	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Spanish ditto, ditto.	22 $\frac{3}{8}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{4}$

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